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GREAT LIVES DIVINELY PLANNED

A STUDY IN THE MAKING OF MEN

BY

JANE T. STODDART

AUTHOR OF "PRIVATE PRAYER IN CHRISTIAN STORY," ETC.

RICHARD R. SMITH, Inc.
NEW YORK
1930

Made and Printed in Great Britain by
Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., London and Aylesbury.

TO MY KIND FRIEND AND CHIEF

DR. JOHN A. HUTTON

PREFACE

ONE of my earliest tasks, when I came to London in my twenty-fourth year, was to outline for a homiletical publication the famous sermon of Horace Bushnell entitled "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." The American preacher illustrated his subject entirely from great names of Holy Scripture, and included among them at least one personality from the heathen world. When re-reading the sermon from time to time, I wished for some book in which the idea could be carried into the general field of history and biography; and I made my own small collection, which has grown into the present volume.

Examples have been taken largely from modern literature, including many of the most recent books. Two Christian poets, Tennyson and Browning, have expressed in almost identical language their belief that a Divine Hand is at work in moulding the careers of men. They would have accepted in the largest meaning these lines of Shakespeare:

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

I have sought to trace in the life-story of great men belonging to every age some authentic proofs that they were chosen and prepared for their work in ways beyond human planning. It was a saying of Ernest Psichari that all the deeds of the heroes form a kind of common capital, the interest of which is scattered in secret ways over millions of unknown souls. How did they win the first coins of that spiritual wealth which has enriched mankind ? What can we learn from their family relationships, early training and environment, and especially from their choice of a career ? Does it seem as if they were left without a Heavenly Father's guidance to wander uncertainly on the dim paths of life ? All these questions I have tried to answer within the compass of a short biographical study. Perhaps this book may encourage others to make further advances along the same lines, for the material seems to me inexhaustible. Since the following chapters went to press I have been reading in many scattered sources the Life of Joseph Hardcastle, one of London's noblest citizens in the age of the Napoleonic Wars. A merchant of large wealth and influence, he was for many years Treasurer of the London Missionary Society, which held its business meetings in his counting-house at Old Swan Stairs, overlooking the river. He was a founder of the Bible Society, a member of the Religious Tract Society's committee, and a pioneer in the anti-slavery crusade. Historians of the great societies, like Richard Lovett and William Canton, would probably have pronounced Joseph Hardcastle the most eminent Christian layman of his generation. In a memorial sermon preached after his death in 1819, there is a short collection of his last sayings, in which he refers to the closing words of Psalm xxiii : " Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." And here is his own confession : " I am infinitely indebted to Him for His conduct of me from infancy to the end of my life. *He took me by the hand in a wonderful manner*, and brought me into connection with the excellent of the earth."

At the age of fourteen he left his native Leeds to enter business in London. Half a century later he wrote these words: "I said to Him when a young man, Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory."

It is in the world of business, I firmly believe, and outside the region of formal biography, that some of the best illustrations of our subject may be found.

The very favourable reception given by reviewers and by the public to my book entitled "Private Prayer in Christian Story" leads me to hope that a companion work on a different but kindred subject may be acceptable to readers. I have been greatly cheered by letters received in the past three years from correspondents in many parts of the world.

The book is dedicated, by permission, to Dr. John A. Hutton, Editor of the *British Weekly*, on whose staff I have worked so happily during the past five years. I thank my publisher, Mr. R. Percy Hodder-Williams, for the personal interest he has most kindly taken in this new volume, and the printers, Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney, for their unfailing courtesy. I thank also my friends, the Rev. Mary G. Collins, Miss Margaret A. Sutherland, M.A., and Miss Edith Gegg, for help in proof-reading and in other ways.

J. T. S.

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“ And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro’ nature, moulding men.”
Tennyson.

“ But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men.”
Browning.

“ He fixed thee ’mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest :
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.”
Browning.

“ There is a certain characteristic common to all those whom we call geniuses or great men and other heroes. Each of them has a consciousness of being a man apart, chosen very expressly by God for the performance of a certain work.”
Miguel de Unamuno.

“ The Future belongs to those Communities in whom the qualities are dominant, which swell and sanctify the souls of their best sons ; that thrust them on and with them *impell* the body of the People as a Tide towards the best that human nature can attain to.”
Charles M. Doughty.

“ There is a guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word.”
Emerson.

“ This world is not a vale of tears ; it is a vale of soul-making.”
John Keats.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

A LEADING article in *The Times* on Thomas Hardy's "Life" included this sentence: "Few readers will find themselves wholly disinclined to admit that in some lives the course of events looks singularly like design, and that some men are, in plain truth, chosen and dedicated to the doing of certain work."[1] More than seventy years before these words were written, an American preacher, Horace Bushnell, had published a discourse entitled, "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." It is one of the outstanding sermons in our language, and is still frequently quoted. Dr. J. D. Jones referred to it in his memorial tribute to Dr. Meyer. Though it contains no personal allusions, we cannot doubt that in his own career Dr. Bushnell recognised the working out of some high purpose. His father, a New England farmer, was also the proprietor of a small factory for wool-carding and cloth-dressing by machinery, and in both occupations he required the constant assistance of his son, Horace. Up to the age of twenty-one the young man was kept at home, and in the labours of field and factory he found "a school for training eye and hand, mind and heart." He was in the ripeness of middle life, and had reached a commanding position in the Ministry, when he gave to the world his teaching on the subject with which his name will be always associated. He took his text from Isaiah xlv. 5, "I have girded thee, though thou hast not known me"; and he described Cyrus, the hero of that passage, as "a chosen foster-son of God." "These great master spirits of the world," he said, " are not so much distinguished, after all, by the acts they do, as by the sense itself of some mysterious girding of the Almighty upon them, whose behests they set out to fulfil." They have been prepared for, and directed towards, " some exact thing, which it will be the true significance and glory of their life to have accomplished."

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[1] October 22, 1928.

Then his imagination took a wider range, and he dared to assert that " God has as many plans for men as He has men." His children need not measure their lives on formal patterns, for their Heavenly Father has His gracious purpose for every soul. The Elder Brother of the race acknowledged an eternal design in His own existence on earth. " To this end was I born and for this purpose came I into the world." The Bible shows us " David among the sheep ; Elisha following after the plough ; Nehemiah bearing the cup. . . . Who that looks on these humble people at their humble post of service, and discovers at last how dear a purpose God was cherishing in them, can be justified in thinking that God has no particular plan for him, because he is not signalised by any kind of distinction ? "

If the evidence from history and biography confirms the suggestion that " some men are chosen and dedicated to the doing of certain work," may we not confidently accept the larger theorem, " Every Man's Life a Plan of God " ? May we not receive in humble faith that truth which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman expressed on his deathbed to Archbishop Davidson : " There is One watching over us who will arrange things for the best, and we can trust Him " ?

Part One

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

CHAPTER I

THE COMING OF THE CHILD

IF it be true, as John Donne has written, that "our God is a declaratory God," there could be no clearer proof of the Divine care and tenderness than the association of angels with the infancy and youth of great souls in Holy Scripture. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Such an assurance is unnecessary in the case of mysteriously heralded births, when guardians from the unseen world announce the coming of the child, and fill the parents' hearts with hope and longing. The first angel named as such in Genesis is sent to cheer an expectant mother. The desert-wandering Hagar has sunk down by a fountain in the wilderness, when an angel meets her with questions, command, and promise. "Whence camest thou?" he asks, "and whither wilt thou go?" She answers his first question in the words, "I flee from the face of my mistress Sarai," but has no reply to the second. Some power not her own must plan the future, since her strength is exhausted. The angel bids her return to her mistress, assured that the Lord had heard her affliction, and that she was destined to be the ancestress of a new family on earth. "And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me."[1] The fountain was named "well of life and vision." Hagar had learned that lesson which J. H. Newman discovered in the narrative: "Thou canst not love thyself better than he loves thee. Thou canst not shrink from pain more than he dislikes thy bearing it; and if he puts it on thee, it is as thou wilt put it on thyself, if thou art wise, for a greater good afterwards."

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[1] Genesis xvi. 13.

Once again, when Hagar and Ishmael are dying of thirst in the desert, an angel calls to her: "Fear not, for I have heard the voice of the lad where he is. . . . Arise, lift up the lad, for I will make him a great nation."[1]

"Providence,
Sacred and secret hand!
By whose assisting, swift command
The Angel show'd that holy well,
Which freed poor Hagar from her fears,
And turn'd to smiles the begging tears
Of yong, distressèd Ishmael."[2]

The tribes of thirsty Arabia have drawn refreshment from Hagar's well. Their most sacred traditions identify that pure spring with the well Zem Zem at Mecca. "A well," says Carlyle, "is in all places a beautiful affecting object, gushing out like life from the hard earth; still more so in those hot dry countries, where it is the first condition of being. The well Zem Zem has its name from the bubbling sound of the waters; they think it is the well which Hagar found with her little Ishmael in the wilderness: the aerolite and it have been sacred now, and had a Caabah over them, for thousands of years." Pilgrims of all ranks and nations carry home with them jars of water from the sacred spring, as Canterbury pilgrims brought from the shrine of St. Thomas small leaden bottles containing a liquid tinctured, as they believed, with the martyr's blood. There is a guild at Mecca which provides regular supplies for visitors, some of whom have Zem Zem water delivered every morning at their lodgings. The graves of Hagar and Ishmael are pointed out in the vicinity of the well. One of the ceremonies of the pilgrimage is the *Sai*, or "running seven times from one end of a street to the other, between the sacred hills of Safa and Marwah, in commemoration of Hagar's agonised search for water."[1]

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[1] Genesis xxi. 14–20.

[2] Henry Vaughan.

Gertrude Bell found while visiting Teheran, the capital of ~~Persia,~~ that "the sacrifice of a camel was Iran performed by the mollahs in the Shah's presence, in token that his Majesty has not forgotten, amid the cares of State, how Abraham bound Ishmael upon the altar (for the Mohammedans assert that it was the son of Hagar who was the hero of the legend) in obedience to the command of God."[2]

Children in Genesis, and the promise of their coming, have been favourite themes alike of ancient and modern art. The Victoria and Albert Museum lately acquired a needlework box of the time of Charles II, on which is wrought a picture of the angel visitors to Abraham's tent. They have come to announce the birth of Isaac, the child of laughter, and it is only after they have left the hospitable board that they warn their host of the impending destruction of Sodom. The bright faces of the angels remind us of lines by Henry Vaughan :

> "In Abraham's tent the wingèd guests—
> O how familiar then was heaven !—
> Eat, drink, discourse, sit down and rest,
> Until the cool and shady even."

The panels by Francesco Ubertini, in the

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[1] "Christians at Mecca," by Augustus Ralli, p. 14.

[2] "Persian Pictures" (1928), p. 23.

National Gallery, on the story of Joseph and his brethren, were probably painted for "cassoni," the large chests used as wardrobes in medieval Italy. We see Benjamin, a child in a blue frock, coming to meet his brother Joseph, the Prime Minister of Egypt. Joseph also as a son of promise wears blue, the colour of hope.[1]

The angel who twice announced to the wife of Manoah the approaching birth of Samson, a son destined for greatness, must have seemed to the woman and her husband a figure of overpowering majesty. "A man of God came to me; his look was like the look of the Eternal's angel, awe-inspiring. I did not ask him where he came from, nor did he tell me his name."[2] At his second coming Manoah, like Abraham, pressed food upon the guest. "But the angel of the Eternal said, 'You may press me, but I will not eat your food; if you make a burnt-offering, offer it to the Eternal.'" Manoah asks his name, but the angel answers, "Why ask my name? It is not to be uttered." The food is sacrificed upon the rock, "and as the flame rose to heaven from the altar, the angel of the Eternal went up to heaven in the flame of the altar." "We are certain to die," says the trembling husband, "for it is a god we have seen." His wife's reassuring words, as Dr. John A. Hutton has pointed out, belong to the great living passages of the Old Testament: "If the Eternal had meant to kill us, he would not have accepted a burnt-offering from us, nor would he have let us see all this, nor would he have told us all this."[3]

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[1] Sir E. T. Cook, "A Handbook to the National Gallery," vol. i, pp. 586–587.

[2] Judges xiii. (Dr. Moffatt's translation).

[3] Judges xiii. 23 (Moffatt).

In " Samson Agonistes " Milton represents Manoah as addressing the blinded hero before the prison in Gaza. He asks him sorrowfully:

> " For this did the angel twice descend : for this
> Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
> Select and sacred, glorious for awhile,
> The miracle of men ; then in an hour
> Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
> Thy foes' derision, captive, poor and blind,
> Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves ? "

Samson had asked himself such questions in soliloquy, yet he would not suffer his father to arraign the decrees of Providence.

> " Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me
> But justly ; I myself have brought them on."

Such humble confession, such calm and lofty resignation, prepare us for the grandeur of his end.

The idea of " lending to the Lord " a child whose coming had been eagerly desired, finds expression in the vow of Hannah, the mother of Samuel. The name Samuel means " asked of God." Hannah waited only till her son was weaned, then she brought him to Shiloh, " that he might appear before the Lord, and there abide for ever." " For this child I prayed," she said to Eli, " and the Lord hath given me the petition which I asked of Him. Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord ; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."

An American preacher greatly honoured in his day, Dr. Theodore Cuyler, used to compare his own boyhood with that of Samuel. In his infancy his mother dedicated him to the Lord. She refused the gift of his father's law library for the child, saying, "I fully expect that my little boy will some day be a preacher." Late in life Dr. Cuyler placed a memorial window to his mother in his own church at Brooklyn. The window represented Hannah and the child Samuel, with the inscription, "As long as he liveth I have lent him to the Lord."

The Coming of Our Lord

The coming of a Holy Child is foreshadowed in ancient literature. One of the first of modern Hebraists, Dr. A. B. Davidson, wrote that "within Palestine and in the Greek-speaking countries about there were swellings of thought and need rising up from the deeps of men's hearts and toiling inward towards the centre where Christ should be born." The Archangel Gabriel, who proclaimed the birth of the Forerunner and of the Messiah, was called by Dante the Ambassador of the King Celestial. St. Bernard points him out to the poet in Paradise.

> "Boldness and gracefulness
> Much as can be in Angel and in soul,
> All is in him, and we would have it so;
> Because he is the one who bore the palm
> Down unto Mary, when the Son of God
> Did will to load Him with our burden."

The angel's name, which implied power, was appropriate, Dr. Carroll remarks, "to one sent to announce the coming of Him who is called 'the power of God.'"[1]

Milton represents Gabriel, the ambassador of Heaven, as the leader of "young-eyed cherubim" in Paradise.

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[1] The reference is to 1 Corinthians i. 24: "Christ, the power of God." The quotation is from Dr. Carroll's book, "In Patria," p. 511.

"About him exercised heroic games
The unarm'd youth of heaven, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms and spears
Hung high, with diamond flashing, and with gold."

On the coming of the Holy Child, Thomas Carlyle has written: "The event of Bethlehem was of the year One; but all years since that, eighteen hundred of them now, have been contributing new growth to it—and see, there it stands: the Church! Touching the earth with one small point; springing out of one small seed-grain, rising out therefrom, ever higher, ever broader, high as the Heaven itself, broad till it overshadows the whole visible Heaven and Earth, and no star can be seen but through *it*. From such a seed-grain so has it grown; planted in the reverences and sacred opulences of the soul of mankind; fed continually by all the nobleness of some forty generations of men. The world-tree of the Nations for so long."[1]

Paula, the friend of St. Jerome, went on pilgrimage from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and her devout soul was overwhelmed with the wonder of the Saviour's coming. "With the eye of faith," she said, "I behold the Divine Infant, wrapped in the swaddling clothes. I hear my Lord crying in His cradle. I see the Magi adoring, the Star shining from above; the Virgin Mother; the careful nursing father; the shepherds coming by night to see the Word which was made Flesh; the slaughtered children; raging Herod; Joseph and Mary fleeing into Egypt. . . . Hail, Bethlehem, House of Bread, where was borne the true Bread which came down from heaven. . . . Here be my rest, for it is the country of my Lord! Here will I dwell, since my Saviour chose it."

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[1] "Latter-Day Pamphlets," No. VIII.

The strangest birth-legend in British history is that of the coming of Arthur. The story is put by Tennyson into the lips of the wise Bleys, master of Merlin, who told that King Uther died in Tintagil Castle, "moaning and wailing for an heir." The two sages, Bleys and Merlin, left the dead King:

> " . . . and passing forth to breathe
> Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
> Descending thro' the dismal night—a night
> In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
> Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
> It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
> A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
> Bright with a shining people on the decks,
> And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
> Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,
> Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
> Till last a ninth one, gathering half the deep
> And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
> Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:
> And down the wave and in the flame was borne
> A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
> Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried 'The King!
> Here is an heir for Uther!' And the fringe
> Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand
> Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,
> And all at once all round him rose in fire,
> So that the child and he were clothed in fire.
> And presently thereafter followed calm,
> Free sky and stars. 'And this same child,' he said,
> 'Is he who reigns.' "

The traveller who walks to-day among these ruins, with the peaceful harbour on one side of him and the summer ocean stretching wide and blue to the horizon, sees in the fable of the dragon ship and its shining people a vision of the conquests of Christianity. As we remember the place which King Arthur has held in medieval romance and modern poetry, so that his Round Table became indeed "an image of the mighty world," may we not say of him, changing the Psalmist's words a little, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the birth of His saints"?

Waning dynasties, from which all but the sceptre has departed, have been restored to new energy by the coming of the child. And in private life it has often happened that the entrance of an orphaned child into the house of the grandparents has exercised such a revivifying influence that old hearts which might have been saying *Nunc dimittis* have desired instead to remain on earth to watch the unfolding of the promise. Carlyle speaks of Mahomet as a child early orphaned, who fell to the charge of his grandfather, "an old man, a hundred years old; a good old man. Mahomet's father, Abdallah, had been his youngest favourite son. He saw in Mahomet, with his old lifeworn eyes, a century old, the lost Abdallah come back again, all that was left of Abdallah. He loved the little orphan boy greatly; used to say, They must take care of that beautiful little boy, nothing in their kindred was more precious than he."[1]

Of Luther's birth at Eisleben Carlyle has written: "There was born here, once more, a mighty man; whose light was to flame as a beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world; the whole world and its history was waiting for this man. It is strange, it is great. It leads us back to another Birth-hour, in a still meaner environment, eighteen hundred years ago—of which it is fit that we say nothing, that we think only in silence; for what words are there? The Age of Miracles Past? The Age of Miracles is for ever here!"

George Eliot, in "Silas Marner," tells how a lonely, hardened, disappointed man was restored to the sweet happiness of human fellowship by the entrance into his life of the tramp's child Eppie. "No child was afraid of approaching Silas when Eppie was near him: there was no repulsion around him now, either for young or old; for the little child had come to link him once more with the whole world. There was love between him and the child that blent them into one, and there was love between the child and the world—from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red ladybirds and the round pebbles. . . . In the old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."

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[1] "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

CHAPTER II

FATHER AND SON

ONE of the oldest Bible narratives tells how Lamech rejoiced in the birth of Noah. He had made his link with the future and handed on a "life more fresh and fit to glorify God's earth." "This same shall comfort us for our work and for the toil of our hands."[1] The thought was in the mind of King Charles IX of Sweden when he pointed out his son Gustavus Adolphus to his nobles, with the words "*Ille faciet*" ("That one will do it"). The father of John Wesley rejoiced when he heard of his son's appointment, at the age of twenty-three, to a Fellowship of Lincoln College, Oxford. "Whatever I am," said the good old man, "my Jack is Fellow of Lincoln." In the pagan world of antiquity there was a similar handing on of tasks—in a mood resigned or passionate—to the younger generation; for the greatest souls have been most conscious of life's uncertainty. An example familiar to all is the act of delegation performed by the Carthaginian general Hamilcar, when he made his son Hannibal swear eternal hostility to Rome. "Never perhaps," says Mommsen, "was the noble struggle of man with fate waged more nobly than by Hamilcar. . . . He was still a young man, little beyond thirty, but he had apparently, when he was preparing for his expedition to Spain, a foreboding that he would not be permitted to attain the end of his labours or to see otherwise than afar off the promised land. When he left Carthage he enjoined his son Hannibal, nine years of age, to swear at the altar of the supreme God eternal hatred to the Roman name, and reared him and his younger sons Hasdrubal and Mago—the ‘lion’s brood,’ as he called them—in the camp as the inheritors of his projects, of his genius, and of his hatred.”[1]

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[1] Genesis v. 29.

“While yet a boy,” the historian tells us, “Hannibal had followed his father to the camp; and he soon distinguished himself. His light and firmly knit frame made him an excellent runner and fencer, and a fearless rider at full speed; the privation of sleep did not affect him and he knew like a soldier how to enjoy or dispense with food. . . . As he grew up, he entered the army of his father, to perform his first feats of arms under the paternal eye, and to see him fall in battle by his side. Thereafter he commanded the cavalry under his sister’s husband, Hasdrubal, and distinguished himself by brilliant personal bravery, as well as by his talents as a leader.” At his father’s death (220 B.C.) “the voice of his comrades summoned him, the tried although youthful general, to the chief command. . . . He took up the inheritance, and he was worthy of it. . . . Though anger and envy and meanness have written his history, they have not been able to mar the pure and noble image which it presents.”[2]

The history of Rome, like that of Carthage, presents a splendid example of comradeship in arms between father and son. In the battle on the Ticino, where Hannibal defeated the Romans (218 B.C.), the consul Publius Scipio, who was in command of the Roman forces, received a dangerous wound, and owed his life to the devotion of his son, aged seventeen, who dashed into the ranks of the enemy, compelled his squadron to follow him, and rescued his father.[1] The valour then displayed by the youthful Scipio was a presage of his dazzling career. At the age of twenty-seven he sought the command of a dangerous Spanish expedition from which more experienced men hung back. Mommsen describes Scipio Africanus as " one who was himself enthusiastic and who inspired enthusiasm; . . . a genuine prophetic nature; a man of stedfast word and kingly spirit, . . . so confident in his own greatness that he knew nothing of envy or hatred, courteously acknowledged other men's merits and forgave other men's faults." Scipio was only thirty-three when he reached the summit of his career after the battle of Zama, in which Carthage received a mortal wound. As he moved in stately procession through the streets of Rome, to lay down his laurels in humble thanksgiving in the temple, the people whispered that a Divine hand had guided him both in counsel and action. A Hebrew might have seen the fulfilment, at the close of such deadly wars, of the promise attached to the fifth commandment.

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[1] “History of Rome,” vol. ii, p. 238.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 243, 244.

One of the immortal sayings of English history is the command given by Edward III at the battle of Cressy,[2] " Let the boy win his spurs." The King had taken up his position on a low hill with a windmill on its summit. The Black Prince, aged sixteen, commanded the right wing of the English Army, and the Earl of Northampton the left.

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[1] *Ibid.*, p. 269.

[2] August 26, 1346.

During the contest the flower of the French Knighthood, with the Counts of Alençon and Flanders at their head, fell hotly on the Prince's line. "For the instant his small force seemed lost, but Edward refused to send him aid. 'Is he dead or unhorsed, or so wounded that he cannot help himself?' he asked the envoy. 'No, sir,' was the reply; 'but he is in a hard passage of arms, and sorely needs your help.' 'Return to those that sent you,' said the King, 'and bid them not send to me again so long as my son lives! Let the boy win his spurs; for I wish, if God so order it, that the day may be his, and that the honour may be with him and them to whom I have given it in charge.' Edward could see, in fact, from the higher ground, that all went well."[1]

A perfect relationship between father and son is indicated by some remarks in the "Autobiography" of Bishop Latimer, the Marian martyr. "Hugh Latimer," says J. R. Green, "was the son of a Leicestershire yeoman, whose armour the boy had buckled on ere he set out to meet the Cornish insurgents at Blackheath field. He has himself described the soldierly training of his youth. 'My father was delighted to teach me to shoot with the bow. He taught me how to draw, how to lay my body to the bow, not to draw with strength of arm as other nations do, but with the strength of the body.'" At fourteen the boy was at Cambridge, "flinging himself into the New Learning which was winning its way there, with a zeal which at last told on his physical strength."

In the age of the Huguenots, as in that of the Punic Wars, we find an example of comradeship between father and son, and a mission handed on as a solemn charge. On a spring morning of 1560 a French gentleman, Jean d'Aubigné, was riding with his eight-year-old son and a party of friends beneath the walls of the castle of Amboise on the Loire. The time and place were dangerous, for the Tumult of Amboise, in which the Protestants were implicated, had lately been suppressed by the Guises with ruthless severity. Victims' heads were mouldering on a gibbet, and as the Sieur d'Aubigné gazed at the piteous sight he shuddered to the heart and cried, " It is France whom these butchers have beheaded." The young Agrippa rode up to him, and there must have passed between them a glance of fire. Putting his hand on the head of his son, Jean spoke these words : " My child, you must not spare your head after mine, to avenge these chieftains, full of honour, whose heads you have just seen. If you spare yourself in this matter my curse will follow you."

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[1] J. R. Green.

Soldier, historian, poet, and memoir-writer, the companion and admonisher of princes, austere Calvinist and kindly home-maker, Agrippa d'Aubigné has his place with the foremost Frenchmen of the Reformation century. A long life was granted him, though the Wars of Religion left him with a body " seamed with wounds." It was not till 1630, twenty years after the assassination of his old master, Henry IV, that his indomitable spirit found release. Scholars have exhausted the resources of modern learning in seeking to do him honour.

The words " Honour thy father " were obeyed in youth by George Monk, who was destined to become the patriotic restorer of English monarchy in 1660. He belonged to an ancient family of landed proprietors in North Devon. At Totteridge for seventeen generations his forbears had lived. " Ever since Henry the Third was King," writes Sir Julian Corbett, " they had looked down from their high-perched manor-house over the lovely valley of the Torridge just where the river doubles upon itself in three majestic sweeps as though it were loath to leave a spot so beautiful." Sir Thomas Monk, George's father, had fallen into financial embarrassments, and when Charles I visited the country in 1625, the unfortunate squire was so deeply in debt that he dared not go with the other gentry to greet his sovereign for fear of instant arrest. A bribe was offered to and accepted by the under-sheriff of Devonshire, and Sir Thomas rode out with the procession. But " the rascally attorney had received a bigger bribe from the other side, and now at this solemn moment and in face of the whole county the villain came forward and arrested Sir Thomas." George Monk, a sturdy lad of sixteen, could not endure this insult to his father. Though plague was raging in Exeter, he hastened to the city without a word to anyone, and " thrashed the under-sheriff of Devonshire within an inch of his life." The bruised lawyer threatened merciless proceedings, and the boy was hurried off to the fleet at Plymouth, where he engaged as a volunteer under his kinsman Sir Richard Grenville. Thus opened one of the most eventful careers in our history. Cromwell, who knew the best and the worst of George Monk, honoured him with public confidence and private friendship. His sterling qualities were never more notably displayed than in the summer of the Great Plague of London (1665), when he alone among the Ministers of Charles II remained in London during the whole season of the pestilence. In the words of Sir Julian Corbett, " he was left behind, sitting in Whitehall with his life in his hand, seeing everyone who presented himself day after day at a time when brother would hardly speak to brother, or husband to wife, and through the whole of that terrible period he managed in his own person army, navy, treasury, and police." The boy who had refused to tolerate an insult to his father became known through his many services as the father of his country.

To the seventeenth century, also, belongs an example from poetry of comradeship between father and son. Count Isolani, in Schiller's " Wallenstein," speaks these words among the war-chiefs :

" Max Piccolomini here ?—O bring me to him.
I see him yet ('tis now ten years ago
We were engaged with Mansfeld hard by Dessau),
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And toward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin ! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him." [1]

No chapters in history and biography are more winsome than the recollections of a father's care which have been left for posterity by sons who gained distinction in the world. With a few such examples we close this chapter.

John Gladstone, father of the Liberal statesman, was a successful merchant, an active-minded citizen, and a tender parent. " Nothing was ever taken for granted," says Lord Morley, " between him and his sons. . . . To his father's person and memory, Mr. Gladstone's fervid and affectionate devotion remained unbroken. ' One morning,' writes a female relative of his, ‘ when I was breakfasting alone with Mr. Gladstone at Carlton House Terrace, something led to his speaking of his father. I seem to see him now, rising from his chair, standing in front of the chimney-piece, and in strains of fervid eloquence dwelling on the grandeur, the depth and breadth of his character, his generosity, his nobleness, last and greatest of all—his loving nature. His eyes filled with tears as he exclaimed, “ None but his children can know what torrents of tenderness flowed from his heart.” ’ ”

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[1] Coleridge's translation.

Mr. Gladstone wrote that his father’s nature was “ large and strong, simple though hasty, profoundly affectionate and capable of the highest devotion in the lines of duty and of love. . . . In his old age, spent mainly in retirement, he was our constant centre of social and domestic life.”

It often happens that the father’s true and deep tenderness is only recognised by his children in after years. Principal Garvie, whose first memories go back to his mother’s funeral, says in a recent fragment of autobiography written in German, “ My father was a taciturn man ; indeed, he sometimes appeared to us children like a stranger. It was only when I reached manhood that I discovered how deep his tenderness and how great his kindness had been.”

Charles Darwin had the strongest feeling of respect and love for his father, Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury. “ His recollection of everything that was connected with him was peculiarly distinct, and he spoke of him frequently ; generally prefacing an anecdote with some such phrase as, ‘ My father, who was the wisest man I ever knew,’ etc. It was astonishing how clearly he remembered his father’s opinions, so that he was able to quote some maxims or hint of his in most cases of illness. As a rule he put small faith in doctors, and thus his unlimited belief in Dr. Darwin's medical instinct and methods of treatment was all the more striking. His reverence for him was boundless and most touching. He would have wished to judge everything else in the world dispassionately, but everything his father had said was received with implicit faith."[1]

Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote: "Among my earliest recollections none is stronger than that of my father standing before the fire when he came home in the London winter evenings, and singing to us in his sweet, generous tones: sometimes ancient English ditties, such songs as one might translate from the birds, and the brooks might set to music; sometimes those with which foreign travel had familiarised his youth—among them the great tunes that had rung the world's changes since '89. I used to sit on the hearthrug listening to him, and look between his knees into the fire till it burned my face, while the sights swarming up in it seemed changed and changed with the music, till the music and the fire and my heart burned together and I would take paper and pencil and try in some childish way to fix the shapes that rose within me. For my hope, even then, was to be a painter."[2]

Charles Wagner, the friend of President Roosevelt, whose church in Paris was crowded before the War with travellers from all parts of the world, was the son of an Alsatian pastor in the village of Tiefenbach, among the woodlands of the northern Vosges. The manse household practised that

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[1] "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," vol. i, p. 10.

[2] "St. Agnes of Intercession," quoted by Evelyn Waugh—"Rossetti: His Life and Works" (1928).

"simple life" which Wagner was afterwards to recommend to his wealthy disciples in two continents. Of his childhood Charles has written: "My father was a minister; I attended the church services from time to time, and I prayed night and morning. But I was not overburdened with religious practices. As mine was naturally a believing soul, I thought of all things as holy, but especially, as evening came on, the stars made upon me an extraordinary impression. I spoke to them and they spoke to me. And I remember still the little balcony, in front of our house, where I used to kneel down *to worship the moon!* My father knew all about my devotions, but he never found fault with me about them; he never even disturbed them by showing me their idolatrous side. My father respected in his son the living and spontaneous manifestations of religious feeling. He might have pulled my ears and said: Little pagan, God is a Spirit and no visible form can express Him. But he said gently: My child, to-day you are worshipping the brightness of God in His heavens; some day you will see it shining on the brow of men."[1]

With this relationship of father and son are entwined, indeed, the most sacred memories of the heart, and thoughts that reach to heavenly things. Who does not feel the pathos of the dying boy's words in George Macdonald's "Farewell Song":

> "Here, aneath, I ca' ye father:
> Auld names we'll nor tyne nor spare;
> A' my sonship I maun gather,
> For the Son is King up there."

His hope was founded on the words of Him who said, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father."

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[1] A. Wautier d'Aygalliers, "Un Homme: le Pasteur Charles Wagner" (1927), p. 12.

CHAPTER III

MOTHER AND SON

"I OFTEN think," wrote Carlyle, "it is with me as with Ulysses in old Homer. At utmost and worst passage of his wanderings he converses with the shade of his mother." The background of history is peopled with such venerable shades, but they would say to the curious inquirer, like the angel in Judges, "Why askest thou after my name, seeing it is secret ?" Mothers of antiquity found self-fulfilment in the life of the State and in the renown of their children. If we take the example of Sparta, for instance, where women were held in peculiar reverence, we are awed by the stern and lofty patriotism of the mothers. In the words of a modern historian, "The dignified bearing of the Spartan matrons under private family loss seriously assisted the State in the task of bearing up against public reverses. 'Return either with your shield or upon it,' was their exhortation to their sons when departing for foreign service; and after the fatal day of Leuctra those mothers who had to welcome home their surviving sons in dishonour and defeat were the bitter sufferers; while those whose sons had perished maintained a bearing comparatively cheerful."

There is no more attractive figure in Spartan history than the soldier hero Brasidas. His untimely death in mid-career must have wrung his mother's heart with sorrow. Plutarch tells us, however, that when some citizens of Amphipolis, where he had fallen, came to visit the dead leader's mother at Sparta she asked them whether Brasidas died bravely and worthily. When they praised him to excess and said that he had not left his like behind, she replied, " Say not so, strangers; Brasidas was a noble and gallant man, but Sparta has many better than he."

The desire of a mother for her son's highest welfare is set forth in the story of Thetis and Achilles. Thetis belonged to the race of the immortals, and warnings from a divine source were vouchsafed to her son. The gods had promised that he should win great glory before the walls of Troy, but that if he went forth on this enterprise his brilliant career would soon be ended. If he desired long life he must remain tranquil and inglorious in his native land. Thetis urged him to " sit still while kings were arming," but he replied that a few years with bright renown were preferable to a long life spent in ease and obscurity. He joined the Grecian host and, after performing deeds of brilliant valour before the walls of Troy, was slain at length by an arrow from the quiver of Paris, directed by Apollo. " Bitter was the grief of Thetis for the death of her son. She came into the camp with the Muses and the Nereids to mourn over him; and when a magnificent funeral-pile had been prepared by the Greeks to burn him with every mark of honour, she stole away the body and conveyed it to a renewed and immortal life in the island of Leuke in the Euxine Sea. . . . Thetis celebrated funeral games in honour of her son, and offered the unrivalled panoply, which Hephæstos had forged and wrought for him, as a prize to the most distinguished warrior in the Grecian army."

CORNELIA, THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI

With Cornelia, the most celebrated of Roman mothers, we approach within two centuries of the Christian era. Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Carthage at Zama (202 B.C.). Her husband, Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, governor of the province of the Ebro, was a soldier and patriot who won the reverence of the subject peoples. He died young, and Cornelia consecrated her life to the careful education of their three surviving children. Her sons, Tiberius and Caius, were worthy of their ancestry. Their minds were set not on the achievement of triumphs in war, or the building up of fortunes for themselves, but on the carrying out of those agrarian reforms which were needed for the prosperity of the State. Far too much of the public land had been concentrated in the possession of the rich. The industrious small cultivator looked in vain for fields to till, and the burgess-roll was steadily declining because the land did not provide a livelihood for a sufficiently large population. Unfortunately, the wealthy Optimates proved too powerful, and each of the brothers perished with his dream unfulfilled. After the overthrow of Caius, the memory of the Gracchi remained for years officially proscribed, and Cornelia was not even allowed to put on mourning for the death of her last son. But Mommsen tells us that " the passionate attachment which very many had felt towards the two noble brothers, and especially towards Caius during his life, was touchingly displayed also after their death in the almost religious veneration which the multitude, in spite of all precautions of police, continued to pay to their memory and to the spots where they had fallen."

According to Plutarch, Cornelia went on living near Misenum in her later years. She had many friends, and her hospitable table was always crowded with guests. "Greeks and learned men were constantly about her, and kings sent and received presents from her. To all her visitors and friends she was a most agreeable companion; she would tell them of the life and habits of her father Africanus, and, what is most surprising, would speak of her sons without showing sorrow or shedding a tear, relating their sufferings and their deeds to her inquiring friends as if she were speaking of the men of olden time."

The Roman people erected a bronze statue "To Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi."

Blanche of Castile

Among starry lights of motherhood in the thirteenth century no name shines more clearly than that of Blanche of Castile, mother of Louis IX (St. Louis of France). In her were combined deep piety and strong practical intelligence. She acted as regent during her son's minority, and again when he was absent on a crusade in Egypt and Palestine. Blanche bestowed upon her child a religious education and taught him to love the Bible. He is said to have caused candles to be made of three feet in length, and he continued his Scripture reading while they lasted. It was his devout mother, we may be sure, who taught him to pray for "the gift of tears." "Lord, I dare not ask thee for a fountain of tears," he said,

" but only for a few drops to refresh my dry and arid heart."

JEANNE D'ALBRET, MOTHER OF HENRY IV OF FRANCE

The heroine of the French Reformation was Jeanne d'Albret, daughter and heiress of King Henry of Navarre and his wife, Margaret of France. The name of Margaret, sister of King Francis I, stands high in the world of literature, and she was a generous patroness to more than one of the earliest French Reformers. But her interests were divided, and her best-known book, the " Heptameron," ministered to the tastes of a corrupt age. Jeanne was a braver woman than her mother, and was guided by men of firmer character than Bishop Briçonnet and Gérard Roussel. Married to the feeble and fickle Antoine de Bourbon, it was only after his death in 1562 that she was free to play an independent part in public affairs. She was cited to appear at Rome before the Inquisition to answer the charge of heresy ; and was warned that failure to obey the summons would involve the surrender of her small Béarnese territory to her powerful neighbour, Philip II. The French Council of State made the Queen's cause its own, and saved her by a spirited protest.

In the Third War of Religion Jeanne's place was with the captains of the Reformed faith. She presented her son Henry to the Huguenot army and delivered an inspiring address. In 1568 she carried the boy and his sister Catherine from their ancestral domains near the Pyrenees to La Rochelle, that city of refuge.

Coligny's modern biographer, Mr. A. W. Whitehead, tells us that " the Queen of Navarre had twenty massive gold chains made at La Rochelle, and medals struck with the inscription : ' Ou paix asseurée, ou victoire entière, ou mort honneste ' " (" Either a secure peace, or complete victory, or death with honour ").

The historian Agrippa d'Aubigné, in his description of the Protestant defeat at Monconteur, where Coligny was severely wounded, says that the Queen of Navarre, alone among the great personages on the Huguenot side, " advanced to Niort to stretch out her hand to the afflicted and deal with affairs."

With natural reluctance Jeanne d'Albret consented to the marriage of her son Henry to Margaret of Valois, a Roman Catholic bride, the youngest daughter of Catherine de' Medici. The Queen-mother did not survive to witness the red bridal or the horrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. She died in June 1572, in the forty-fourth year of her age.

As Mr. Whitehead says, " To few of the great leaders of the sixteenth century could be applied so truly the words of the Psalmist, which lose none of their beauty in their old French setting : ' La mort des débonnaires du Seigneur est en estime envers lui ' " (" Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints ").

The best tribute to her memory is from the pen of Agrippa d'Aubigné, who speaks of her as having of woman only the sex, with a soul given to things that rather become men, with an intelligence at home in great affairs, and a courage invincible in adversity. " On her death-bed she had confided her son to the care of the Admiral (Coligny), and in her will, drawn up on 8th June, she laid her commands on Henry to cherish in his turn the Admiral."

She urged the gallant youth, who was destined to become one of France's best kings, " to live all his life according to the rule which God has given us in His word."

The prophet's words were fulfilled in the case of Jeanne d'Albret : " The righteous are taken away from the evil to come." If she had survived the massacre and lived on, as she might well have done, to the close of the century, her heart would have been wrung by the apostasy of the cherished son who thought Paris " well worth a mass," but her strong intellect would have recognised in him the patriotic sovereign.

The Mother of the Wesleys

Susannah Wesley, mother of John and Charles Wesley, deserves a place with the notable women of history. Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, in his novel, " Hetty Wesley," describes her as looking on at a fight between her son Charles and another Westminster boy. Garrett Wesley, a stranger to the family, stands beside her.

" She stood almost a head taller than he, and he gazed up into a singularly noble face, proud and strong, somewhat pinched about the lips, but having such eyes and brows as belong to the few accustomed to confront great thoughts. It gave her the ineffable touch of greatness which more than redeemed her shabby black gown and antique bonnet ; and, on an after-thought, the old gentleman decided that it must have been beautiful in its day. Just now it was pale, and one hand clutched the silk shawl crossed upon her bosom. He noted, too, that the hand was shapely, though roughened with housework where the mitten did not hide it." In a later chapter the novelist says : " Mrs. Wesley was Cockney-bred, and delighted in the stir and rush of life. She, the mother of many children, kept a well-poised figure, and walked with the elastic step of a maid."

Mr. Augustine Birrell says that " the mother of the Wesleys was a remarkable woman, though cast in a mould not much to our minds nowadays. She had nineteen children, and greatly prided herself on having taught them, one after another, by frequent chastisements, to, what do you think ? cry softly. She had theories of education and strength of will, and arm, too, to carry them out. She knew Latin and Greek, and, though a stern, forbidding, almost an unfeeling parent, she was successful in winning and retaining not only the respect but the affection of such of her huge family as lived to grow up. But out of the nineteen thirteen early succumbed. Infant mortality was one of the great facts of the eighteenth century, whose Rachels had to learn to cry softly over their dead babes. The mother of the Wesleys thought more of her children's souls than of their bodies."

John Wesley describes the death of his mother in his " Journal " for July 1742. " About three in the afternoon," he writes, " I went to my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bedside. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but, I believe, quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing and the wheel breaking at the cistern, and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.' "

The Mothers of Count Zinzendorf and Goethe

With Wesley's reverence for his mother we may compare that of Count Zinzendorf, the apostle of the Moravian Church. That mother was one of the most accomplished ladies of the early eighteenth century. She knew Greek, Latin, and several modern languages; was familiar with theology and had a talent for poetry. "In all my affairs," said Zinzendorf, "my first thought has always been, What will best please my mother?" He tells us that he honoured her rather as a subject than as a son. There was not between them the light-hearted companionship, as of two young folk near in age, which existed between Goethe and the gay young mother, who is known to German literature as "Frau Aja." It was her spirit in the home at Frankfort, biographers agree, which brought into the boy's early life such happiness as fell to his lot. Luther's words on his own parents were true in this other case of a child of genius, "They honestly meant to do their best for me." But the father's formalism and pedantry caused the boy to think of him as a stern schoolmaster whose chief concern was to instil knowledge into the memory. His mother was a playmate. "For the future poet," it has been said, "she was an admirable nurse; she fed his fancy with her own, she taught him the art of making the most of life—a lesson which he never forgot, and she gave him her own sane and cheerful view of the uncontrollable element in human destiny."

Thomas Carlyle's last letter to his mother, written in her illness, contains these words: "Oh, my dear mother! Let it ever be a comfort to you, however weak you are, that you did your part honourably and well while in strength, and were a noble mother to me and to us all. I am now myself grown old, and have had various things to do and suffer for so many years; but there is nothing I ever had to be so much thankful for as the mother I had. That is a truth which I know well, and perhaps this day again it may be some comfort to you. Yes, surely, for if there has been any good in the things I have uttered in the world's hearing, it was *your* voice essentially that was speaking through me; essentially what you and my brave father meant and taught me to mean, this was the purport of all I spoke and wrote. And if in the few years that may remain to me, I am to get any more written for the world, the essence of it, so far as it is worthy and good, will still be yours. May God reward you, dearest mother, for all you have done for me. I never can. Ah no, but will think of it with gratitude and pious love so long as I have the power of thinking."[1]

OTHER EXAMPLES

Sir E. T. Cook says, in his "Life of Ruskin," "His mother's daily Bible readings with him 'established his soul in life' and were 'the one essential part in all his education.' She began with the first chapter of Genesis, went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse, and began again at Genesis the next day. I have been told that on the night before he was three years old he repeated to his mother the whole of the 119th Psalm. The child had also to learn the whole of the fine old Scottish paraphrases. To this daily discipline he attributed the cultivation of his ear and his sense of style. They read alternate verses, she 'watching every intonation, allowing not so much as a syllable to be missed or misplaced.' All this was a study not only in religion and in Bible literature, but a discipline in attention and in all literature."

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[1] "Carlyle to Threescore and Ten," by David Alec Wilson, p. 62.

The mother of T. H. Huxley astonished the family circle by her rapidity of thought. If someone remarked that she had come very quickly to a conclusion she would say, "I cannot help it; things flash across me." "That characteristic," Huxley used to say, "has been passed on to me in full strength."

The mother of John and Henry Lawrence must have had the same glancing quickness of intellect. She said to one of her sons when he was going out to India, "I know you don't like advice, so I will not give you much. But pray recollect two things. Don't marry a woman who had not a *good* mother; and don't be too ready to speak your mind. It was the rock on which your father shipwrecked his prospects."

This wise mother was "collaterally descended, as she loved to tell, from John Knox the Reformer, of whose strong, God-fearing character she inherited no small share.” Her son Henry was born at Matura, in Ceylon, in 1806. “ Matura is celebrated for its diamonds, and a lady at Galle once asked Mrs. Lawrence if she had brought any with her. ‘ Yes,’ said the mother, with a pride above jewels, and called in the nurse with Henry, ‘ There’s *my* Matura diamond.’ ”

The mother of the Scottish physician Sir J. Y. Simpson was early left a widow. When she was weary with the hard struggle of providing bread for her family, she used to sit down and repeat for her comfort the 20th Psalm. Her children used to call it “ Mother’s Psalm ” :

“ Jehovah hear thee in the day
When trouble He doth send ;
And let the name of Jacob’s God
Thee from all ill defend.

“ O let Him help send from above,
Out of His sanctuary ;
From Sion, His own holy hill,
Let Him give strength to Thee.”

There is something in this story which recalls “ Margaret Ogilvy,” in whom Sir James Barrie created the perfect example of motherhood in modern literature. The last thing that Margaret read were the words of her favourite paraphrase :

“ Art thou afraid His power shall fail
When comes thy evil day ?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay ? ”

“ I heard her voice gain courage as she read it, I saw her timid face take courage, but when came my evil day, then at the dawning, alas for me, I was afraid.”

If a boy of great natural gifts is deprived for any reason of a mother's guiding influence in his early home, the sense of loss is apt to accompany him through all the successes of his after-life, and a shade of melancholy rests upon his character. As an example we may take the case of Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends," who was five years old at the time of his mother's death. At the age of thirty-four he wrote: "My love for my mother has been stirring unsatisfied in me for twenty-eight years, and will, I am sure, never cease demanding its own till I meet her again. I can remember standing at her grave and wondering what sort of odd trick this was that so many grave men were playing, until they began pulling from me the little cord I had in my hand holding the coffin, and then I felt something of the reality of my terrible loss, never to see her again and her mild, unchangeable eyes, and never to be near her and sleep in her bosom."

When his friend John Cairns lost his mother Dr. Brown wrote: "A mother's death, and such a mother's, is a loss there are no words for; indeed, we hardly know how deep it goes, much less can we express it. . . . I lost my mother forty-four years ago, and have never ceased to feel her loss. The world would have been a very different one to me, and I a *very* different one to it, had it pleased God to spare her to me as long as your mother has been."

Alexander Whyte served his apprenticeship to a shoemaker at Kirriemuir. The bench where he was sitting often supported an open book. "At other times he would spare certain of his far-fromplentiful coppers to induce a younger lad to read aloud to him as he worked."

Addressing the students of New College in 1909, Dr. Whyte looked back sixty years, and told of a poor little fellow of twelve years old, who was saying to his mother, "Don't cry, mother; don't be afraid, for I will go and serve out my time; but mind you, I am going to be a minister." At that "a great smile of love and pity broke over her strong, sorrow-seamed face, when she turned away home wiping her tears with her apron."

Dr. John Clifford said of his mother: "When I think of her I am reminded of the words of Tennyson: 'Happy he with such a mother! Faith in womankind beats with his blood, and trust in all things high comes easy to him.' She was a noble woman, highly intelligent and full of sanctified common-sense; a fine, devout character. We feel great reverence as well as love for her, for she practised daily what she preached. . . . It was the thought of my mother's prayers which made me invite women to pray at the week-evening meetings when I first settled at Praed-street. This caused some surprise at first, for the members had not been accustomed to such service on the part of woman."

Dr. J. H. Jowett's biographer, Mr. Arthur Porritt, tells us that he went through life chanting the praises of his mother. "To the end of his life she was the object of his solicitous care. He never wearied of acknowledging the immensity of his debt to her. 'At my mother's knee,' he said once, 'I gained my sweetest inspirations.' To a friend who once asked him whence came his gift for felicitous illustration he replied, 'From my mother! It was she who taught me to see, she taught me to see things, and the things within things.' 'From my earliest days,' he said at his ordination, 'everything around me was made to point heavenwards. Every material structure seemed to be completed by a spire which indicated the spiritual aspiration to which it ought to be allied. And yet in all this abounding suggestiveness there was nothing to frighten a child. Fortunately our parents knew nothing of those long theological names in which learned men sought to enshrine the interpretation of God's ways. 'Jesus' was about the longest and the hardest word they knew, and Jesus found its interpretation in the shorter word 'Love.'"

Is there anywhere a more living portrait of a mother than that composed at the age of twenty by Daniel Macmillan, founder of the well-known publishing firm? Writing to his brother Malcolm he said: "Of my mother I can speak what I do know. I know her as well as ever a son knew a parent, and my persuasion is that she is the most perfect lady in all Scotland. With so little knowledge derived from books, with so very little intercourse with the higher ranks of society, with so little care or thought on what is most pleasing in external conduct, was there ever a lady who, so instinctively, so naturally, did what was right, acted with so much propriety in all cases? She has such high and noble notions that no one ever heard her say, or knew her do, a mean thing, no one could ever venture to say an impudent thing to her, or talk scandal in her presence. Few appreciated her, but no one could despise her. You will say that I am writing 'an *éloge*.' You will call me 'the pet son.' No, you cannot do this. You have mother with you now. You will have seen her in comparison with the best of your friends, and you will see, if you open your eyes, that she is more of a lady than any of them. I think she has one of the *finest*, I mean the most refined, minds I ever came into contact with, and yet she is far from being deficient in strength—a most strong and deep nature, yet a woman's nature. No one could be more deeply religious than she is, and yet how little she talks about it.

"The end of the whole matter is, that I think there is nobody like mother in the whole world. If ever I saw anyone with the same tenderness, strength, and calmness, the same joyousness of heart, with the same depth, I should instantly fall in love with her, that is if there was any chance of its ever coming to anything! What a most beautiful forehead she has! What an eye! What a face, take it all in all! A noble temple for her noble soul! I am rather glad to have some of the Celt in my nature, but glad that the Teuton stands uppermost—as I think it does. I desire to keep the Fifth Commandment."[1]

Thomas Hughes, the biographer of Daniel, assures us that the portrait thus drawn "with the enthusiasm of a boy-lover" was true to the original. Mrs. Macmillan "had a fine voice and ear, and sang ballads and hymns with a pathos which made the promise of a song from her the reward which had most weight with her sons. To her Daniel owed in great measure both the earnestness of his early faith and the breadth of that of his mature years." On his death-bed her image was still uppermost in his thoughts.

The life of Mrs. Haldane of Cloan, prolonged as it was in full intellectual power to her hundredth year, proves that the race of great mothers has not become extinct in modern times. The ancient Roman world would have given her a place with Cornelia, for her children were her jewels, and she trained them for the highest service of the State.

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[1] "Memoir of Daniel Macmillan," by Thomas Hughes, pp. 19, 20.

CHAPTER IV

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

ANTIGONE, the daughter of Œdipus, is the saint and martyr of Greek tragedy. The genius of Sophocles presents her as the perfect daughter and sister, "lover true to her beloved." She might have hoped after the death of her father to dwell at peace in Athens under the kindly rule of Theseus, but the fate of her brothers, Eteocles and Polynices, drew her back to Thebes. The young men had fallen by each other's hand in single combat; and with them was extinguished the last male hope of their line. Creon ruled in Thebes, and he commanded that while funeral honours should be duly paid to Eteocles, the body of Polynices, as that of a traitor to his country, should be exposed to the dogs and vultures. Disobedience to the command was to be punished with death. Antigone heard the tidings with horror, and resolved to bury with her own hands the body of her brother. When the curtain rises on the drama that bears her name, we hear the timid though affectionate Ismene striving in vain to dissuade the strong-souled Antigone from her purpose. The reply is sternly decisive:

Antigone: "Then in future
I will not bid you help me, nor henceforth,
Though you desire, shall you, with my good will,
Share what I do. Be what seems right to you;
Him will I bury. Death, so met, were honour;
And for the capital crime of piety,

Loving and loved, I will lie by his side.
Far longer is there need I satisfy
Those nether Powers, than powers on earth ; for there
For ever must I lie. You, if you will,
Hold up to scorn what is approved of Heaven ! "[1]

The pious work is in part accomplished. Dust is strewn on the body, and drink-offerings are poured out. The deed cannot be hidden; Antigone is brought before Creon by a sentinel, and the savage King demands why she had dared to overstep his law.

Antigone : " Because it was not Zeus who ordered it,
Nor Justice, dweller with the Nether Gods,
Gave such a law to men ; nor did I deem
Your ordinance of so much binding force,
As that a mortal man could overbear
The unchangeable unwritten code of Heaven ;
This is not of to-day and yesterday,
But lives for ever, having origin
Whence no man knows : whose sanctions I were loath
In Heaven's sight to provoke, fearing the will of any man."

Creon fails to comprehend the beauty and piety of the maiden's deed. " The enemy," he says, " can never be a friend, even in death."

Antigone : " Well, I was made for fellowship in love,
Not fellowship in hate."

In vain does her young lover, the King's son Hæmon, plead with his father for her life. Antigone is enclosed in a tomb-like cell, a " chamber of death, with bridal couch of stone." Warned by the blind seer Tiresias, Creon revokes the doom, but like Esau he finds no place for repentance. Hæmon dies by his own hand within the grave of Antigone, while the wife of Creon, inconsolable for her son's loss, also commits suicide. The fate which overshadows the race of Labdacus has involved the house of Creon.

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[1] Sir George Young's translation.

In his drama based on Greek legend, " Iphigenie auf Tauris," Goethe shows us the love of a sister for a brother blooming like an Alpine flower on the edge of dark abysses. The story was that when the Greek armament had assembled at Aulis, ready to sail for the siege of Troy, the goddess Artemis, displeased with the boastful language of its leader Agamemnon, caused adverse winds to blow, and the offending chief was compelled to appease her by the sacrifice of his daughter Iphigeneia. According to Goethe's rendering of the story, the goddess snatched away the innocent child, and allowed her to grow up in the temple of Tauris as a priestess. Blessing had come through the presence of the pure maiden in the land of King Thoas. Human sacrifices were abandoned, and the King would gladly have made the Greek girl his queen, nor was he deterred from his purpose when he discovered her descent from the house of Tantalus, which had filled Greece with the rumour of its crimes and vengeances. The priestess rejected his suit and Thoas thereupon determined to resume the ancient custom of the land, under which every stranger arriving on his shores became a sacrifice to the goddess. Two strangers have newly arrived ; Orestes, the brother of Iphigeneia, and his friend Pylades. The former, who had slain his mother Clytemnestra in revenge for her murder of Agamemnon, is pursued by the Furies until his reason totters on its throne. Orestes is not at heart a criminal ; he has but obeyed the duty imposed upon him by the wild justice of a primitive age. Apollo had promised him through the Delphic oracle that the Furies would cease to follow him if he could bring the image of a sister from the Tauric land to Greece. He supposes that the oracle meant him to fetch the image of Artemis, that it might dwell for evermore with that of her divine brother at Delphi. The true meaning of the promise dawns on him at last. He has been sent to this country of the barbarians, not to rob a temple, but to regain mental calm and the renewal of hope by the discovery of a long-lost sister. Iphigeneia confesses the truth to King Thoas, placing herself, with Orestes and Pylades, at his disposal for life or death. The King, after a sharp struggle, obeys the impulse of his noble nature, and allows the three to sail for Mycenæ, where Iphigeneia is to re-consecrate the desolate hearth, and crown Orestes with the ancient diadem of his race. To his sister he owes life and reason. The brazen doors have clanged behind the departing Furies; and a vision has been granted him of pardon and reconciliation "beyond the night."

The mind of Dante dwelt upon the scene in Tauris, and he too saw the intervention of gracious aid to avert the ruin of Orestes, though for him the chosen instrument was Pylades, the perfect friend. On the Terrace of Envy, on the Mount of Purification, a voice cried in the air, "I am Orestes."

"The reference," says Dr. Carroll, "is to the well-known story that when Orestes, son of Agamemnon, was about to be put to death in Tauris, his friend Pylades presented himself, saying, '*I* am Orestes,' that he might die in his stead. Orestes, refusing to accept the sacrifice, persisted in maintaining his own identity; and it is probably the cry and counter-cry of the two friends, 'I am

Orestes,' that Dante hears in the air above him. It is an illustration of Christ's own words from that heathen world which never heard them: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' "[1]

Goethe's own best friend in boyhood was his sister Cornelia, who was a year younger than himself. "Of the many portraits he has drawn in his autobiography," writes Professor Hume Brown, "none is touched with a tenderer hand and with subtler sympathy than that of Cornelia. Goethe does not imply that she permanently influenced his future development; for such influence she possessed neither the force of mind nor the character. But to her even more than to his mother he came to owe such home happiness as he enjoyed in the hours of freedom from the father's pedagogic discipline. She was his companion alike in his daily school tasks and in his self-sought pleasures—the confidante and sharer of all his boyish troubles. To no other person throughout his long life did Goethe ever stand in relations which give such a favourable impression of his heart as his relation with Cornelia. The memory of her was the dearest which he retained of his early days; and the words in which he recalls her in his old age prove that she was an abiding memory to the end."[2]

Many passages in his classical drama confirm our intuition that the companionship of brother and sister had been to him one of life's earliest and purest joys.

Lady Trevelyan wrote of her brother, T. B. Macaulay, and the home-life at Clapham during his boyhood: "I think that my father's strictness was a good counterpoise to the perfect worship of your uncle by the rest of the family. To us he was an object of passionate love and devotion. To us he could do no wrong. His unruffled sweetness of temper, his unfailing flow of spirits, his amusing talk, all made his presence so delightful that his wishes and his tastes were our law. He hated strangers; and his notion of perfect happiness was to see us all working round him while he read aloud a novel, and then to walk all together on the Common, or, if it rained, to have a frightfully noisy game of hide-and-seek. I have often wondered how our mother could ever have endured our noise in her little house. . . . It was always a habit in our family to read aloud every evening. Among the books selected I can recall Clarendon, Burnet, Shakespeare (a great treat when my mother took the volume), Miss Edgeworth, Mackenzie's 'Lounger and Mirror,' and as a standing dish, the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Reviews*. Poets, too, especially Scott and Crabbe, were constantly chosen. Poetry and novels, except during Tom's holidays, were forbidden in the daytime, and stigmatised as 'drinking drams in the morning.'"

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[1] "Prisoners of Hope," p. 188.

[2] "Goethe," vol. i, pp. 7, 8.

Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," was a doctor's assistant at Chatham, aged twenty-one, when he wrote these words of affectionate counsel to his brother William, then a student at Edinburgh University. "My dear William, be assured that there is no real happiness where there is the indulgence in *guilt*—that pure thoughts and upright actions as assuredly and as consequently cause real happiness as the sun light and heat. Keep this always before you; *know* the God of your fathers. Although I do not think I am really religious—I fear I am not—I can see from experience that the way of transgressors is hard. In everything you do think of its strict morality. When you go to Mr. Syme's[1] you will be exposed to great temptation, and if you do not take high ground instantly you will never be safe. Whenever you hear them talking impurely leave the room instantly, and give them very soon to know that you differ from them because God differs from them, and when asked why you would not do so and so, never be ashamed of saying God has forbidden it, the Bible says so and so."

The Scottish saint, Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, wrote of his elder brother James, a gallant officer who died young, " I think my brother was the most remarkable man I ever knew. On looking back through a long vista of years, during which I have come in contact with many remarkable, unforgettable persons, he stands out by himself, as one in whom worth of moral character, manliness, truth, and perfect regard for the rights, interests, and feelings of every human being, accomplished more in producing the sentiment of veneration (I would even say) than I have known produced by all the talents in the world, accompanied even by the average amount of moral endowment. I never knew a young man venerated except himself. He was only a year older than myself, and I venerated him from infancy. . . . That upper world must be a wonderful meeting place—meeting in God."

General Elphinston, Commander-in-Chief in the

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[1] Prof. Syme, to whom John had been " apprenticed," and for whom he cherished a lifelong reverence.

Afghan War, said of James Erskine, " He was the best soldier and the best man I ever knew." [1]

An example of a sister's wise care is found in the " Life of Earl Haig." " His mother died when he was still in his teens, and after her death the home influence, which plays so large a part in the moulding of character, was exerted by his elder sister, Henrietta, afterwards Mrs. Jameson. Between these two—brother and sister—there existed throughout the whole of Haig's life a very remarkable bond of comradeship and affection. Henrietta was much more than a sister ; until his marriage, she was the only woman to whom Haig ever gave a thought : she was his confidante and adviser. It was she who turned his mind and inclination to the Army, when both Public School and University had failed to provide him with any definite aspiration for a career, and when there was a grave risk that this man—destined to play so great a part in the history of the world—would spend his life in idleness." [2]

Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln, was the third in age among the ten children of Archdeacon King of Rochester and his wife. " Edward was on the most affectionate terms with all his brothers and sisters, but it was his relation with his sister Anne that made the deepest impression on his life. She was an invalid for twelve years, and he often spent the whole night by her bedside. He learned Italian in order that he might share her love of Dante ; from her he derived his interest in botany ; and in his constant attendance on her he developed that tactful, sympathetic and unfussy manner in visiting invalids which always marked his ministry." [1]

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[1] Dr. Hanna's " Letters of Thomas Erskine," p. 13.

[2] " Field-Marshal Earl Haig," by Brigadier-General John Charteris (1929), p. 3.

Daniel Macmillan, whose tribute to his mother we have already quoted, owed his chance in boyhood to his brother Malcolm, a young schoolmaster. The family belonged to Arran, where the father cultivated a small farm in the early years of the last century. He died at Irvine in 1823, leaving the ten-year-old Daniel and other children to the care of their mother and the elder boys. Malcolm, "a young man of high character and ability, became the head of the family and a worthy support of his mother in her hard life-battle. He devoted his earnings towards the household expenses and the education of his younger brothers and sisters." He became cautioner for Daniel when the time came to apprentice the boy for seven years to a bookseller and bookbinder in Irvine. When this training ended, Malcolm had become the minister of a Baptist congregation in Stirling. He found a post for Daniel in that town, but "the place was too small and the boy too big." Daniel made his way to Glasgow, and afterwards to London and Cambridge. He never forgot his debt to Malcolm, who died at Stirling in 1840, an hour after he had conducted family worship in his home.

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[1] G. W. E. Russell, "Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln," p. 4.

CHAPTER V

ADOPTED CHILDREN

IN Dr. Moffatt's translation of the New Testament, St. Paul's words which our older versions render "the Spirit of adoption,"[1] are changed to "the Spirit of sonship." Yet there is something very near to Holy Scripture in the idea of the child adopted from outside the family, and destined to shed lustre on the home which has received him.

The story of the infant Moses must have been pondered by the early Church, for the writer to the Hebrews refers explicitly to the faith of his parents. "It was by faith that Moses was hidden for three months after birth by his parents, because they saw the child was beautiful, and had no fear of the royal decree."[2] The heart of the old chronicler in Exodus overflowed with tenderness as he thought of the adoption of the Hebrew infant, doomed to death under a cruel decree, by the daughter of the tyrant who sought to exterminate the manhood of Israel. The words "And the babe wept" bring the scene on the river-bank before us, as a single word of Prospero to Miranda allows us to picture their escape from Milan:

> "The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
> Me and thy crying self."

Perhaps the boy Moses may have said to that kind nurse who was revealed to him in after-years as his own mother :

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[1] Romans viii. 15.

[2] Hebrews xi. 23 (Dr. Moffatt's translation).

> " Alack, what trouble
> Was I then to you ! "

And she might have answered with Prospero :

> " O, a cherubin
> Thou wast that did preserve me."

None of the adopted children of history is more revered than the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Like the prophet Samuel, he was " a dedicated spirit." " The earliest statue which we know of Marcus," writes F. W. H. Myers, " represents him as a youth offering sacrifice. The earliest story of him, before his adoption into the Imperial family, is of his initiation at eight years old as a Salian priest of Mars. When the crowns flung by the other priests fell here and there round the recumbent statue, the crown which young Marcus threw to him lit and rested on the war-god's head. The boy-priest, we are told, could soon conduct all the ceremonies of the Salian cult without the usual prompter, for he served in all its offices, and knew all its hymns by heart. And it well became him thus to begin by exhibiting the characteristic piety of a child, who passes in his growing years through the forms of worship, as of thought, which have satisfied his remote forefathers, and ripens himself for his adult philosophies with the consecrated tradition of the past." During his war with a barbarian tribe on the Lower Danube, the Stoic Emperor set down recollections of his childhood. We see him encompassed with friends and teachers. As one of his biographers remarks, there is no other example of a young prince having had so fine an education. " Such a body of teachers, distinguished by their character and their example, will hardly be collected again ; and as to the pupil, we have not had one like him since." The mind of Marcus instinctively treasured all that was lovely and of good report. The shadowy fields of youth were peopled for him with dear and venerated forms. As we read the opening chapter of his " Meditations," in which he records his debt to spiritual guides, we can almost hear from the lips of the heathen Emperor some echo of the Church's commemoration of her saints : " We also bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom."

With delicate and touching discrimination he enumerates the lessons learned from individuals.

" From my grandfather Verus good morals and the government of my temper. From the reputation and remembrance of my father, modesty and a manly character. From my mother, piety and beneficence and abstinence, not only from evil deeds, but from evil thoughts ; and, further, simplicity in my way of living, far removed from the habits of the rich."

So far removed, indeed, that he assumed at the age of eleven the plain, coarse habit of philosophers, and lived a life of study and self-denial, even to the injury of his health. One of his masters, whom he calls " my governor," had taught him " endurance of labour, and to want little, and to work with my own hands, and not to meddle with other people's affairs, and not to be ready to listen to slander." Another led him to desire " a plank bed and skin, and whatever else of the kind belongs to the Grecian discipline." A third showed him that he must "read carefully and not be satisfied with a superficial understanding of a book, nor hastily give my assent to those who talk over-much."

Marcus recalled with peculiar tenderness the lessons learned from his adoptive father, the Emperor Antoninus Pius. "I observed," he says in one passage, "that his disposition was to keep his friends, and not to be soon tired of them, nor yet to be extravagant in his affection; and to be satisfied on all occasions and cheerful. He showed sobriety in all things and firmness, and never any mean thoughts or action, or love of novelty. And the things which conduce in any way to the commodity of life, and of which fortune gives an abundant supply, he used without arrogance and without excusing himself; so that when he had them, he enjoyed them without affectation, and when he had them not, he did not want them. Everyone acknowledged him to be a man ripe, perfect, above flattery, able to manage his own and other men's affairs."

"Do everything," Marcus said to himself, "as a disciple of Antoninus."

"Among all the 'Meditations,'" writes Myers, "none is at once more simple and more original than this exordium of thanksgiving. It is the single-hearted utterance of a soul which knows neither desire nor pride, which considers nothing as gain in her life's journey except the love of those souls who have loved her—the memory of those who have fortified her by the spectacle and communication of virtue."

The letters of the young Marcus to his tutor Fronto afford sufficient evidence of the gay, simple, wholesome life which the future Emperor led in the palace of his adoptive father, which was a school of all the virtues.

In his " Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle " Wordsworth tells of that Lord Clifford who was sheltered in infancy in a shepherd's hut, and brought up in lowly ways.

> " His garb is humble ; ne'er was seen
> Such garb with such a noble mien ;
> Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
> Hath he, a Child of strength and state."

Restored at last to the titles and estates of his ancestors, the shepherd youth refused to " head the flock of war." He had learned a higher lesson from his adoption into the ranks of poverty.

> " Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
>
> In him the savage virtue of the Race,
> Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead :
> Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place
> The wisdom which adversity had bred."

CHAPTER VI

THE YOKE BORNE IN YOUTH

THERE are petulant passages in literature which might lead us to form an erroneous idea of the upbringing of some great writers. Sir Walter Scott was struggling with financial anxiety when he wrote on an early page of his "Journal": "What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself." Had the words "almost wholly neglected" been true, the lame child would never have survived infancy. A careful study of Lockhart's first volume will convince every fair-minded reader that Scott's parents meant to do their best for him from first to last. Undeserved reproach has been launched against Goethe's father, who desired that his son should follow his own profession. Dr. Hume Brown admits that "according to his lights, the father spared no pains to make his son an ornament of his generation." He was liberal in money matters and urged the young man to the enjoyment of foreign travel. Neither Goethe nor Scott can be said to have "borne the yoke in youth" in the sense that mankind has commonly applied to the text from Lamentations.[1] Nor should we illustrate the verse by the experience of Sir Thomas More, whose father in his Oxford days "cut down his pecuniary allowance to the smallest amount which would enable him to pay his way, even compelling him to refer to himself before purchasing the most necessary articles of clothing as his old ones wore out. He judged that by these means he should keep his son more closely to his books."[1] Thomas More was destined for the Bar, and his father, like Goethe's, wished him to apply himself from early youth to the study of the law. Each of these men enjoyed what we may fairly call a sheltered youth.

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[1] "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."
Lam. iii. 27.

Richard Cobden

As an example of the brave and cheerful endurance of narrow circumstances, the willing acceptance of responsibility on behalf of others, we can scarcely find a more inspiring youth than that of Richard Cobden. The apostle of Free Trade holds a place of honour among Victorian statesmen, and the qualities which won the admiration of contemporaries in later life may be traced in him from boyhood. He was the son of a Hampshire farmer, who was always in monetary difficulties. The fourth of a family of eleven, Richard was born in 1804 near Midhurst, in Sussex. Ten years later the farm was sold, and relatives charged themselves with the maintenance of the children whom the parents could no longer support. It was Richard's fate to be sent to a school in Yorkshire. "Here," says John Morley, "he remained for five years, a grim and desolate time, of which he could never afterwards endure to speak. This was twenty years before the vivid genius and racy style of Dickens had made the brutalities of Squeers and the horrors of Dotheboys Hall as familiar as the best-known scenes of Shakespeare. The unfortunate boy from his tenth to his fifteenth year was ill fed, ill taught, ill used; he never saw parent or friend." From that cruel ordeal he emerged with the sweetness of his character unimpaired. Never, by known word or act, did he reproach the thoughtless relatives who had imposed upon him "this cruel and disgusting mockery of an education."

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[1] F. Seebohm, "The Oxford Reformers," p. 26.

On leaving school he was received as a clerk in his uncle's warehouse in Old Change, London. His life there was not easy, for his uncle and aunt "expected servility in the place of gratitude." The lad was offered a situation in a house of business in Ghent, but his helpless, unpractical father refused to let him leave the country. "It is one of the most familiar things in life," comments Cobden's biographer, "that those whose want of energy has sunk their lives in failure, are often most eager to check or disparage the energy of stronger natures than their own." [1]

Out of his small earnings Richard had always something to spare for his father and mother, who were now living in very humble circumstances at Westmeon. Whenever he had a holiday, he spent it with his family. "A hamper of such good cheer as his purse could afford was never missing at Christmas; and on the long Sundays in summer he knew no happier diversion than to meet his father at some roadside inn on the wide Surrey heaths, midway between Alton and the great city. His little parchment-bound diary of expenses at this time shows him to us as learning to dance and to box, playing cards with alternating loss and gain, going now and again to Vauxhall Gardens, visiting the theatre to see Charles Matthews, buying Brougham on "Popular Education," Franklin's "Essays," and "Childe Harold." The sums are puny enough, but a gentle spirit seems still to breathe in the faded lines and quaint French in which he made his entries, as we read of the little gifts to his father and brothers, and how he is debtor by *Charité*, 1s.—*donné un pauvre garçon*, 1d.—*un pauvre garçon*, 2d."[1]

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[1] John Morley's "Life of Richard Cobden," ch. i.

By industry, cheerfulness, and talent Richard gradually won his uncle's goodwill, and at twenty-one he was advanced from the drudgery of an office clerk to the freer life of a commercial traveller. "Cobden's new position was peculiarly suited to the turn of his character. Collecting accounts and soliciting orders for muslins and calicoes gave room in their humble sphere for those high inborn qualities of energy and sociability, which in later years produced the most active and the most persuasive of modern statesmen."

He had borne the yoke in youth, and a further trial awaited him. Amid the financial convulsion of 1826 his employers failed, and he had to return for a while to his father's shop in Westmeon. The easy-going temperament of father and children enabled them to "live by the day." Richard found a new home for the household at Farnham, and he himself, re-engaged by one of his former employers, was soon back on the road with his samples of muslins and calicoes. He was only twenty-four when, in partnership with two friends, he set up in business as a calico-printer in Manchester. The "Bonapartian" conviction that every obstacle must yield at last to energy breathes from his early letters. We feel ourselves in the presence of an audacious, commanding spirit. Yet self is never uppermost in his thoughts and plans. "I must insist," he writes to his elder brother Frederick, "that you from henceforth consider yourself as by right my associate in all (fortune's) favours." From the care of his family he passed as by a natural transition to a life of labour for the welfare of his country. There came a time, near the climax of the Corn Law agitation, when he neglected his private affairs so seriously that but for the aid of friends he might have become a bankrupt. He died in his sixty-first year, worn out by incessant labours, and was buried beside his son in the little churchyard of Lavington. John Bright quoted the saying of Cobden's daughter, " My father used to like me very much to read to him the Sermon on the Mount " ; and added these words, " His own life was to a large extent—I speak it with reverence and with hesitation—a sermon based upon that best, that greatest of all sermons. His was a life of perpetual self-sacrifice." In the House of Commons Mr. Bright spoke of his friend and comrade as " the manliest and gentlest spirit that ever quitted or tenanted human form."

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[1] *Ibid.*

A. L. Smith of Balliol

Alfred Lionel Smith, Master of Balliol from 1916 to 1924, was thrown on his own resources from a very early age. He was only six at the time of his father's death, and his mother was invited to live with an artist brother at Rome. She departed, taking with her three children. A kind Alderman named Wise obtained a presentation for Alfred to Christ's Hospital, and handed it to the child, saying, " Here, my boy, that's worth £500. I give it to you because I knew and respected your father." Mrs. A. L. Smith, in the memoir of her husband, says that " for six years the child knew no home except the school ; other boys went home for the holidays, but his existence seems to have been forgotten by any relations he may have had in England. . . . Three times he had rheumatic fever; the coarse and probably inadequate clothing, the cold rooms and monotonous diet, all combined to sow the seeds of many of his later aches and pains." His mother married again and settled at Chicago. "Her letters were few and far between, and her thoughts were naturally concentrated round her new home and children." Mother and son met twice only in later life, and it was fortunate for "A. L." that when the time came for him to enter Balliol College in 1869, the liberality of Mrs. Frank Crossley smoothed his path and relieved him from immediate anxieties. Her only child, Saville,[1] needed companionship and holiday coaching. The Crossley house became Alfred's first real home, and even his outfit for College was prepared by its kind mistress. The Balliol authorities, especially the Master himself and Professor T. H. Green, introduced him to other pupils, so that he never needed to depend entirely on scholarships.[2]

Like some other men whose boyhood has been spent in severe and narrow circumstances, he was noted in after-life for exceptional generosity. A friend wrote in the *Oxford Magazine* at the time of his death that his letters of praise or encouragement "were only one example of that native *generosity of soul* which he counted, when he met it in others, as the greatest of all virtues. Compared to this his astonishing, nay his rash, generosity of purse (for he never *can* have had any money to spare) was a small matter." [3]

He maintained through life, we may add, a steady and loyal affection for his old school.

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[1] Now Lord Somerleyton.

[2] "Alfred Lionel Smith," by his Wife (1928), pp. 16–31.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 312.

Part Two

ENVIRONMENT AND TRAINING

CHAPTER VII

THE INFLUENCE OF SCENERY

DEBATING societies might occupy themselves unendingly with the comparative advantages of town and country as a training-soil for genius. In his " Life of Milton," Mark Pattison says that the author of " Paradise Lost " " must be added to the long roll of our poets who have been natives of the city which now never sees sunlight or blue sky, along with Chaucer, Spenser, Herrick, Cowley, Shirley, Ben Jonson, Pope, Gray, Keats." William Blake, who was born in 1757 at 28 Broad Street, Carnaby Market, Golden Square, wrote during his schooldays, and before he had travelled beyond range of the capital, the lovely song beginning :

> " How sweet I roam'd from field to field
> And tasted all the summer's pride,
> Till I the Prince of Love beheld
> Who in the sunny beams did glide ! "

To him, as to boys of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, London was " small and white and clean." Camberwell, Dulwich, Sydenham, and Newington Butts were still villages in the age of George II, and an active child who lived in Golden Square could quickly reach the open fields from London.[1]

Lord Macaulay was one of those on whom the City of London laid its spell. His parents lived during his early infancy in Birchin Lane. "The only place where the child could be taken for exercise, and what might be called air, was Drapers' Gardens, behind Throgmorton Street, and within a hundred yards of the Stock Exchange. To this dismal yard, containing as much gravel as grass, his mother used to convoy the nurse and the little boy through the crowds that towards noon swarmed along Cornhill and Threadneedle Street; and thither she would return, after a due interval, to escort them back to Birchin Lane. So strong was the power of association upon Macaulay's mind, that in after years Drapers' Gardens was among his favourite haunts. Indeed, his habit of roaming for hours through and through the heart of the City (a habit that never left him as long as he could roam at all) was due in part to the recollection which caused him to regard that region as native ground."[1]

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[1] " William Blake," by Osbert Burdett (1926), p. 4.

As a contrast we may take the case of Sir George Williams, one of the noblest London citizens of the nineteenth century. He was born in the deeps of the country, at Ashway Farm, near Dulverton. "It is the last farmstead before you reach a pathless moorland," says his grandnephew and biographer, "and the loneliness of that land, especially in winter, when the glory of gorse and heather and fern has faded and the hills are shrouded in mist, is almost intolerable. . . . As I stood in the room where George Williams slept as a boy, and looked out on the silent land, rugged, large, and desolate, where the eye searches longingly for some sight of man, and thought of the place of his last rest at the very heart of crowded life, I wondered in what terms one might measure the vast country that lies between the farm and the town, between Bridgwater and the Metropolis, between the farmhouse and St. Paul's Cathedral."[1]

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[1] Sir G. O. Trevelyan, "Macaulay's Life and Letters," ch. i.

George Williams came of a long line of West-Country yeomen, and from them he inherited his marvellous physical constitution, as well as his keenness of brain. The founder of the Young Men's Christian Association derived from his father "his indomitable will, the tremendous power of quiet determination and the unquenchable enthusiasm that belongs in special degree to the countryside which fathered the men who, under Blake, defended Taunton for nearly a year against overwhelming odds, who fought and died like heroes at Sedgemoor, and who never quailed or flinched before all the horrors of the Bloody Assize."[2] During his long career as the head of a great London firm and a leader in Christian service, men were amazed by "the mighty reserves of force that lay in the little frame and held disease at bay and again and again defied even Death. Sir George took neither exercise nor other form of recreation. He never attended to his bodily well-being or comfort. He laughed at any suggestion of harbouring his strength. From morning till night, throughout the years, he toiled with body and brain; taking no thought of health; ignoring, it seemed, the simplest precautions, stretching and straining every nerve to its utmost limit, allowing himself no moment for recuperation. And yet he lived to be eighty-four and crowded into his life the work of ten. God-given this power was, we know, but something of its secret lay in his 'Exmoor toughness' in the deeps of his chest and the mighty capacity of his heart and lungs, in that splendid inheritance from the men of the moors, from his boyhood on the hills." [1]

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[1] Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams, "The Life of Sir George Williams," pp. 5, 6.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 10.

Men who have influenced the world as preachers come next to the poets, perhaps, in their sensitiveness to the beauties of scenery and their lasting recollections of natural surroundings in childhood. Though the age of Alpine climbing was still far distant in the later sixteenth century, we are told of St. Francis de Sales that "the abiding gloriousness of nature remained the background of all the visions and problems of his later life." [2] Born in 1567, the future Bishop of Geneva played in childhood on the terraces of his ancestral castle, near the mountain village of Thorens, in Savoy.

The late Pastor Charles Wagner was reared, as we have seen, amid the mountain villages of the Vosges. Through his book, "The Simple Life," he became known to an immense public in Britain and America. President Roosevelt invited him to Washington, and in a speech he described the happiness of his childhood, spent in the society of kindly farmers and woodcutters. "My childhood," he said, "left such a mark on my memory that I not only remember it with joy, but find there an inexhaustible mine of wholesome and fresh impressions, and as it were a spring of eternal youth. When I seek to live the deeper life, I return to my child-soul, and I behold men and things, rivers, birds, the sky and the earth, with my childhood's eyes. I would not exchange these pure memories, that serenity, that familiar friendship in which we feel ourselves brothers of the ants that creep under the grass, and of the sunrays that sleep on the meadows, for all the riches of the universe. For these are indeed the earliest riches, the true foundation on which the fortune of a life is built. . . . I often say to people of my own age, If you love children, allow them to live. Allow the young to be real children; leave them time to think and to observe by themselves so that they may discover the nourishing and potent sap which God has placed in true, simple, authentic things. And if you can, keep them as long as possible in touch with nature, the mountains, the flowers, the meadows, the woods. The little streams and the leaves which chatter to the branches in mysterious woods have things to tell the children of men which it is good and sweet to hear, things which awaken in the depths of their being that divine slumberer whom we call the soul; things which no teacher's voice, no book, no artist, no religious or secular instructor will ever be able to tell them."[1]

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[1] Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams, "The Life of Sir George Williams," pp. 17, 18.

[2] G. K. Sanders, "S. François de Sales" (1928), p. 1.

Dr. Chalmers has said that as a student of divinity at St. Andrews he spent nearly a year in a sort of mental elysium. "The one idea which ministered to my soul all its rapture was the magnificence of the Godhead, and the universal subordination of all things to the one great purpose for which He evolved and was supporting creation." He said to a member of his family that in this period of his life "not a single hour elapsed in which the overpoweringly impressive imagination did not stand out bright before the inward eye; and that his custom was to wander early in the morning into the country, that, amid the quiet scenes of nature, he might luxuriate in the glorious conception."

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[1] **A. Wautier d'Aygalliers, "Un Homme: le Pasteur Charles Wagner."**

Dr. Alexander Whyte, who as an Edinburgh minister attained a world-wide celebrity, was born in a two-roomed cottage at Kirriemuir in Forfarshire, the " Thrums " which has been immortalised by Sir James Barrie. Men and women created by " Gavin Ogilvy," such as the schoolmaster of Glen Quharity in " Auld Licht Idylls," or Jess of " A Window in Thrums," and best of all, Margaret Ogilvy, are as real as any actual personages in history or in the circle of the living. The kind, shrewd faces were presented in speaking likeness by William Hole, and we can recognise Thrums folk in his Edinburgh picture of the " Signing of the National Covenant of 1638." It was a beautiful landscape on which Alexander Whyte's young eyes rested. " No stranger who has had the fortune in the glow of a June day to climb the hill up which the steep lanes of the old town struggle, is ever likely," says Dr. G. F. Barbour, " to forget the wide sweep and varied beauty of the view, stretching from Ben Lawers in the far west to the low hills of Kincardineshire where they fall to the sea beyond Montrose; while the gently sloping common ground to the north is all-aflame with golden broom, and beyond the woods of Caddam there rises the nobly moulded form of Catlaw." [1]

Fishing was the boy's one outdoor pleasure, and he is said on occasion to have walked up Glen Prosen for a great part of the night in order to reach a favourite pool by daybreak.[2]

From the life of this country boy let us turn to that of a town child. Admirers of Dr. J. H. Jowett's preaching will remember the illustrations, austere and delicate in their beauty, which he drew from the world of nature. They charmed us like the heathbell on the northern moor, or the blue gentian nestling near the Alpine snows. Yet he was almost cut off in youth from the loveliness of outdoor scenery. Mr. Porritt tells that the family house in Godley Road, Halifax, was " one of a row in a long unlovely street in which not a tree, nor a flower, nor even a blade of grass grew." The front door opened directly on to the pavement, and the back windows looked on a thickly peopled hill and valley. There was not even a yard where evergreens could flourish in their tubs. The boy's sole playground was the cutting-out room behind his father's shop. His lifework was to lie in cities —Newcastle, Birmingham, New York, London, but in these he enjoyed frequent opportunities for travel, and could say as each holiday came round, " So is our soul set free."

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[1] " The Life of Alexander Whyte," 8th ed., p. 5.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 32.

Boyhood by the Sea

Dr. Arnold of Rugby counted himself fortunate in having spent his early boyhood at Cowes, where his father was a Collector of Customs. His great-grandson, Mr. Arnold Whitridge, says in a recent short biography, " The Isle of Wight during the Napoleonic Wars must have been a thrilling place for a boy to grow up in. The rumours of Bonaparte's invasion, the news of Trafalgar, the succession of Peninsular victories, and the daily sight of soldiers and sailors would have fired the imagination of a slower-witted boy than Thomas Arnold. Years afterwards he looked back and counted his early experience of a port in war-time as among the formative influences of his life. 'More than half my boys,' he said in 1829, 'never saw the sea and never were in London, and it is surprising how the first of these disadvantages interferes with their understanding much of the ancient poetry. . . . Brought up myself in the Isle of Wight amidst the bustle of soldiers and ships, and the flags of half Europe, which gave me an instinctive acquaintance with geography, I quite marvel to find in what a state of ignorance boys are at seventeen or eighteen who have lived all their days in inland parishes or small country towns.' "[1]

Mr. Stephen Paget wrote of his father, Sir James Paget, that London never effaced in him the love of Yarmouth, his native town. "His sketches of the neighbourhood of Yarmouth show the utmost accuracy and lightness of touch; among them there is an admirable sketch of Gorleston pier, that he made for a wager with one of his brothers before breakfast. He had an eye for a ship, and kept all his life his knowledge of shipping, his love of the sea, and a trace of Norfolk accent. . . . It is probable that the healthiness and freedom of his early life at the sea were the saving of him during the years of waiting for practice in London."[2]

HISTORIC NURSING-GROUNDS

There are shrines of history, consecrated by the highest achievements of man's spirit, which have acquired a later glory as the nursing-ground of young souls destined for greatness. Examples are found in the youth of Lord Lawrence and Thoreau. John Lawrence, who is remembered as a prince among British-Indian statesmen, came of a family which had been domiciled for some generations in Ulster, though he himself was born at Richmond in Yorkshire. At twelve years of age he was sent to Foyle College close to Londonderry, to be under the care of the Rev. James Knox, his mother's brother. His friend, Sir Richard Temple, wrote in 1889, "The building and its precincts may now be seen almost exactly as they were when he was there. From the upper windows is seen the Foyle estuary, and from the field where he played football is beheld a view of the historic city. As he used to stay there with his uncle during the holidays, he must often have walked round the terrace on the top of the well-kept walls that still enclose the old citadel-town wherein the faith and freedom of the Protestants were sheltered during the storm of war in 1688–9. Here he found the historic memories preserved with wonderful tenacity. So he must have gazed at the Ship-quay, the Water-gate as it once was, whither the relieving ships from England, after fighting their way up the Foyle, brought victuals for the long-suffering and famished garrison. He must have passed beneath the venerable bastions where the defenders repeatedly beat back the French soldiers of King James. He attended on Sundays divine service in the cathedral which stood close to the fighting ground during the defence, and where the bones of eminent defenders were interred. This, then, was just the place to be for him a *nutrix leonum*, and the meet nurse for a heroic child; as indeed it is the Saragossa of the British Isles. In after-life his talk would often revert to the Foyle as to him the queen of rivers. Forty years later, when at the summit of his greatness, he spoke publicly to his admirers in the Punjab about the memories of Londonderry, as nerving Britons in other lands to stubborn resistance."[1]

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[1] "Dr. Arnold of Rugby" (1928), p. 5.

[2] "Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget," p. 38.

Henry David Thoreau, whose "Walden" is one of the classics of American literature, was born in 1817 in the little white village of Concord, in New England, where the first armed resistance had been made over forty years earlier to the troops of George III. In the anti-slavery agitation of the early nineteenth century, the Thoreau family were engaged. Their homestead was regarded as the headquarters of abolitionists and a place of refuge for fugitive slaves. "The atmosphere of earnest purpose," writes Mr. Sanborn, a friend and biographer of Thoreau, "which pervaded the great movement for the emancipation of the slaves, gave to the family an elevation of character which was ever afterwards perceptible, and imparted an air of dignity to the trivial details of life. . . . To meet one of the Thoreaus was not the same as to encounter any other person who might cross your path. Without wealth, or power, or social prominence, they still held a rank of their own, in scrupulous independence, and with qualities that put condescension out of the question."

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Walter Scott, a son of Edinburgh, was brought as a lame child in his third year to Sandy-knowe, a farmhouse belonging to his grandfather, near the ruined tower of Smailholm. In his "Epistle to William Erskine," Scott recalled "the objects that had painted the earliest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Border Minstrels."

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[1] From "Lord Lawrence," in the "English Men of Action" Series, p. 11.

> "Then rise those crags, that mountain tower
> Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour.
> It was a barren scene and wild
> Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
> But ever and anon between
> Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
> And well the lonely infant knew
> Recesses where the wallflower grew
> And honeysuckle loved to crawl
> Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
> I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
> The sun in all its round surveyed;
> And still I thought that shattered tower
> The mightiest work of human power." [1]

Scott told his friend, Mr. Skene, of Rubislaw, "when spending a day in his old age among these well-remembered crags, that he delighted to roll about on the grass all day long in the midst of the flock, and that 'the sort of fellowship he thus formed with the sheep and lambs had impressed his mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which had lasted throughout life.' There is a story of his having been forgotten one day among the knolls when a thunderstorm came on; and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning, and crying out, 'Bonny, bonny,' at every flash." [2]

[1] Quoted in Lockhart's "Life of Scott," vol. i.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 67.

WARREN HASTINGS

Warren Hastings spent his early years at Daylesford, where his ancestors had once been lords of the manor. The family had come down in the world, and Warren's grandfather, rector of the parish, was utterly ruined by lawsuits. " The child was early sent to the village school," writes Macaulay, " where he learned his letters on the same bench with the sons of the peasantry. Nor did anything in his garb or fare indicate that his life was to take a widely different course from that of the young rustics among whom he studied and played. But no cloud could overcast the dawn of so much genius and so much ambition. The very ploughmen observed, and long remembered, how kindly little Warren took to his book. The daily sight of the lands which his ancestors had possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers, filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects. He loved to hear stories of the wealth and greatness of his progenitors, of their splendid housekeeping, their loyalty, and their valour. On one bright summer day the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis. There, as threescore and ten years later he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned. He would recover the estate which had belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Daylesford. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded and as his fortune rose. He pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obliquy, had at length closed for ever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die."[1]

Hazlitt and Coleridge

Hazlitt was a youth of twenty when he first met Coleridge. He had walked ten miles and back from his father's home at Wem in Shropshire to hear the poet in a church at Shrewsbury. A few days later "the half-inspired speaker" came to Wem, and before leaving he invited his young admirer to visit him at Nether-Stowey in Somersetshire. "I had an uneasy pleasurable sensation all the time, till I was to visit him. During those months the chill breath of winter gave me a welcoming; the vernal air was balm and inspiration to me. The golden sunsets, the silver star of evening, lighted me on my way to new hopes and prospects. *I was to visit Coleridge in the spring.* The circumstance was never absent from my thoughts, and mingled with all my feelings. I wrote to him at the time proposed, and received an answer postponing my intended visit for a week or two, but very cordially urging me to complete my promise then. This delay did not damp, but rather increased, my ardour. In the meantime I went to Llangollen Vale, by way of initiating myself in the mysteries of natural scenery; and I must say I was enchanted with it. I had been reading Coleridge's description of England in his fine *Ode on the Departing Year*, and I applied it, *con amore*, to the objects before me. That valley was to me (in a manner) the cradle of a new existence : in the river that winds through it, my spirit was baptised in the waters of Helicon ! "[1]

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[1] "Essay on Warren Hastings."

Bishop Walsham How

Bishop Walsham How wrote as an Oxford undergraduate to his brother : " I myself am exceedingly variable in spirits, and I always find nothing is near so delightful and inspiriting when I am in low spirits as praising and thanking God in the midst of His works. Often and often at the farm have I stood between the cottage and garden door, and thanked God for making the world so fair and myself so susceptible of its beauty. I am generally quite happy after that. Oh, my dear Maynard, if Heaven itself had no greater glory and joy than standing in the midst of some exquisitely beautiful scene, and there, with only sights and sounds of Nature around you, blessing God and glorying in His presence, it would be perfection."[2] Walsham How, the son of a Shrewsbury solicitor, found one of his chief recreations from schooldays in the study of botany.

On his twentieth birthday John Brown, author of " Rab and his Friends," wrote to his sister Isabella :

" And now, my dear Isabella, lose no opportunity of drinking in and filling your whole soul with the beauties of pure undiseased nature ; from ' morn to dewy eve ' be abroad, up to welcome the sun when he looks in boundless majesty abroad, while all the earth lies beneath his influences in gladness and deep joy,—the glories of the moon and of the stars and the coming on of still eve, when issue forth the first pale stars. Walk as much as you can in these places in the wilderness alone where nature worships God."

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[1] Essay entitled, " My First Acquaintance with Poets."

[2] " Bishop Walsham How," by Frederick Douglas How, p. 19.

Sir E. Burne-Jones

Edward Burne-Jones, the great artist, remembered that in his early childhood he had been taken to a place, then on the outskirts of Birmingham, and now swallowed up in it, the name of which was "Nineveh." He thought, of course, that it was "Nineveh in the Bible," though it was a few miles from his own front door. A delicate and motherless child, he was from infancy thrown much on his own thoughts.

"There was the bliss of the garden with Mrs. Caswell; . . . going with her to smell the flowers and pick currants and gooseberries, and the delicious pies that came of it. Only a few years ago (wrote Lady Burne-Jones) he took up a wallflower from the centre of the dinner-table one evening and, smelling it, said, 'I'm four years old again in Mrs. Caswell's garden. How kind they were to me, Mr. and Mrs. Caswell; I never thought about it.'"

He acquired very early the habit of drawing. About this we have his own words, recorded by a friend, an artist, who, talking to him of David Copperfield and his neglected childhood, remarked in passing that he himself never remembered feeling unhappy when he was left alone. "Ah," said Edward, "that was because you could draw. It was the same with me. I was always drawing. Unmothered, with a sad papa, without sister or brother, always alone, I was never unhappy, because I was always drawing. And when I think of what made the essence of a picture to me in those days it's wonderful how little I have altered. I couldn't draw people, of course, but I never failed to draw mountains at the back of everything just as I do now, though I'd never seen one."

The Youth of Tagore

Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet and mystic, gave to his friend, the Rev. C. F. Andrews, the following account of his childhood in Bengal :

" I was very lonely—that was the chief feature of my childhood—I was very lonely. I saw my father seldom ; he was away a great deal, but his presence pervaded the whole house and was one of the deepest influences on my life. I was kept in the charge of servants of the household after my mother died, and I used to sit, day after day, in front of the window, and picture to myself what was going on in the outer world.

" From the very first time that I can remember, I was passionately fond of Nature. Oh ! it used to make me mad with joy when I saw the clouds come up in the sky one by one. I felt, even in those early days, that I was surrounded with a companionship very intense and very intimate, though I did not know how to name it. I had such an exceeding love for Nature, that I cannot think in what way to describe it to you ; but she was a kind of loving companion, always with me, and always revealing to me some fresh beauty." [1]

In his " Reminiscences " the poet tells that in childhood he would run into the garden the moment he got up from sleep.

" A scent of leaves and grass, wet with dew, seemed to embrace me, and the dawn, all tender and fresh with the newly awakened rays of the sun, held out its face to me to greet me beneath the trembling vesture of palm-leaves. Nature shut her hands and laughingly asked every day : ‘ What have I got inside ? ’ and nothing seemed impossible.”

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[1] " Letters to a Friend " (1928), p. 22.

CHAPTER VIII

CONTRASTS IN AMERICAN BOYHOOD: ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND WALTER HINES PAGE

THE mental and spiritual development of Abraham Lincoln is one of the miracles of history. The President, as Lord Charnwood says, is revered by multitudes of his countrymen as the preserver of their Commonwealth. "This reverence has grown with the lapse of time and the accumulation of evidence. It is blended with a peculiar affection, seldom bestowed upon the memory of statesmen. It is shared to-day by many who remember with no less affection how their own fathers fought against him. He died with every circumstance of tragedy, yet it is not the accident of his death but the purpose of his life that is remembered." That life, in its lowly beginning, seems to confirm the saying of the Magnificat: "He hath exalted the humble and meek." Biographical investigators like the late Senator Beveridge[1] have tracked the child Lincoln to mean cabins in Kentucky and Indiana. His father was languidly industrious, an improvident plodder, whose character reveals itself in the fact that though he was able to write his name, he preferred to make his mark, and usually did so. He and his wife Nancy were "the most humble and obscure in a humble class of people." Abe attended school for a few summer months, clad in a one-piece long linsey shirt, without other garments. His young eyes looked on noble scenery as he crept out into the sunshine. "The steep and rocky heights that rose from the yard of the Lincoln cabin and all about the valley were clad with majestic trees, mostly of cedar, two and more feet in diameter, their crests from seventy to a hundred feet above the earth. Clear as light was the water of the streams—so clear that through them pebbles in deep pools could be seen as plainly as on the surface of the ground. . . . It was a place of peace, calm, silent and serene. A still and tranquil grandeur was the most intimate companion with which destiny supplied Abraham Lincoln at the time of his first impressions of life and the world."[1] The boy was only seven when his parents crossed the Ohio and settled on the Indiana side. Their new home was on the edge of thick, impenetrable forest, "Vast, forbidding, tremendous, this mighty forest stretched northward from the Ohio, its trees, like giant sentinels of nature, guarding the wilderness." The fringe of the forest was inhabited by backwoods settlers, who were half hunters and half farmers. There was plenty of game for their guns, but the neighbourhood was unwholesome. "Swarms of mosquitoes rose from dank, stagnant pools and noisome swamps; large black and poisonous yellow flies abounded. Innumerable frogs rasped the stillness. . . . Into this abode of gloom and solitude, Thomas Lincoln made his slow and toilsome way in mid-autumn of 1816." He had to cut a path for himself and his family through the thick and tangled underbrush, and he finally settled on a knoll surrounded by marshland, more than a mile from the nearest spring. We have a glimpse of little Abe trotting to and from the cabin with a supply of the precious water. The new cabin was " a half-faced camp," with a roof of poles, brush, and leaves. One side of the structure was not enclosed, and before this open side a fire was kept burning. The blaze served at night to keep wild beasts from those who slept beneath the fragile roof. " The loose, unhardened earth was the floor, on which leaves were thickly strewn ; and over these was spread such bedding as had been bought, skins for the most part and possibly a blanket." The only artificial light was from hog-fat. Parents and children lived almost exclusively on game, though some vegetables and a little corn were raised. A mysterious illness broke out, and among the victims was Abraham's mother. Her daughter Sarah, now in her thirteenth year, acted as cook till Thomas Lincoln's second marriage.

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[1] "Abraham Lincoln: 1809–1858," by Albert J. Beveridge (1928).

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[1] *Ibid.*, vol. i, p. 29.

Senator Beveridge tells us that the cabins of these forest-dwellers were often ill-kept, dirty in the extreme, infested with vermin. " Bathing or washing the body in any way was seldom attempted, seldom thought of, except of course during ' swimming time ' in warm weather. . . . Cabins usually were packed, husband and wife, children, guests, relatives and hired men living in a single small room—cooking, eating, and sleeping there, a loft sometimes relieving the congestion." It was only after Thomas's marriage to that cleanly and prudent housewife, Sarah Bush, that the conditions of life became less wretched for the children. Though a tall " spider of a boy," Abe was a moderate eater, and never grumbled about what was set before him. From the time when he had mastered the art of reading, he found his happiness in books. His father treated him roughly, and exacted his legal right to take all the boy's earnings until Abraham reached the age of twenty-one.

" 'Abe was a good boy—the best boy I ever saw,' declared his stepmother. 'His mind and mine, what little I had, seemed to run together—move in the same channel.' " Abraham, on his part, loved this excellent woman, whom he always called "mama." Many years later he told Chapman of the encouragement he had received from his stepmother, and declared that "She had been his best friend in this world, and that no son could ever love a mother more than he loved her."

A companion has borne testimony that while other boys were idling away their time, Abraham was studying his books. "He went to bed early, got up early, and then read." Among the books available for him among his stepmother's small possessions were "Robinson Crusoe," the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Sinbad the Sailor," and "Æsop's Fables." A Bible was acquired by his father when the boy was ten years old. "These were the sources of English undefiled from which Lincoln drew the simple and limpid language by which, in later life, his speeches and writings were distinguished."[1]

Beside the name of Abraham Lincoln, the liberator of the slaves, we place that of Ambassador Page, which is commemorated on a tablet in Westminster Abbey. Like the President, though in a different rank of society, he was prepared by Divine Providence for tasks beyond those which fall to common intellects. His father, Frank Page, of Cary, North Carolina, was a Wesleyan Methodist of fine character and consistent life. He achieved wealth as a builder of railroads and a creator of new towns. He loved the deep pinewoods of Carolina, and preferred the life of a lumberman to that of a farmer. His home at the time of Walter's birth was a two-story frame dwelling with a veranda, a well-kept fence and a flower-lined pathway. "The house sat on a gently-rising hill, in the midst of a great grove of oak trees; in the rear stretched for miles the ever-beckoning forest. . . . Life there was pleasant; the sky was intense in its blue, the grass and leaves in their green; the wild flowers were unusually animated; however, except for an occasional wagon lumbering by, or a wheezy train crawling out of the forest and vanishing into it again, the general feeling was that of solitude. And that eternal rustling of the pines! How deeply these everlasting trees entered into Page's life became evident in those ambassadorial days in England, when the dying man, worn by his five years' vigil, turned his face from the battlefields of France, and again looked longingly westward across the Atlantic, his one desire merely again to see and whiff the pinewoods of his boyhood home."[1]

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[1] "*The Times*" *Literary Supplement*, October 18, 1928.

The patriarch of the family was Anderson Page, Walter's grandfather, who had been born in 1790 when George Washington was President, and who seemed to his descendants to embody a whole epoch of history. They called him " little grandfather," in contrast to his stalwart sons. " He had done his formative thinking in the period of Washington, Jefferson, John Marshall, and Henry Clay. Through him Walter Page entered into the living tradition of Jefferson's South, " before the rise of cotton-growing and slavery had wrenched Southern history out of its accustomed path of leadership and started it on a disastrous decline." The grandfather lived at " Old Place," a white house, or rather collection of houses, which was self-contained even to the possession of a tiny graveyard. A Southern plantation eighty years ago was almost a feudal estate, itself producing the food, clothes, shoes, and other necessaries of life. " Even in Walter's day the dominant impression was one of complete restfulness and human companionship. 'Cool water and a grateful shade and gentle breezes all belonged there,' he once wrote, 'and a peacock strutted on the lawn, indolent and proud. You felt the presence of servants without seeing them, docile, well-trained, who appeared when you wanted them and were never in sight at other times.' 'The visits I made there,' he wrote, 'were the happiest times of my childhood, for I felt that all things were stable there. The mellowness of the place, the ripened wisdom of the old man, the cool quiet of the library, were parts of the foundation of things ; the garden with box hedges and beds of sage and thyme and a row of fig trees by the fence—the odours of these have made my memory of the place savoury and pleasing through whatever barren stretches I have travelled in any period of my life.' "

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[1] "Earlier Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," by Burton J. Hendrick (1928), p. 14.

In his grandfather's library Walter found many volumes on the political history of America. One of his uncles, Dr. John Page, was a student of Shakespeare, and gave the children dramatic readings from the plays. " There was no theatre anywhere in the neighbourhood ; but it was not necessary, for Dr. John was a theatre himself—scenery, stage manager, actors, actresses—a whole company of players." Before he had reached his fifteenth year, Walter Page had begun to acquire that love of literature which was to become a master-passion in his life.

While Abraham Lincoln was the architect of his own fortunes, the Ambassador whose name we reverence spent a sheltered boyhood, enriched by the labour and love of earlier generations, and with the highest examples of conduct to guide his youth. Each of these sons of America may literally be said to have sacrificed his life to the welfare of Mankind.

CHAPTER IX

A BOY'S LIFE AT NEUCHÂTEL: PHILIPPE GODET

BETWEEN the Alpine snows and the water of deep lakes there has grown up in Switzerland a religious and social culture to which the world owes gratitude. No name was more honoured in the last century than that of Frédéric Godet, whose works are still widely read in Britain, France, and America. While still a very young man, he was engaged as tutor to the German prince who was afterwards the Emperor Frederick. The career of his son Philippe, which closed in 1922, was that of a poet and scholar, a professor, a journalist and councillor in the lakeside town of Neuchâtel, the shrine of the Godet family. When nearing his sixtieth birthday Philippe began to write his " Memories of Youth " (" Souvenirs de Jeunesse : 1850–1874 "), and these were afterwards published in book form.

The canton of Neuchâtel, M. Godet reminds us, was under Prussian sway from 1707 to 1815, and was not finally given up till 1857. Its people maintained a close contact with Germany. Music was the chief recreation of all classes. Philippe received from his mother a violin on his seventh birthday, and began at once to take lessons. " Looking back on these years," he remarks, " I am struck by the important place which music has in my recollections. That was one of my most definite tastes, and one of my chief natural gifts."

In church and Sunday-school the Swiss pastor's son learned psalms and hymns. He hated lessons, and describes himself as "the perfect dunce," but read widely among his father's books, and his success in the gymnasium shows that he must have been a daring and graceful child.

Frédéric Godet, overwhelmed by his duties as minister and professor, had little time to spare for his children.

"I well remember," writes Philippe, "that each day, when my father came in to dinner, there were from ten to fifteen people (mostly poor fook) waiting for him in the entrance hall." He was in reality the only working pastor of the town, for his two colleagues thrust on him the whole drudgery of the office, and devoted their time to the preparation of eloquent discourses which might increase their reputation as orators. "They were both rich men, and possessed vineyards which seemed to them to need as much care as the vineyard of the Lord."

One of these colleagues held the chair of dogmatics and moral philosophy. At the end of his career one of his daughters said: "How strange it is; they tell me that the students don't care any longer for my father's lectures, which used to be so much admired. Yet he has not changed a word for forty years!"

Like many boys of talent, Philippe Godet recalled with peculiar happiness the freedom and comfort of his summer holiday home. The overworked pastor could not afford long journeys for himself or his children, but in the village of Voëns, not far from Neuchâtel, they enjoyed a change of air and scenery. " Not even my nearest relatives," writes Philippe, " can understand all that Voëns meant to me. It was the central point, the secret shrine, of all my inward life. My sweetest memories are linked with that valley, which inspired the little—the very little—that I have done in life. There and nowhere else I have lived fully, and I could have wished to dwell there for ever." In his little garret bedroom he heard for the first time the " strange song of the greenfinch, a kind of harmonious whistling, which I never hear without a flashlight vision of that far-off morning."

" I liked to rise early. It is a habit I learned from my father, who was always early astir. He got up the more willingly at Voëns because the morning hours in the valley are the most exquisite of the day. I often went out walking with him, and I can see him going slowly to and fro in the road . . . he has his Greek Testament in his hand, and he meditates and ponders."

Disappointment awaited Frédéric Godet when he awoke from his reverie to give his son a lesson in arithmetic, for the " perfect dunce " had no head for figures. " Picking up some gravel, papa said to me, ' I have ten stones in my hand ; I throw away seven ; how many are left ? ' ' Five,' said I, after seeming to think it over. And my father cried in sorrowful tones, which I can still hear after sixty years, ' My poor boy, how stupid you are ! ' "

Philippe Godet was brought up among sincere and devout Christians. He recalls how on one of his visits all the household assembled in the dining-room after the evening meal. " The mayor read the Bible, or rather recited a chapter, for he was totally blind and could not make out a line of the sacred volume which lay before him. His life-long habit of piety had taught him the words by heart. . . . I am glad that I can look back on these old Neuchâtel days, which seem already so remote, not only by the lapse of years, but even more by the profound change in customs. Gone for ever is that ceremonious and yet most winning courtesy of which the mayoress has remained for me the living example ; gone, too, that grave and deep piety which ignored doubt and the difficulties raised by pride, that child of the Evil One—a piety which shed over the home a certain trustful calm. Only those who have known that generation and these people can estimate all that our country has lost under the dissolving influence of 'the spirit of progress.' "

Like Dr. John Brown, Philippe Godet remembered as an old man every detail of his mother's funeral. "No impression of childhood," he writes, "has remained more vivid than that of standing beside the grave and watching the descent of the coffin. I cried bitterly. As I raised my head I saw before me a face which is engraven for ever on my memory. The kind-hearted, excellent Professor Charles Prince, my father's intimate friend, was looking at me out of his deep, dark eyes with a sorrowful smile which I can never forget, for it expressed an infinite compassion. So fully was I aware of this, that from that day onwards I felt for M. Prince the tender affection of a son for his father."

The boy was nine years old at the time of this bereavement. On the day after the funeral he watched his father going out at eight in the morning to give a Scripture lesson. "From my window

I saw him slip on the frozen snow. . . . He fell without hurting himself, but he was covered with snow, which two orphan girls brushed respectfully from his coat. His hat had fallen off; his hair, already turning grey, had been a little disarranged by the fall. He was at that moment the image of a man crushed to the dust by sorrow. That little incident, of which I never spoke to anyone, caused me such a feeling of pity—I can find no other word—that I felt from that moment that it was my duty to do everything in my power to soften my father's grief."

The relationship between the New Testament scholar and his son remained close and tender. The boy chose the law as his profession, and won a high place as citizen and man of letters.

CHAPTER X

THE LOVE AND CARE OF ANIMALS

THERE is no more lovable quality in childhood than a tender care for animals, and such care has often been observed in young souls destined for greatness. A story from Moravian history concerns the childhood of the founder, Count Zinzendorf. As a very young boy he was playing with his hoop near the bank of a river, and saw a dove struggling in the water. The little Count quickly rolled down a washing tub which had been left near the water's edge, jumped into it, and with the help of a stick steered himself to the place where the dove lay floating and struggling. With the bird in his hand he guided the tub back and got safely to land. " Were you not afraid ? " his mother asked him later. " Yes, I was," he answered, " but I could not leave it to die so. You know, mother, its little ones might have been watching for it to come home."

JOHN WOOLMAN

John Woolman, the Quaker mystic and diarist, showed an extraordinary tenderness for all living things. This feeling was first awakened by an incident of boyhood which he recounts as follows in his " Journal " :

" Another thing remarkable in my childhood was that once as I went to a neighbour's house, I saw, on the way, a Robbin sitting on her nest, and as I came near she went off, but having young ones, flew about, and with many cries expressed her concern for them. I stood and threw stones at her, till one striking her, she fell down dead. At first I was pleased with the exploit, but after a few minutes was seized with horror, as having in a sportive way Kild an Innocent Creature while she was carefull for her young. I beheld her lying dead, and thought that these young ones for which she was so carefull must now perish for want of their dam to nourish them; and after some painfull considerations on the subject, I climbed up the Tree, took all the young birds, and Killed them, supposing that better that than to leave them to pine away and die miserably: and believed, in this case, that scripture proverb was fulfilled, 'The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' I then went on my errand, but, for some hours could think of little else but the cruelties I had committed, and was much troubled.

"Thus He whose tender Mercies are over all His works hath placed that in the human mind which incites to exercise goodness towards every living creature, and this being singly attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathizing; but being frequently and totally rejected, the mind shuts itself up in a contrary disposition."[1]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln early showed that kindness of heart which distinguished him through life. "At Crawford's school the boy reproved other children for cruelty to animals, particularly the placing of glowing coals on backs of turtles; and even then, wrote 'short sentences' against it. While at Dorsay's school he wrote poetry. . . . He kept this up at Sweeney's too, and at both schools also wrote 'compositions against cruelty to animals,' which barbarity seems to have been a favourite practice of his schoolmates, and young Lincoln's peculiar aversion. Indeed, revulsion at brutality, sympathy for the suffering, animals as well as humans, constituted the dominant note in his character, even in boyhood."[1]

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[1] "Journal," edited by A. M. Gummere (1922), pp. 152, 153.

The editor of Woolman's "Journal" recalls a characteristic story of Lincoln's early manhood. The future President, while still a lawyer at Springfield, was riding with a party of friends to attend court in another town. As they passed through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees his friends missed him. He had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nest, and had hunted about till he put them back. "I could not have slept," he said, "if I had not restored those little birds to their mother."

Dr. Albert Schweitzer

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, theologian, organist, and missionary, is an Alsatian pastor's son. As a child he wondered why in his evening devotions he was taught to pray for human beings only. "So when my mother had prayed with me and had kissed me good night I used silently to add a prayer that I had composed myself for all living creatures. It ran thus: 'O heavenly Father, protect and bless all things that have breath;

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[1] "Abraham Lincoln," by Albert J. Beveridge (1928), vol. i, p. 64.

guard them from all evil, and let them sleep in peace.' "

Is there not something genuinely Franciscan in that prayer ? As Katherine Tynan has written :

> " Amen ! all living things
> Our father's brethren were."

Dr. Schweitzer recalls that in his seventh or eighth year a boy companion and he had made with strips of india-rubber catapults from which they could shoot small stones. The friend said, " Let's go out and shoot some birds." They got close to a tree on which the birds were singing, and charged their weapons. " At that moment the church bells began to ring, mingling their music with the songs of the birds and the sunshine. It was the warning-bell, which began half an hour before the regular peal-ringing, and for me it was a voice from heaven. I shooed the birds away so that they flew to where they were safe from my companion's catapult, and then I fled home. And ever since then, when the Passion-tide bells ring out to the leafless trees and the sunshine, I reflect with a rush of grateful emotion how on that day their music drove deep into my heart the commandment, ' Thou shalt not kill.' . . . The early influence upon me of the commandment not to kill or torture other creatures is the great experience of my childhood and youth. By the side of that all others are insignificant." The boy who protected the birds was destined to become a medical missionary among the dark tribes of equatorial Africa. Those who have heard him lecture will remember the tenderness with which he speaks of *mes primitifs* and *mes malades*.

CHAPTER XI

EDUCATION AT HOME

FOR the ideals of a sound home education we may turn to the Roman people, those masters of law and government. Cato the Censor, who was regarded by his fellow citizens as the model of a Roman burgess, was devotedly attached to his children. He was present, Mommsen tells us, in the nursery when his babes were washed and dressed. "He watched with reverential care over their childlike innocence; he was as careful lest he should utter an unbecoming word in presence of his children as if he had been in presence of the Vestal Virgins, and he never before the eyes of his daughters embraced their mother, except when she had become alarmed during a thunderstorm. The education of the son was perhaps the noblest portion of his varied and variously honourable activity. True to his maxim, that a ruddy-cheeked boy was worth more than a pale one, the old soldier in person initiated his son into all bodily exercises, and taught him to wrestle, to ride, to swim, to box, and to endure heat and cold. But he felt very justly that the time had gone by when it sufficed for a Roman to be a good farmer and soldier; and he felt also that it could not but have an injurious influence on the mind of his boy, if he should subsequently learn that the teacher who had rebuked and punished him and won his reverence was a mere slave. Therefore he in person taught the boy what a Roman was wont to learn, to read and write, and know the law of the land; and even in his later years he worked his way so far into the general culture of the Hellenes, that he was able to deliver to his son in his native tongue whatever in that culture he deemed to be of use to a Roman. All his writings were primarily intended for his son, and he wrote his historical work for that son's use with large distinct letters in his own hand."[1]

We take a few examples of great men belonging to the Christian ages who have owed much to the home-training they received from a good and wise parent.

The father of Blaise Pascal, who was early left a widower, occupied himself wholeheartedly with the education of his children. Étienne Pascal was a civil servant in the town of Clermont-Ferrand, the capital of the province of Auvergne. He belonged to an old family and to the prosperous middle-class. At his wife's death in 1626 he did not hesitate to throw up his appointment for his children's sake. "Not every father would have made such a sacrifice, nor, indeed, would every father have been fit to take up such a work; but Étienne Pascal was a man of very wide culture and solid learning, and, what was rare in his day, of a strongly scientific rather than literary turn of mind, with the result that the children received just the kind of training that was destined to bring out the exceptional scientific gifts of the son." That son's naturally inquiring mind was stimulated by the insistence his father placed on scientific method, yet the elder Pascal, wiser in that respect than James Mill in training his son,

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[1] "History of Rome," vol. iii, p. 119.

"did not believe in overtaxing a young brain, and was more anxious to develop right methods of thought than to load his mind prematurely with knowledge."[1]

In the same century as the Pascals lived Professor James Wodrow, father of the Scottish Church historian, Robert Wodrow. "We read," says Henry Grey Graham, "of him enjoying, though with trembling of conscience, his game of chess with his neighbour the dumb laird; anxious that his servants on the Sabbath should have better fare at supper to make them happier; kneeling by the bedside of his dead son, thanking God 'for the loan of my son Sandy for thirty years'; rebuking the pious priggism of his son Robert, who complained that 'he did not get that satisfaction in learning his grammar and Latin books, finding little therein that has any relation to eternity.' 'Robin,' replied the worthy father, 'your knowledge is but small, but you should remember when you are reading your books and repeating Despauter's rules (the Latin rudiments used in most parish schools) if you have God's glory before you, and serving Him and your generation, you are really serving God, and He is as well pleased with you as if you were praying and reading Scripture.'"[2]

Lord Rosebery tells us that the nursery annals of William Pitt point almost entirely to learning. "He was, indeed, one of the rare instances, like John Mill and Macaulay, of infant prodigy maturing into brilliant manhood. From his earliest years his parents' letters abound in allusions to his talents and character. 'Eager Mr. William,' 'the Counsellor,' 'the Philosopher,' are their nicknames for the marvellous child. In 1766, when he was seven, his tutor writes: 'Lady Hester and Mr. Pitt continue to astonish as much as ever; and I see no possibility of diminishing their ardour either by too much business or too much relaxation. When I am alone reading, Mr. Pitt, if it is anything he may attend to, constantly places himself by me, when his steady attention and sage remarks are not only entertaining but useful, as they frequently throw a light upon the subject and strongly impress it on my memory.' "

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[1] "Pascal: the Man and the Message," by Roger H. Soltau (1927), p. 44.

[2] "Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," p. 347 *n*.

It was to the training of his father, Lord Chatham, the biographer adds, that Pitt owed, " not merely the power to translate at sight . . . but that fluency of majestic diction and command of correct expression, which afterwards distinguished him as an orator. His father would make the boy of an evening read freely into English the passage which he had construed with his tutor in the morning. So much did this grow into a habit that, when in later years an ancient writer was quoted, Pitt always rendered the sentence into English, as if for his own use, before he seemed to enter into it."[1]

Amid these evidences of serious labour, it is good to learn that Pitt bought Hollwood " because he used to go birdnesting there as a child." Lord Rosebery reminds us that the details of the statesman's childhood " form the key to his career, which without them would be inexplicable. . . . For he went into the House of Commons as an heir enters his home; he breathed in it his native atmosphere, —he had, indeed, breathed no other; in the nursery, in the schoolroom, at the university, he lived in its temperature; it had been, so to speak, made over to him as a bequest by its unquestioned master. . . . No young Hannibal was ever more solemnly devoted to his country than Pitt to Parliament. . . . From the time that he went to Cambridge, as a boy of fourteen with his tutor and his nurse, he seems, with one short interval, to have left youth and gaiety behind." [1]

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[1] " Pitt," by Lord Rosebery, pp. 2–4.

On the boyhood of Sir Robert Peel a recent biographer says: "The childhood of the young Peels (at Drayton) was very unlike that of the little Lord Ashley, a lonely, neglected boy, starved by servants and terrified by his parents, or of young Jack Spencer, Viscount Althorp, growing up the close companion of footmen and stable-boys; or of little Lord John Russell, learning from his tutor to bet and gamble, and spending every night of his holidays at the theatre. Life at Drayton was strict, simple, and orderly, and for the times pious. The association of parents and children, though formal, was close and affectionate."

The elder Sir Robert trained his son from earliest years in public speaking. "Every Sunday little Robert was called upon to repeat the sermon he had heard at church that morning, and this exercise proved an excellent training. It developed in the boy extraordinary powers of accuracy, and taught him early to listen to and memorise long, formal, and uninteresting orations." [2]

Professor Flint, one of Scotland's university teachers, paid the following tribute to the memory of his parents: "I owe God boundless gratitude for the parents who were spared to be my companions for so many years, who never set before me any other example than one for good, and whom I cannot but regard as not only the first but the best of all my teachers. For to them I owe those primal elements of both intellect and character which have helped me most to attain all that I consider most worth getting."

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[1] "Pitt," by Lord Rosebery, pp. 5, 6.

[2] "Sir Robert Peel," by A. A. W. Ramsay (1928), pp. 10–12.

John Keble, author of "The Christian Year," received his early education from his father, the Rev. John Keble, whose home was at Fairford in Gloucestershire. Dr. Walter Lock has remarked, in his biography of the poet, that such a training in boyhood was probably far the best course for one of his shy, sensitive temperament. "He grew up with a fresh, genuine interest in classics and mathematics, in English literature and history; with an unquestioning deference to his parent's wishes, with a warmth of affectionateness to brother and sister, in which he never failed, which affected his movements at each change in his life, and which stood him in good stead again and again, especially in the great strain of Newman's secession. In his life, as in that of St. Andrew, 'Christ laid the foundations of the Church on brotherly love.' . . . From such a home he came up to Oxford, 'a fresh, glad, bright, joyous boy,'" and entered into residence at Corpus Christi.

The excellence of Keble's home training is shown by the fact that in the summer of 1810, when he was only a little over eighteen, he won a double first class in classics and mathematics. Before his nineteenth birthday he was elected to an open Fellowship at Oriel. "It was the most brilliant academical career of his time," adds Walter Lock. It "invested him with a bright halo and something of awe in the eyes of an undergraduate." Twelve years later the young Newman writes, "I shall only mention Keble. At eighteen he took two first classes. Soon after, he gained the two Essays in one year and a Fellowship of Oriel. He is the first man in Oxford."

This great Doctor of the Church spent much of his life as vicar of the quiet parish of Hursley, near Winchester.

CHAPTER XII

EARLY THOUGHT AND READING

WITH children destined for greatness, there is often an early awakening of the conscious life, and a disposition to create a world of fancy into which the dreamer escapes from the concerns of every day. Sir Walter Scott tells us in his "Journal" that from the age of five years onward he could not remember a time when he had not some ideal part to play for his solitary amusement. George Eliot was only five when "she took to reading everything she could lay hands on," from the Bible to Defoe's "History of the Devil," from Waverley to Joe Miller.[1]

Thomas Hardy records this of his early childhood. He was lying on his back in the sun, thinking how useless he was, and covered his face with his straw hat. The sun's rays streamed through the interstices of the straw, the lining having disappeared. Reflecting on his experiences of the world so far as he had got, he came to the conclusion that he did not wish to grow up. Other boys were always talking of when they would be men ; he did not want at all to be a man, or to possess things, but to remain as he was, in the same spot, and to know no more people than he already knew (about half a dozen).

Lord Macaulay's biographer says that from the age of three the child read incessantly, " for the most part lying on the rug before the fire, with his book on the ground, and a piece of bread and butter in his hand." His prodigious memory made him remarkable in schooldays. " The secret of his immense acquirements lay in two invaluable gifts of nature—an unerring memory, and the capacity for taking in at a glance the contents of a printed page. During the first part of his life he remembered whatever caught his fancy without going through the process of consciously getting it by heart. As a child . . . he accompanied his father on an afternoon call, and found on a table the ' Lay of the Last Minstrel,' which he had never before met with. He kept himself quiet with his prize while his elders were talking, and on his return home, sat down upon his mother's bed, and repeated to her as many cantos as she had the patience or the strength to listen to. At one period of his life he was known to say that if by some miracle of Vandalism all the copies of ' Paradise Lost ' and the ' Pilgrim's Progress ' were destroyed off the face of the earth, he would undertake to reproduce them both from recollection whenever a revival of learning came." [1]

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[1] Arthur Paterson, "George Eliot's Family Life and Letters," p. 2.

Thomas Carlyle wished " more power in the hands of those who have the giving of books to young persons." " Referring to his own boyhood, he alluded to a cheap copy of a monthly magazine which in an unbound state had fallen in his way—a companion had rummaged it out of a cupboard. ' Doesn't remember any earthly pleasure equal to what he had over that.' Remembers in particular one sentimental story in imitation of Sterne, ' The Sentinel.' A wife had lost her husband in battle, and wished to see his dead body; the sentinel harshly refused; the indignation of the bystanders and relater. In the last degree vapid and watery, doubtless. 'But I (Carlyle) went along with it.'"

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[1] G. O. Trevelyan, " Macaulay's Life and Letters," ch. i.

He remembered reading "Roderick Random" with utmost delight. "Remembers the day and hour; the mossy bank on which he sat; the golden rays of the setting sun, and an old Irishman he met on the way home, who had been a soldier. . . . Remembers a year later first reading Robertson's 'Preliminary Dissertation to Charles V,' with the utmost delight and wonder. Opened to him new worlds of knowledge to be attained; vistas in all directions."[1]

It was said of Robert Hall, the Baptist preacher, that in childhood he was perpetually asking questions. "One day, when he was about three years old, on his expressing disapprobation of some person who spoke quickly, his mother reminded him that he spoke very fast. 'No,' said he, 'I only keep at it.'"

The Iliad of Homer was among the first things which Alexander the Great learned as a boy. "Throughout most of his life," says a historian, "he retained a strong interest in this poem, a copy of which, said to have been corrected by Aristotle, he carried with him in his military campaigns. We are not told, nor is it probable, that he had any similar attachment for the less warlike Odyssey. Even as a child he learned to identify himself in sympathy with Achilles—his ancestor by the mother's side, according to the Æakid pedigree. The tutor, Lysimachus, won his heart by calling himself Phœnix—Alexander, Achilles—and Philip (father of Alexander) by the name of Peleus. Of

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[1] "Carlyle to Threescore-and-Ten," by David Alec Wilson (1929), p. 360.

Alexander's boyish poetical recitations one anecdote remains, both curious and of unquestionable authenticity. He was ten years old when the Athenian legation, including both Æschines and Demosthenes, came to Pella to treat about peace. While Philip entertained them at table, in his usual agreeable and convivial manner, the boy Alexander recited for their amusement certain passages of poetry which he had learned; and delivered in response with another boy, a dialogue out of one of the Grecian dramas."[1]

It sometimes happens that the scene and circumstances of a boy's early reading maintain through life a firm hold on memory. Boswell tells us that Dr. Johnson used to mention a curious instance in his own case. "Having imagined that his brother had hid some apples behind a large folio upon an upper shelf in his father's shop, he climbed up to search for them. There were no apples, but the large folio proved to be Petrarch, whom he had seen mentioned, in some preface, as one of the restorers of learning. His curiosity having been thus excited, he sat down with avidity, and read a great part of the book."

Sir Walter Scott spent some time as a lad with his aunt at Kelso. In his "Essay on Landscape Gardening" (1828) he thus described the place, "A small cottage, adjacent to a beautiful village, the habitation of an ancient maiden lady, was for some time my abode. It was situated in a garden of seven or eight acres, planted about the beginning of the eighteenth century. . . . It was full of long straight walls, between hedges of yew and hornbeam, which rose tall and close on every side. There were thickets of flowery shrubs, a bower and an arbour, to which access was obtained through a little maze of contorted walks calling itself a labyrinth. In the centre of the bower was a splendid platanus, or Oriental plane—a huge hill of leaves—one of the noblest specimens of that regularly beautiful tree which I remember to have seen. . . . I visited this scene lately, after an absence of many years. Its air of retreat, the seclusion which its alleys afforded, was entirely gone; the huge platanus had died, like most of its kind, in the beginning of this century." It was under this platanus, Lockhart tells us, that Scott first devoured Percy's "Reliques."

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[1] Grote's "History of Greece," vol ix, p. 507.

Hazlitt, in his essay on "A Sun-Dial," quotes from Rousseau an account of how he sat up with his father reading romances, when a boy, till they were startled by the swallows twittering in their nests at daybreak, and the father cried out, half angry and shamed—*allons, mon fils ; je suis plus enfant que toi.* Rousseau learned, indeed, before the age of seven to indulge a passion for the reading of fiction. In this respect he resembled St. Teresa, who acquired the taste from her mother. John Morley in his biography of Rousseau, says that the effect of this incessant dwelling in a fictitious world was "to raise passion to a premature exaltation in the young brain." "These first lessons, which have such tremendous influence over all that follow, had the direct and fatal effect in Rousseau's case of deadening that sense of the actual relations of things to one another in the objective world, which is the master-key and prime law of sanity."

James Oliver Curwood, one of the most popular of modern American novelists, mentions in his autobiography that as a child of six he was taken to a farm in Ohio, which his father had recently purchased, though at the time there were two feet of snow on it. " He thought it was a farm, but when spring came and the snows went he discovered that he had acquired a stone quarry. . . . And for seven years thereafter we lived on that forty-acre depository of stones. I began picking up stones the first summer. I picked them up for seven years. My brother did the same. And my father too. As fast as we could take off one crop of stones the plough would turn up another. We built stone fences. We had stone piles as big as our house all over the place. From these piles the county bought two thousand loads of stone at ten cents a load for a swampy stretch of road. Stones everywhere. It was hard to find the dirt, so Dad built a shoeshop in the corner of our apple-orchard, and did the countryside cobbling. But how I did love that stony farm ! Not for any other period of my life would I exchange the seven years it was my home. They were not only happy years, but years of tremendous significance for me. The stones which filled them, hard, hot, blistering in summer, began the building of my character when I was seven. They set me thinking. They made me see there was something in life besides classes at school and good times. This other thing was a *duty*—a grimmer thing, a something that became more and more necessary to my existence as time went on. To build up stone piles was achievement, an achievement of my own not learned from books, a creative process, a thing that began to *build* me along with itself. I found that when I had done three piles of stones I experienced a greater thrill than when I had done two. Thrill, in a little while, grew into pride—a childish pride that I had built something really worth while in the world, even if it was nothing more than a stone-pile."[1]

John and Henry Lawrence bitterly regretted in after years that they had received a poor education. "I remember my brother Henry," wrote John, "one night in Lord Hardinge's camp, turning to me and saying, 'Do you think we were clever as lads? *I don't think we were.*' But it was not altogether that we were dull. We had very few advantages—had not had very good education—and were consequently backward and deficient. We were both bad in languages, and always continued so; and were not good in anything which required a technical memory; but we were good in anything which required thought and judgment. We were good, for instance, in history. And so far from Henry being dull, I can remember that I myself always considered him a fellow of power and mark; and I observed that others thought so."

Henry complained that his education had consisted in kicks. "I was never taught anything," he said, "no, not even at Addiscombe. The consequences are daily and hourly before me to this day."[2] Just before Henry went to India, he and his sister were reading the "Life of Washington." Letitia, looking up between the chapters, remarked that it was a pity they had not been better taught. Henry mildly replied, "*Well, that's past. We can now teach ourselves.*"[3]

George W. Cable wrote of his tastes in boyhood, "I took great interest in the things we find in books. History was a delight. At ten I had read Hume's

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[1] "The Glory of Living" (1928), pp. 22, 23.

[2] "Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," vol. i, pp. 29, 30.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 31.

'England.' I cannot remember when I read the revolutionary history of America, but at nine I was memorising the Declaration of Independence under a mother's promise of an American flag for reward." "About this time," his daughter goes on, "he committed to memory the larger part of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' from which all through his life he loved to quote." No allowance was made in his Presbyterian home in New Orleans for novel-reading of any sort; novels indeed, in the middle of last century, were strictly forbidden among old as well as young. "It was not until years later, when the mature man was able to think clearly for himself, that he rid his mind of that mistaken prejudice. Then it was the reading of George Macdonald's 'Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood' which changed his convictions and banished his inherited scruples."

CHAPTER XIII

SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS

AMONG "sun-gleams of literature" we may count those passages in which men who attained high place in the world acknowledge a debt to an excellent schoolmaster. We take a few instances from modern history.

Robert Baillie, the Covenanting divine, was educated at the public school of Glasgow, his native town, under an excellent teacher, Mr. Robert Blair. He dedicated to Blair his "Historicall Vindication of the Government of the Church of Scotland," with these words: "When I look back (as frequently I doe with a delightful remembrance) towards those years of my childhood and youth, wherein I did sit under your discipline, my heart blesses the goodness of God, who in a very rich mercy to me, did put almost the white and razed table of my spirit under your hand, after my domestick instructions which were from mine infancy, to be engraven by your labours and example with my first most sensible and remaining impressions, whether of piety, or of good letters, or of morall vertue: what little portion in any of these it hath pleased the Lord of his high and undeserved favour to bestow upon me; I were ungratefull if I should not acknowledge you after my Parents, the first and principall instrument thereof. I cannot deny, that since the eleventh year of mine age to this day, in my inmost sense, I have always found my selfe more in your debt, than in any other man's upon earth."[1]

Sir Walter Scott, in his fragment of autobiography, acknowledged his debt to Dr. Adam, Rector of the Edinburgh High School. "It was the fashion to remain two years at his class, where we read Cæsar and Livy and Sallust in prose; Virgil, Horace, and Terence in verse. I had by this time mastered, in some degree, the difficulties of the language, and began to be sensible of its beauties. This was really gathering grapes from thistles; nor shall I soon forget the swelling of my little pride when the Rector pronounced that though many of my schoolfellows understood the Latin better, *Gualterus* Scott was behind few in following and enjoying the author's meaning. Thus encouraged, I distinguished myself by some attempts at poetical versions from Horace and Virgil. Dr. Adam used to invite his scholars to such essays, but never made them tasks. I gained some distinction on these occasions, and the Rector in future took much notice of me, and his judicious mixture of censure and praise went far to counterbalance my habits of indolence and inattention. I saw I was expected to do well, and I was piqued in honour to vindicate my master's favourable opinion. . . . Dr. Adam, to whom I owed so much, never failed to remind me of my obligations when I had made some figure in the literary world."[2]

It was to a Quaker schoolmaster of Yorkshire birth, Abraham Shackleton, that Edmund Burke always professed to owe whatever gain had come to him from education. "If I am anything," he said, "it is the education I had at Ballitore school that has made me so." "His master's skill as a teacher," says John Morley, "did not impress him more than the example which was every day set before him, of uprightness and simplicity of heart. Thirty years later, when Burke had the news of Shackleton's death (1771), 'I had a true honour and affection,' he wrote, 'for that excellent man. I feel something like a satisfaction in the midst of my concern, that I was fortunate enough to have him once under my roof before his departure.' No man has ever had a deeper or more tender reverence than Burke for homely goodness, simple purity, and all the pieties of life; it may well be that this natural predisposition of all characters at once so genial and so serious as his, was finally stamped in him by his first schoolmaster. It is true that he was only two years at Ballitore, but two years at that plastic time often build up habits in the mind that all the rest of a life is unable to pull down."[1]

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[1] "Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie," ed. by David Laing, vol. i, "Memoir."

[2] Lockhart's "Life of Scott," vol. i, p. 24.

Dr. Alexander Duff received his early education at Kirkmichael School, in Perthshire, under one of the best of the old Scottish dominies, Mr. A. Macdougall. "Such was the teacher's ability, and such his well-deserved popularity, that the thinly peopled parish at one time sent eleven students to St. Andrews. 'I have not forgotten the days I passed under your roof,' wrote Duff, when he had become famous, to his old master, 'nor the manifold advantages derived from your tuition, and I trust, never will. And when the time comes that in the good providence of God I shall visit Kirkmichael, I know that to me at least it will be a matter of heartfelt gratification.' 'What would I have been this day,' he wrote again, 'had not an overruling Providence directed me to Kirkmichael school?' Of every book and pamphlet which he wrote he sent a copy to his first benefactor."[1]

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[1] "Burke," in "English Men of Letters" Series, ch. i.

Thomas Chalmers, under whom Alexander Duff studied at St. Andrews, was only thirteen when he experienced an intellectual awakening in the passion for mathematics. "That intelligence which never afterwards knew a season of slumbering inactivity then awoke. That extreme ardour of impulse, and that strong force of will which had shown themselves from infancy took now a new direction, urging on and upholding him in his mathematical studies." His teacher was Dr. James Brown, to whom he wrote in later years, "Of all my living instructors, I have ever reckoned first yourself, then Professor Robison of Edinburgh, and lastly Dr. Hunter of St. Andrews, as far the most influential both in the formation of my tastes and intellectual habits."

At the time of Dr. Brown's death his pupil paid an even higher tribute to his memory in a letter to the widow. To the end of his days Dr. Chalmers considered that geometry furnished one of the very best instruments of intellectual training.

Alexander Whyte praised with thankful heart his early teachers at Kirriemuir. "I did not get much education—any more than John Bunyan did—in my young days," he confessed, "and most of what I got was in the Free Church schools. They had admirable teachers there, for the teachers came animated with the sweet and warm spirit of the Disruption, and carried it into the educational methods and treatment of their children." It must have been from these teachers that the boy derived his early passion for the best literature. To his students at New College, Edinburgh, the Principal gave, in after years, this fragment of autobiography—speaking of himself in the third person: " To this day he well remembers how John Milton's great visions and great dialogues held his head and his heart high and safe above the songs and stories of the workshop. Again I see him every Saturday night in old James Mill's kitchen, sitting among the Chartist weavers who were waiting the arrival of the Dundee carrier who brought to them their weekly parcel of Radical papers. When the much-looked-for parcel was opened your future Principal got the new number of John Cassell's *Popular Educator* for next week's study, and the new number of the same publisher's *Biblical Educator* for to-morrow's reading. And there was not a happier home all next day in all the old Regality."

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[1] "Life of Dr. Duff," by Dr. George Smith, ch. i.

Mr. George Lansbury, when describing his school-days in East London, tells of the help he derived from a teacher of history, " a nice little kind old man who made the most wicked and unruly of us love him. This teacher made historic scenes, such as Alfred's struggle with the Danes, the Conqueror's landing at Hastings, the rising of the Kett brothers and march of Wat Tyler, and much more, actually live before our eyes. I have never met his like since. The thing he did for me was to rouse in me the sense of development continuing, or as someone says, the fact that all life is a process of becoming. For years after I could read nothing but historical books and novels. . . . Whoever else I have to thank for creating in me a love for the past and a knowledge of what we owe to those who fought for freedom, no one can ever have a higher place in my memory than this old man who first opened my eyes to that vast field of knowledge and experience called history."[1]

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald also owes much to an old dominie. The schoolmaster at Lossiemouth, in Morayshire, recognised the boy as his most promising pupil. "By making him a pupil-teacher and remitting his fees, he was able to start him on the road to a professorship or a pulpit. He did even more. He encouraged young MacDonald's reading, he interested him in mathematics and the classics, and when his pupil-teacher showed a preference for science typical of a mind which has always hunted for the truth in all things, this very real friend still helped him as far as he could. The friendship thus begun continued to his death, and to this day the dominie's most distinguished pupil still wears the gold watch which his old master left to him."[2]

"What was his genius ?" that pupil has asked. "Nothing recondite ; nothing requiring unravelment by analytical minds. The simple kindness of the teacher is perhaps the most precious gift he can give his scholars. By that, he gathers them to his knee, as it were, and he puts his arm around them, and they never forget."

With old pupils who revisited the dominie was Ramsay MacDonald. "We came," he says, "mostly in summer, when, after he retired we found him sitting in his chair in the garden, and it was good to look upon him. He had then laid his text-books and his golf clubs aside for ever, and was waiting. He shone in the sun. The cool breezes from the Firth blew his grey hair gently on his head; the far-off blue hills beyond the sea, the silent sleepy-looking whitewashed houses by the green, the lazy swish of the sea close at hand, made a world of peace and beauty for him. We talked of the past, of the big world outside into which he had never been, of our own ups and downs. He was happy and so were we. He felt possession in us, and we paid our dues with a glad heart."[1]

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[1] "My Life" (1928), pp. 32, 33.

[2] H. Hessel Tiltman, "James Ramsay MacDonald" (1929), p. 15.

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[1] *Ibid.*, p. 16.

CHAPTER XIV

"STRONG AND DIVERSIFIED TASTES"

LOOKING back on his school-life at Shrewsbury, Charles Darwin wrote in his "Autobiography," "The only qualities which at this period promised well for the future were that I had strong and diversified tastes, much zeal for whatever interested me, and a keen pleasure in understanding any complex subject or thing."

Behind these tastes lay the capacity for hero-worship. Darwin was fortunate, as we have seen, in the stimulation of his mental powers through intercourse with a father to whom he looked up with sincerest reverence. The example of that good and wise parent was constantly, though without any external pressure, urging him forward towards intellectual development.

Carlyle and Meredith would have looked hopefully on any child in whom the instinct of hero-worship was strongly developed. The future of the Caliph Ali, as we are told in "Heroes and Hero-Worship," was foreshadowed in the hour when as a boy of sixteen he came out from among his kindred and joined himself to the enterprise of Mohammed.

"As for the young Ali, one cannot but love him. A noble-minded creature, as he shows himself, now and always afterwards; full of affection, of fiery daring. Something chivalrous in him; brave as a lion ; yet with a grace, a truth and affection worthy of Christian knighthood. He died by assassination in the Mosque at Bagdad ; a death occasioned by his own generous fairness, confidence in the fairness of others : he said, ' If the wound proved not unto death, they must pardon the assassin ; but if it did, then they must slay him straightway, that so they two in the same hour might appear before God, and see which side of that quarrel was the just one.' "

Of his hero Nevil Beauchamp, George Meredith says : " Veneration of heroes, living and dead, kept down his conceit. He worshipped devotedly. From an early age he exacted of his flattering ladies that they must love his hero. Not to love his hero was to be strangely in error, to be in need of conversion, and he proselytised with all the ardour of the Moslem. His uncle Everard was proud of his good looks, fire, and nonsense, during the boy's extreme youth. He traced him by cousinships back to the great Earl Beauchamp of Froissart, and would have it so ; and he would have spoilt him had not the young fellow's mind been possessed by his reverence for men of deeds." [1]

Benjamin Jowett received his early education at St. Paul's School, under the shadow of the cathedral. " One lasting impression," his biographers tell us, " which may be with confidence referred to this early period, was his love of classical architecture, and in particular his reverence for Sir Christopher Wren. Nothing delighted him more in after years than to take his guests to the library of All Souls' College, Oxford, and to go over with them the various plans for the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral, copies of which are there preserved."

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[1] " Beauchamp's Career," ch. i.

Hero-worship lies behind the immemorial attraction of "The Arabian Nights" and "Don Quixote." "His mind must have been saturated with the Arabian Nights,'" writes Dorothea Price Hughes of her father's childhood. Sir William Robertson Nicoll thought the proper books for children were "Don Quixote," "The Arabian Nights," and "The Pilgrim's Progress."

"Strong and diversified tastes" in reading are early developed in men of letters as in men of action. "There is a nursery legend," says Mr. George Gordon, "that Andrew Lang was in the habit as a child of arranging six open books on six chairs, and going from one to the other perusing them by turns—so early was he proficient in the art of literary *desultura*, and the joy of many things at once." [1]

This wide grasp of knowledge may show itself in a linguistic passion. The late Dr. Harold Williams is said to have mastered twenty-six languages. As a boy he published a Polynesian dictionary. Our King William III had an excellent memory, which displayed itself not least in his grasp of languages. He could understand and answer without assistance, Macaulay tells us, everything that was said to him, and every letter that he received. He had a working knowledge of six modern languages.

It is doubtful how far the world's great soldiers had any natural delight in mathematics, such as Darwin felt in youth. "I was taught Euclid," Darwin says, "by a private tutor, and I distinctly remember the intense satisfaction which the clear geometrical proofs gave me."

Macaulay says on the military training of William

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[1] "Andrew Lang," by George Gordon (1828).

III: "Of geometry he learned as much as was necessary for the construction of a ravelin or a hornwork."

Saintserf says of Montrose: "He studied as much of the mathematics as was necessary for a soldier. But his chief study was to read men and the actions of great men."

Sometimes it happens that an interest in dramatic representation, and a desire to emulate the players, have drawn upon a youthful performer for the first time the attention of his elders, and foreshadowed future distinction. Examples of this will be found in the "Lives" of Sir Thomas More and of Philip Melanchthon. More's father, a successful lawyer, of Cheapside, placed him in service with the Lord Chancellor, Archbishop Morton. When the boy was only thirteen or fourteen, "he would at Christmas time suddenly step in among the players, making up an extempore part of his own."

The Lord Chancellor said to the nobles that dined with him, "This child here waiting at table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man."[1] Morton sent More to Oxford "for his better furtherance in learning."

Erasmus wrote of that boy in after years, "When did Nature mould a temper more gentle, endearing and happy than that of Thomas More?" The same qualities threw a spell over the austere John Colet.

At the age of ten, after his father's death, Philip Schwartzerd was sent to school at Pforzheim, and there he came in touch with his grand-uncle, the celebrated humanist, John Reuchlin, who lived not far off at Stuttgart, and often visited his native town. The people of Pforzheim once gave a banquet in his honour. The boy Philip had learned for the occasion a Latin comedy of Reuchlin's own composition, and along with some of his fellow-pupils he charmed his grand-uncle by performing the piece after dinner. It was on this occasion, biographers have suggested, that Reuchlin changed the young scholar's name from Philip Schwartzerd to the more smoothly-sounding Greek of Melanchthon, the name by which the Preceptor of Germany was ever afterwards known.

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[1] Quoted from Roper's "Life of More," by Frederic Seebohm in "The Oxford Reformers," p. 24.

These two examples are from the early sixteenth century. Let us take another from the eighteenth.

To the gift of a set of puppets by his grandmother Goethe ascribed the first awakening in his young mind of an interest in the drama. For an understanding of all that the puppet-show meant to him we must turn to the pages of "Wilhelm Meister," where the narrative is strongly tinged with the author's personal reminiscences. The figures were dressed to represent Old Testament characters, Samuel and David, Saul and Jonathan. Two communicating rooms had been arranged as stage and theatre, with a curtain hanging between. The audience were in their places, a whistle sounded, the curtain rose, and a temple-scene disclosed itself. "The high-priest Samuel appeared with Jonathan, and their changing, curious voices seemed to me most worthy of reverence. Soon afterwards Saul appeared on the boards, much perturbed over the insolence of the heavy-footed warrior who had dared to send a challenge to himself and his army. How glad I felt after that, when the dwarf-shaped son of Jesse, with his shepherd's staff, herdsman's pouch and sling, hopped forth and said: 'Mighty King and Lord, Lord! Let no one lose his courage on this account: if your Majesty will give me leave I will go and fight with this powerful giant.' . . . The first Act ended so, and the spectators were very curious to see the further course of the story; everyone wished that the music might quickly stop. At last the curtain again went up. David dedicated the flesh of the monster to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the earth; the Philistine replied with scorn, stamped a great deal with both feet, but at last fell like a lump of clay, and thus brought the whole affair to a splendid conclusion. When the maidens sang after the victory, 'Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands,' when the head of the giant was borne in triumph by the little conqueror, and the King's lovely daughter was given him for a bride, I was vexed amid all my pleasure that the fortunate prince should have been built of so low a stature. For the maker, adopting the idea of the huge Goliath and the tiny David, had been careful to keep them both well in character."[1]

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[1] Wilhelm Meister's "Lehrjahre," bk. i, ch. 2.

CHAPTER XV

THE FRIEND BY THE WAYSIDE

EXPERIENCE confirms the opinion of John Wesley that man was not meant to go to heaven alone. We may follow with admiration the solitary path of such a genius as Tintoretto, who was dismissed in boyhood from Titian's studio in Venice after a ten days' trial. That bitter rebuff, as Sir E. T. Cook reminds us, threw the young artist on his own resources, and henceforth he pursued his own ideals self-taught. "He bought casts from the antique and from the works of Michelangelo; he devoted the day to painting and in the night he made drawings from his casts. Before he was forty he had become the acknowledged rival of Titian himself."

The case of Tintoretto must be exceptional in the realm of art. It is a pleasure to find a contrast in the life of the British painter, John Constable. He was the son of a mill-owner at East Bergholt, Suffolk, and there was scant encouragement for his young ambition in his father's home. A friend was raised up for him at the most critical moment of his education. "He formed a close alliance with the only person in the village who had any love of art, or any pretentions to the character of an artist, John Dunthorne, a plumber and glazier, who lived in a little cottage close to the gate of Golding Constable's house. Mr. Dunthorne . . . devoted all the leisure his business allowed him to painting landscapes from nature, and Constable became the constant companion of his studies. Golding Constable [the boy's father] did not frown on this intimacy, although he was unwilling that his son should become a professional artist, and Constable's attempts were made either in the open air, or in the small house of his friend, or in a hired room in the village." [1]

Franz Schubert, when toiling as an assistant in his father's school (1812–1816), gave every spare moment to musical composition. He is said to have composed as many as eight songs a day. From the drudgery of teaching he was released through the kindness of Franz von Schober. " Schober had come to Vienna as a student in the University. He had seen some of Schubert's songs, and one of the first things he did in Vienna was to call on him. He found Schubert overwhelmed with his school duties, and yet, in spite of that, there were piles of manuscripts—operas, songs, masses—over four hundred compositions of one sort or another! Schober saw that the position was an impossible one, and straightway carried Schubert off to be his friend and companion in his lodgings. So it was that Schubert was able to devote himself entirely to his art. . . . Whilst he lived with Schober he tried for a time to make some money by giving lessons, but that was soon given up, and it is difficult to see how he lived if it were not by the generosity of his friend." [2]

Robert Hall was one of the most precocious readers of whom biography holds record. " It is an ascertained fact," says Dr. Gregory, " that before he was nine years of age he had read and re-read all the greatest treatises of Jonathan Edwards." He had studied Butler's "Analogy" in early boyhood. Hall used to ascribe his liking for this class of studies to his intimate association in childhood with a tailor, a member of his father's congregation, a shrewd, well-read man, and an acute metaphysician.[1]

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[1] C. R. Leslie's " Memoirs of John Constable," ch. i.

[2] J. F. Shepherd in *The Congregational Quarterly*, January 1929.

At Aberdeen University Robert Hall made a close friend in his fellow-student Sir James Mackintosh. When they were seen going off together to the seashore or the country, men used to say, "There go Plato and Herodotus."

The Scottish Hebrew scholar, Dr. A. B. Davidson, never forgot the kindness he received as an Aberdeen student from a generous-hearted lady. His biographer says truly that "there is nothing that more surely wins the lifelong gratitude of a student from the country than the kindness of city friends who in some measure make up to him the loss of the social joys of home. Early in his career Andrew was introduced to Mrs. Garden of Crown Street, whose two little sons, afterwards distinguished as an advocate and a surgeon in the city, remained his friends through life. It was her habit to find out students from the country, and especially those who were studying for the Ministry of the Free Church, and invite them to her hospitable home. He had felt lonely at the University, and longed for such a friendship as Mrs. Garden so readily gave, and she, with her quickly discerning spirit, knew the fineness of his nature, the alertness of his mind, and the strength of his character, and opened her home to him. And when he recalled this long afterwards, nothing could be finer than the expression of his gratitude.

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[1] "Robert Hall," by E. Paxton Hood, p. 12.

His face beamed with a gracious thankfulness as he spoke of how much it then meant to him." [1]

The "Life" of the English publisher, J. M. Dent, provides another example of the disinterested, unexpected and generous friendship which so often controls human destiny, and which itself, we may believe, is divinely controlled. Mr. George Carter, a London grocer, recognised the young man's talent and repeatedly assisted him with money. In the darkest hour of his life, when he was left as a widower with a young family, and his business prospects were still uncertain, the shattering news was brought to Mr. Dent that his factory was on fire. The result of fifteen years' struggle was wasted in flames, and he was compelled at the age of thirty-nine to begin the world anew. "Now my friend Mr. Carter proved most true and kind. When I told him the money from the insurance would pay off all I owed, and that as soon as I received it I could repay him the money he had lent me . . . he said, 'What! and leave you to begin life again without capital—not me; get to work and draw upon the insurance as you want it, and I will stand by you.' I was greatly heartened and set to work with a will, and strangely enough, this was the turning-point in my business life, for I never went back afterwards." The "Temple Library" was started within a year, with Lamb, Goldsmith, and Beddoes as the first authors, and with the help of Augustine Birrell, Austin Dobson, and Edmund Gosse.

In the "Life of Dan Crawford," the African missionary pioneer, there are three examples of an influence exercised upon his early career by friends raised up for him in unexpected quarters. Dan's first home was at Gourock, where his widowed mother kept a small provision shop. He received his early education at the board school, and won prizes there, as well as at the Sunday-school of the United Free Church. When he was about seventeen, and had been helping for some years to support his mother, there came to the town a retired baker named John M. Murdoch, who though blind from youth, had become generally recognised as a leader of the Plymouth Brethren in western Scotland. He gathered round him a little company of like-minded men, and a small room called the Dairy Hall was taken for their services. Under the guidance of the "Brethren," in the Dairy Hall, Gourock, Dan Crawford "first knew himself at one with God and His eternal purposes."

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[1] "Andrew Bruce Davidson," by James Strahan, D.D., p. 36.

It was from Mr. Murdoch that the young convert acquired that passionate love for Holy Scripture which led him, in after years, to translate the whole Bible into the Luba language.

The call to Africa came through Frederick Stanley Arnot, a celebrated missionary traveller. "He won me for Africa," wrote Dan, "when China was calling." At Harrogate in 1888 the two men of genius met. Arnot had just returned from his first itinerary in Africa. "He was touring England in the endeavour to recruit missionary workers for a vast empire in the interior of the Dark Continent, a region (now universally known as Katanga) with whose monarch, Mushidi, he had lived for many months." He told the Clydeside lad of far-off lands beyond the Lualaba. "He spoke of tribes unreached by him, but waiting for me. He told me how Livingstone, even in death, had dreamed of that Katanga."

Dr. Tilsley, the nephew and biographer of Dan Crawford, remarks that "the principles by which this missionary pilgrim guided his labours were the same as those upon which Dan was already shaping his course; that is, Arnot depended directly upon the Holy Spirit to guide his movements. He belonged to no organised mission, and there was no institutional body making itself responsible for his upkeep, or directing his explorations." In the winter of 1888–1889 some twelve men and women, including Dan Crawford, responded to the call which had reached them through Mr. Arnot. "Each went forth on his own responsibility to his Master, though not independently of fellow Christians with whom he had associated at home, and who gave their fellowship and counsel. The party were all closely associated with the 'Brethren.'" One other friendship supplied for the young enthusiast that material aid which none of his Scottish relatives or friends could afford. In the summer of 1888 Dan was preaching on Scarborough sands. One of his hearers was Mr. James Corson, of Harrogate, a manufacturer of clothing. "Mr. Corson's life was an example of faithful stewardship for God in respect of large earnings. His benefactions were many, and they were made with prayerful discretion. From the moment of his first contact with Dan Crawford, the stripling on fire for souls, he was convinced (not despising his youth) that here was one who was called of God to great work for Him."

He made himself known to the young preacher; invited him to his home, and maintained with him a loyal and lasting friendship. "He scrupulously respected Crawford's principle of refusing anything like a regular stipend, but he ministered as long as he lived to the needs of God's work in Dan's hands. Mr. Crawford delighted to bear witness, in after years, that it was Mr. Corson whose gifts had made it possible for him to meet the expenses of his voyage out to Benguella."[1]

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[1] "Dan Crawford," by Dr. G. E. Tilsley (1929).

Part Three

VOCATIONS IN LIFE

CHAPTER XVI

VOCATIONS IN GENERAL

ONE of our newspapers published some time ago two photographs, set side by side without a connecting link, which may serve to illustrate the subject of vocations in life. The left-hand picture shows two ascetic figures, St. Zeno and St. Jerome. They belong to the Pesellino altar-piece, " The Trinity," which, though incomplete, had long been one of the chief ornaments of the National Gallery in London. The panel with the two saints was acquired in 1928. The name of Bishop Zeno will be familiar to every visitor to Verona, where a magnificent church is consecrated to his memory. A fisherman of the fourth century, he was painted by Pesellino over a thousand years later in full episcopal robes, with a great gem on his breast, and a jewelled mitre enclosing his delicate, severely thoughtful face. The ringed left hand holds the crosier ; the right, with a ring on the thumb, is raised in blessing. A mantle with costly embroideries covers his flowing robes. The Church rewarded with all earthly blessings that humble fellow-craftsman of St. Peter who had been called to her service. Beside Bishop Zeno—thin, worn, and pallid, clad in the simplest monastic habit, with a book in his left hand and the right pressed against his breast—stands one of the greatest doctors of the Christian faith, St. Jerome, whose translation of the Bible into Latin is used day by day throughout the world. Both these holy men are gazing into the distance, but with Zeno the prospect seems limited by the fair city of Verona and the valley of the rushing Adige, while the wistful eyes of Jerome are those of a pilgrim who after long travel draws near to his heavenly fatherland. There is a meditative beauty and tenderness in both the artist's creations, as if he had meant to say, " This is what Christ has made of two lives devoted to His Church."

On the same page with these early fathers appeared a photograph of two airmen in uniform. They were about to attempt a non-stop flight from Cape Town to England, a distance of 6,000 miles. Keen, intelligent-looking lads, they had withal a pleasing modesty of expression, as if they had calculated the dangers, and neither ignored nor exaggerated the difficulties of their task. For ambitious boys under the later Roman Empire the best prospects lay in the Army or the Church, but the modern world has opened a thousand avenues for talent, and if only a true vocation has been discovered, friends are often raised up and influence used on behalf of the aspirant. " It is in the selection of the calling to which he will devote himself," says *The Times*, " that the young man has greatest need of advice from his elders. A good start in an occupation that is congenial should be half the battle for young men of spirit, but unhappily it is impossible to ignore the fact that many fail because they have none to give them a word of advice or the hand of sympathy. That perhaps is where the elder man whose career has neither been brilliantly successful nor definitely undistinguished can still extract for himself much satisfaction from life."[1]

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[1] December 28, 1928.

The most difficult and responsible task such counsellors can undertake is that of diverting the minds of ambitious young people from occupations in which there is no likelihood that they can ever attain excellence. It would have been well for the young Goethe if some trusted friend had said to him, " You will never become a great painter." " Till near his fortieth year," says a biographer, " he could not shake off the illusion that nature had given him equally the gifts of the painter and the poet. Many hours of the best years of his life were to be spent in laboriously practising an art in which he was doomed to mediocrity ; and it must remain a riddle that one who like Goethe was so curiously studious of his own self-development, should so long and so blindly have misunderstood his own gifts." [1]

Epictetus compared life to a tunic, in which there are many ordinary threads and among them the glowing purple thread. He encouraged his best students to develop their natural gifts so that men should mark in them " that touch of brilliance which gives distinction and beauty to the whole." " What good does the purple do to the garment ? Just this, that being purple it gives distinction and stands out as a fine example to the rest." [2]

Some modern schoolmasters—men like Sanderson of Oundle and Sir John Maclure of Mill Hill—have been as quick-eyed as Epictetus in discovering the boys " of the purple thread."

Prodigious feats of memory are no longer regarded as indications of unusual intelligence in childhood. The story that Ruskin repeated Psalm cxix on the eve of his third birthday merely suggests a reflection on the foolishness of the elders who allowed such a task to be attempted. Izaak Walton was right, on the other hand, in attaching importance to the " quietly inquisitive " habit of Richard Hooker as a schoolboy. He was " an early questionist," wishing to find out " why this was and that was not to be remembered; why this was granted and that denied." A. R. Wallace noted the " restless curiosity " in Charles Darwin as a child, the impatient desire to know the " what for " and the " why " and the " how " of everything.

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[1] " Goethe," by P. Hume Brown, vol. i, p. 34.

[2] P. E. Matheson's edition of " Epictetus " (1916), vol. i, p. 49.

" There is no doubt," says Mark Rutherford, " that this dogma of a personal calling is a great consolation and a great truth. Looking at the masses of humanity, driven this way and that way, the Christian teaching is apt to be forgotten that for each individual soul there is a vocation as real as if that soul were alone upon the planet. Yet it is a fact. We are blinded to it, and can hardly believe it, because of the impotency of our little intellects to conceive a destiny which shall take care of every atom of life on the globe; we are compelled to think that in such vast crowds of people as we behold, individuals must elude the eye of the Maker and be swept into forgetfulness. But the truth of truths is that the mind of the universe is not our mind, or at any rate controlled by our limitations." [1]

As a parallel to these sentences by Mark Rutherford, we take a passage from Professor A. B. Davidson's lecture on Jeremiah. It is thought that the writer, who was one of the first Hebrew scholars of his age in Europe, had in mind a disappointment of his youth, when he was defeated in the competition for a mathematical scholarship.

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[1] Mark Rutherford's " Deliverance," ch. iv.

" When we are in something like the position of this prophet," he wrote, " undertaking a serious responsibility, and can recall things in our history which we cannot but regard as providential, determining our course in life and leading us on towards the place which we are going to occupy, it does strengthen our hope that God is now calling us to this place. The things we remember may be small, indeed trifles ; but when we take a broad view of life, they acquire a greater magnitude. Our minds were perhaps fixed on a certain career in life, but in order to pursue it, it was necessary that we should gain some distinction in learning, or obtain some position, and we failed ; and the failure altered our whole career ; and now we are where we are, about to enter upon a calling more sacred. Providences of the kind, being internal, strike us more readily ; and reflecting on them does enable us to find God in our life. Indeed, though we ordinarily overlook such things from want of thought, when we are led more seriously to consider our history, we find it full of them." [1]

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[1] Quoted by Prof. James Strahan in his " Life of A. B. Davidson," p. 40.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SERVICE OF THE CHURCH

SIR JAMES BARRIE said in a recent address to Rhodes scholars, "The beginning of all you are to be already lies inside you—a little speck that is to grow while you sleep, while you are awake, and that in the fullness of time, according to your control of it, is to be the making of you or to destroy you."[1]

In the lives of some great servants of the Church the promise of the future has been discernible in childhood. J. H. Newman dwells on this fact in the case of the prophet Samuel, who was "marked from his birth as altogether an instrument of the Lord's providing." A similar providence, he says, is observable in the case of other favoured objects and ministers of God's mercy, in order to show that that mercy is entirely of grace. "Isaac was the child of Divine power, so was John the Baptist; and Moses, again, was almost miraculously saved from the murderous Egyptians in his infancy."[2]

There have been preachers whose vocation seemed to be marked out for them in the dawn of life. One of these was St. Francis de Sales. "In July 1566," says an English biographer, "as part of the celebration of the marriage between the Duke of Nemours and Anne d'Este,[3] the Sacred

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[1] *The Times* report of June 21, 1928.

[2] "Parochial and Plain Sermons," vol. iii, p. 20.

[3] Widow of the Duke Francis of Guise, who had been assassinated in 1563.

Relic kept at Chambéry had been transferred to the old collegiate church of Notre Dame at Annecy." That Relic was known as the Holy Shroud, or winding-sheet of our Lord. On her knees before it, the mother of Francis asked that God would permit her to bear a child, and she joined to her appeal the solemn dedication of her first-born to His service.[1] As Dr. Charles Beard remarks, "the impression thus made upon her mind can only have been deepened by the fact that, though the child was prematurely born, he grew up healthy and beautiful."[2]

We may compare with the early, and as it were inevitable, vocation of Francis de Sales that of John Wesley in a later century. Of the founder of Methodism Mr. Augustine Birrell has written, "Coming as he did of a theological stock, having a saint for a father and a notable, devout woman for a mother, Wesley from his early days learned to regard religion as the business of his life, just as the younger Pitt learned to regard the House of Commons as the future theatre of his actions."

Dr. Thomas Chalmers declared in childhood his purpose to be a minister. The sister of one of his schoolfellows at Anstruther remembered breaking in upon her brother and him, in a room to which they had retired together, and finding the future pulpit orator (then a very little boy) standing upon a chair and preaching most vigorously to his single auditor below. He had not only resolved to be a minister—he had fixed upon his first text: "Let brotherly love continue."

Chalmers was licensed as a preacher of the Gospel at the age of nineteen. Presbyteries did not usually admit students upon probationary trials till they had completed the age of twenty-one, but Chalmers was successfully recommended by one of his friends in the Presbytery as " a lad o' pregnant pairts."

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[1] E. K. Sanders, "S. François de Sales" (1928), p. 2.

[2] "Port Royal," vol. i, p. 69.

Dr. Charles Brown tells us that his own favourite amusement as a child was to " play at church," and that the place to which he felt naturally drawn was the pulpit.[1]

Hugh Price Hughes wrote to his father in terse words to announce his desire to study for the Ministry :

" My dear Father,—I believe it is the will of God that I should be a Methodist preacher.—Your affectionate son, Hugh."

The father replied with equal brevity:

" My dear Son,—I would rather you were a Methodist preacher than Lord Chancellor of England."

In the case of Dr. J. H. Jowett, almost every influence in youth seemed to foster and develop those natural gifts which fitted him so remarkably for the service of the Church. We have referred in an earlier chapter to the excellence of his home training. He was scarcely less fortunate in the opportunity of listening regularly to a good minister, Dr. Enoch Mellor, of Square Church, Halifax. He wrote in after years, " Never shall I forget a sermon he (Dr. Mellor) preached one Sunday night when I was a boy. A racecourse had been established in Halifax, which he regarded as an imported iniquity, and he raised his voice in passionate denunciation. On the night on which he preached the sermon the great church was crowded in every part. He announced his text, ' Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.' The sermon that followed laid hold of my young mind and heart, and I felt my life throbbing with the moral purpose which possessed the preacher. That sermon so raised the moral sentiment of the town that the races were doomed and Halifax is to-day freed of the pestilence."[1]

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[1] In an address to the children of Bloomsbury Baptist Church, on December 23, 1928.

Mr. Porritt mentions the curious fact that although Dr. Mellor was the idol of Jowett's boyhood dreams, they never met, never shook hands, never exchanged a word. "Thirty-five years after Dr. Mellor's death Jowett confided to a fellow-voyager on an Atlantic liner that he had always modelled himself as a preacher upon Dr. Enoch Mellor. 'Square Church was to me,' he said, 'a very fountain of life, and I owe to its spiritual training more than I can ever express.'"

An incident which in his biographer's opinion may have been pivotal in his life occurred in the Mechanics' Reading Room of Halifax. "As he was poring over a book, an elderly gentleman, whom he had never seen before and never saw again, paused and looked over Jowett's shoulder to see, no doubt, what the boy was reading so assiduously. Then touching Jowett gently on the back he said, 'My boy, you must make your way to the University.' He passed out of the room and out of Jowett's life; but the words rang in the boy's ears and thrilled his soul. They breathed into him a new hope and vision. When he got home Jowett told his mother of the little episode. 'Oh,' she said, 'but I don't think we could ever afford to send you to the University.' Jowett possibly never dreamed that they could; but the train was laid by the stranger's stimulating words, and Jowett won his own way at last to the Universities of Edinburgh and Oxford." At the age of nineteen he was accepted by the Governors of Airedale College as a candidate for the Congregational Ministry.

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[1] "John Henry Jowett," by Arthur Porritt, p. 14.

The late Dr. Charles A. Berry, who was invited at the age of thirty-five to succeed Henry Ward Beecher at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has told us that, like Dr. Chalmers, he was a preacher almost from infancy. "My very first sermon," he wrote, "was preached before I had made the epoch-making transition from frocks to trousers. A clean pinafore made an admirable surplice, and an orderly row of chairs and stools—some of them occupied by my sister's dolls—constituted a congregation worthy of a City church, and not too exciting for a young preacher's nerves. My mother and sister, together with a few friends, were present. I forget all about the sermon, except that it was about the sleeping Christ in the storm-tossed ship, and that it was followed by a collection for the *John Williams*. But two things made that scene and evening ever memorable. First, though I had merely taken a fancy, like many other children, to 'play at being a minister,' I became really serious and earnest—at least, for a child of my age and temperament—before I had got far with my game. And the second circumstance was an outbreak of emotion on the part of my mother, who clasped me to her breast and told me she had prayed before I was born that God would give her a son to be a minister, and that she felt her prayer was answered." Berry's schoolmaster, Mr. James Wilkinson, notes that "There always seemed to be some Power impelling him onward and upward." He was under seventeen when, acting on the advice of his minister, Dr.

Macauley, of the Congregational Church at Ormskirk, he sought admission as a student at Airedale College. No student had ever been admitted without a record of preaching, and Charles Berry's youth and inexperience disturbed some of the committee. "I felt myself called of God to this high task of preaching," he wrote long afterwards, "and called of Him to make myself fit for the privilege. . . . In the end I was admitted *sans* sermon, *sans* record, *sans* everything."

Dr. Andrew Wallace Williamson, who was for over forty years one of the leading ministers in the Church of Scotland, fulfilled his vocation in spite of many difficulties and discouragements. The son of a tailor in the village of Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, he managed with the help of a bursary and "tutoring" to maintain himself at Edinburgh University. The old minister of Morton, Mr. Murray, once asked the father what the boy was to do. "He says he's going to be a minister." "Tuts, nonsense," said Mr. Murray; "he'll never succeed; he's got no popular gifts and never will have any." Telling that story in after-life, Dr. Williamson made this comment, "Looking back on these years I think that Mr. Murray was right, that I had no popular gifts and never would have them. But I determined that nobody should discover that, and I have yet to learn that my people have discovered it, and that is just as good as if I had these gifts."

He was fortunate, as he gladly acknowledged, in the teachers of his boyhood. "There is no sweeter spot in the south-west," he wrote, "than Thornhill. I spent my first fifteen years in that beautiful valley, and before I was thirteen, thanks to that grand old parochial schoolmaster, Alexander Hewison, I was master of Virgil, had a considerable knowledge of Greek, and was pretty well *au fait* in the things that matter in English literature."[1] At Wallace Hall Academy he studied under Dr. Ramage, whom he describes as " a splendid example of the ripe fruit of the highest culture, that blend of scholarship in which we recognised the true scholar and the true Christian gentleman."[2]

Though the record of Dr. Wallace Williamson's University career is brief, we know something of his inner life from a diary which he kept from 1875 to 1880. In his second year as a Divinity student he wrote as follows : " It is with a kind of tremor that I write this in the presence of my own soul and God, praying that in the years of my life still to come when I read this little book of thoughts and meditations it may have been granted me in some measure to have followed Christ and to have made my life like His, not for myself but to do the will of the Father. I am now about to begin the second winter of my Divinity course, and a vision of the infinite solemnity of my duties has flashed through me. I will have to preach, if God spares me, the Gospel of Jesus to the men and women of this nineteenth century. God knows I am utterly unfit for it. . . . O Gracious Spirit, descend and make of me a temple worthy in its poor unworthiness wherein Thou mayest dwell."[3]

Commenting on these words, Dr. Norman Maclean has written, " Thornhill does not explain him ; the College and the Divinity Hall do not explain him ; but *that* explains him. He had found the hid treasure."[4]

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[1] " Life of Andrew Wallace Williamson," by Lord Sands (1929), p. 21. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 24. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 63.

[4] From an article in the *Scotsman.*

Quintin Hogg, the founder of the Polytechnic, dedicated his whole life to the service of God and of his fellows. His daughter tells us that from a child upwards " he seems to have been imbued with a sense of service owed to a Wonderful Benefactor." His work for boys began during his later years at Eton, where he conducted a Bible-class on Sunday afternoons.

" He collected a large quantity of old *Chambers' Journals*, in which he would look out any curious or interesting articles for these Sunday afternoons. After a time he proposed that before separating a chapter of Scripture should be read and a prayer offered. . . . Most of the boys respected him for having the courage of his convictions ; the majority responded to the invitation; those who held aloof were by no means antagonistic. Young Hogg used to read the chapter, and usually made some remarks as he did so ; occasionally other boys would take an active part, and thus gradually the *Chambers' Journals* were dropped, and the gathering became a regular Bible-class."

Quintin's sympathies, like those of Mazzini, were early aroused for the poor and suffering. " He would stand and look at the wretched children in the streets, saying softly, ' Poor little beggars ! ' In the holidays he persuaded his father to allow a few poor children to be lodged over the stables, and would do his full share of looking after and trying to amuse them." Archdeacon Lawrence, who was his contemporary at Eton, bore testimony that " in a remarkable degree he was one who could have his serious side and yet retain his intense love of football, fives, and suchlike ; and he had the wonderful instinct of never overdoing his religious profession by intruding it at un-suitable times. . . . I think his Eton work was quite unique."[1] Like Richard Rothe and Henry Drummond, he seemed to those who knew him best "a princely boy."

It has sometimes happened that a fully-equipped and consecrated servant of God is strangely held back in the pursuit of his vocation. A well-known example is that of the late Dr. Marcus Dods, who waited five years beyond the normal age for entering the Ministry of the Free Church of Scotland. A son of the manse, he had been one of the best students of his year in the University and the Divinity Hall. But as a "probationer" he was unacceptable to the rank and file of congregations, and he was thirty when at last a call came to the charge of Renfield Church, Glasgow. After one of the rejections which were so sharp a discipline of his youth, Marcus Dods wrote: "Ulysses was ten years in finding his way back from Troy to Ithaca; but even he ate his great heart." And again, "To be told so repeatedly that you are not fit for the work does go to a personal belief in that fact. And to be thrown back so often from particular spheres of the work, does tend very strongly to throw me off the work altogether. It is very difficult to keep in quite a good humour with the world, when a score of times in succession it tells you that you have mistaken your place in it. One cannot just begin again as freshly as before."[2]

Amid these disappointments the young man was accumulating the stores of learning which fitted him in later years for the work of his professorship. When opportunity came he was ready to grasp it, and he holds a secure place among the foremost Scottish theologians of the last century.

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[1] "Quintin Hogg," by Ethel M. Hogg, pp. 36–38.

[2] "Early Letters of Marcus Dods," p. 255.

A master of pulpit eloquence who suffered severe disappointment at the outset of his career, was the Baptist preacher Robert Hall. He was appointed to give an address in Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, where, many years afterwards, he preached his last sermon. "He took for his text, 'Therefore we both labour and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of those who believe.' After proceeding for some time with much felicity, and to the delight of his audience, he suddenly stopped, covered his face with both his hands, and exclaimed, 'Oh, I have lost all my ideas.' He sat down, his hands still covering his face." His failure, however, by no means disconcerted his tutors, so he was appointed to preach again on the same subject in the same place in the following week. "A second time he failed, and the failure seems to have been still more grievous to witness, and still more painful to bear; he hurried into the vestry exclaiming, 'If this does not humble me, the devil must have me!'" Only a few months after these breakdowns, when he was still under seventeen years old, he preached to a congregation largely composed of ministers, a sermon radiant with genius, from the words, "God is light and in Him is no darkness at all."

It frequently happens that the child of many prayers, whose natural abilities and early graces seem to fit him peculiarly for the office of the Ministry, turns in the end to a secular lifework. The experience of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, one of Germany's chief critics and dramatists in the eighteenth century, is full of comfort for parents who have cherished sacred ambitions for their sons and have seen these ambitions disappointed. Lessing was the son of a Lutheran pastor, and was destined in boyhood for the Church. A brother tells us that as soon as he could stammer the child was taught to say his prayers, and that at the age of four he knew "what, why, and how he should believe." Bible, catechism, and hymn-book were early placed in his hands, and he acquired a thorough knowledge of their contents. His father gave the Scripture lessons personally, though other branches of study were entrusted to a tutor. At the age of twelve the boy was sent to school at Meissen, and there, as in his home, religious teaching held the chief place in the curriculum. He went later to Leipzig University, and it was the earnest wish of his parents that he should attend theological lectures. He neglected this field almost entirely, for his active mind was already occupied with a hundred miscellaneous studies. On returning home he composed a sermon to please his mother, and discussed religious questions with his father, but he told them quite frankly that he felt no vocation for the pastorate, and on returning to Leipzig he ceased all connection with the theological classes. His father's teaching had, however, sunk into his heart, and in his comedy *The Free-thinker* he presents in the character of Theophan an example of the broad-minded, yet truly orthodox and devoted pastor. He resented any attacks on the Christian faith, and felt completely out of his element in the atheistic circles of Berlin. Ties of strong affection bound this thinker of genius to the humble Moravian Brethren, followers of Count Zinzendorf, because he saw in them the most actively benevolent members of the Christian family. They taught no new dogma, but they sought to translate doctrine into practice, and it was with the ethical side of religion that Lessing was at all times most concerned. " He was not only a theologian, but also a religious man." His parents had built better than they knew.

There have been gifted boys who made choice of the Ministry with hesitation and with minds half-diverted to secular interests. One of these was William Gray Elmslie, whose name, forty years after his death, is still dear to the Presbyterians of England and especially of London. He was a son of the Free Church minister of Insch, in Aberdeenshire, and in his course at Aberdeen University he took prizes in almost every department of study. He excelled in mathematics, and closed his career by carrying off the gold medal awarded by the Town Council to the first student of the year.

" The sons of Free Church ministers in those days," wrote Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, " however great their University successes might have been, generally desired no higher position than that of their fathers. It was, no doubt, the wish of his parents that Elmslie should be a minister, and his inclination fell in with that. At the same time there were counter-inducements ; many Aberdeen students had been winning high distinction at Cambridge, the Senior Wranglership having fallen to some of them, and his teacher and some of his relatives were anxious that he should try his fortunes there. He had himself a strong bent to the medical profession. Whatever line he had taken in life he would have been successful. A well-known revivalist preacher, also a professional man, is understood to have advised him to go in for a business life. One who knew him well has remarked to me, since his death, that his true pre-eminence would have been shown in a scientific career. But his life, and especially its closing years, made it plain that his own choice was wise."

During his Divinity course " Elmslie was tempted in various ways to alter his life-purpose, was offered a professorship of natural philosophy with a large salary in the Colonies, and was especially tempted to enter the medical profession." " As to medicine," he wrote from Aberdeen at the age of twenty-two, " I have read up most of the text-books prescribed here, so that I am really very well up on the subject, and Jim Shepherd (afterwards a well-known Indian missionary) says I would make a capital doctor." Three years later, after a period of study in Germany, this student of versatile gifts settled in London as assistant to Dr. Oswald Dykes at Regent Square. He was only thirty-five at the time of his election as Professor of Hebrew in the Presbyterian College. Dr. James Stalker wrote after his friend's early death, " I have no hesitation in saying that Elmslie was by far the most brilliant man I have ever known, and there never was a human being more lovable."

History records a few remarkable cases in which a summons to abandon worldly aims for the sacred profession has come as a ringing and peremptory command. It was " a call unforeseen, sudden " which diverted the thoughts of the young Martin Luther from his legal studies at Erfurt and sent him in hot haste to the gates of the Augustinian monastery. He had taken the degree of Master of Arts, and his father showed his satisfaction by addressing the new magister as " You," instead of the familiar " Thou." As in the case of Calvin's father, Professor Mackinnon remarks, his ambition contemplated for his son a larger career than would be available for the ordinary graduate. " He had planned for him a rich and honourable marriage. The juristic profession opened the most feasible avenue to the realisation of his ambition to see his talented son rise in the world. At his desire Martin became a student in the Faculty of Law at the beginning of the summer session, 1505."[1] Two months later he renounced all worldly ambition, and to the bitter disappointment of the old father who had presented him so hopefully with a *corpus juris*, he decided to adopt the religious life. " When I became a monk," wrote Luther, " my father almost went mad. He was bitterly chagrined and would on no account give his consent."

Biographers of the Reformer explain his action in different ways. " One set holds that Luther's temperament and previous religious experience were gradually and surely leading him to a spiritual crisis and that the climax must have come sooner or later." The most recent authorities lay stress rather on his own explicit statement that his vow to become a monk was a sudden and involuntary act, wrested from him in a moment of terror. " I was called to this vocation by the terrors of heaven, for neither willingly nor by my own desire did I become a monk, but surrounded by the terror and agony of a sudden death, I vowed a forced and unavoidable vow."

In his " Table Talk " Luther tells that while walking not far from Erfurt he was overtaken one day by a thunderstorm. " A flash of lightning prostrated him to the ground, and in his terror of sudden death he called on St. Anna for help and vowed to become a monk. . . . The incident was for his friends as well as for himself what the incident on the road to Damascus was for Paul—a sudden breach with the past." Once the vow had been made "he felt bound on moral and religious grounds to implement it, and on the 16th of July—St. Alexius' Day—he invited his friends to a valedictory meal. To their remonstrances he firmly replied, 'To-day you see me, and henceforth nevermore.' On the morrow, the 17th, they accompanied him to the door of the Augustinian monastery, and bade him a tearful farewell."[1]

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[1] " Luther and the Reformation," vol. i (1925), p. 29.

Summing up the evidence, which at more than one point is conflicting, Dr. Mackinnon takes the view that for Luther as for the prophets of old the thunderstorm was the voice of God calling him to do His will. "It was a call from heaven, as he told his father, who doubted whether his rash act was not the fruit of a mere illusion. . . . To his father he did not announce his resolution till the door of the monastery had closed behind him, and he maintained it against his anger and his reproaches." Experts differ as to whether he was at liberty to change his mind and obtain a dispensation from his vow, but Luther himself never doubted that he was bound in conscience to fulfil the promise he had made. His age was twenty-two when he received the habit of the Order and entered upon his novitiate.

Two Missionaries

Practical ability, a keen interest in science, an aptitude for languages, and a love of adventure have usually been found, combined or separately, in boys who were destined for large achievement in the foreign mission-field. William Carey, for instance, showed an early turn for mathematics and science. Dr. Marshman tells us that his room was crowded with the insects he had collected to mark their development, and he endeavoured to acquire a knowledge of drawing to assist these researches. " He never walked out without carefully observing the hedges, and minutely examined the structure of every plant he gathered. In his childhood it was remarked that whatever he began he completed, and never allowed himself to be checked by difficulties."

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[1] "Luther and the Reformation," vol. i (1925), p. 32.

Like Dr. Alexander Whyte in a later century, he was apprenticed at the age of fourteen to a shoemaker. " In the little collection of books in the schoolmaster's shop he found a commentary on the New Testament, which was interspersed with Greek words. He was ignorant of the Greek alphabet, but he made a rude delineation of the characters which occurred in his reading. In the village in which his father resided, there lived a journeyman weaver of the name of Tom Jones, who had received a liberal education at Kidderminster, with a view to the medical profession, but had been constrained, through the unsteadiness of his habits, to seek a livelihood by manual labour. Young Carey . . . took the Greek words he had copied to Jones and obtained a translation of them, and was thus led forward to cultivate the language." He came under the notice of Thomas Scott, the commentator, who said in later years, when passing the old shop where Carey had been employed in making shoes, " That was Mr. Carey's college."

Alexander Mackay, the pioneer missionary of

Uganda, whom Lord Rosebery called " that Christian Bayard," was born in 1849 in the Free Church manse of Rhynie, in Aberdeenshire, where his father was minister. " Travel and discovery were the favourite lessons the boy received from his father, whose outlook was at no time limited to the confines of his parish. Gazetteer, blue books, atlases, and books of travel occupied a prominent place in the manse library, and as soon as the boy learned to read he was allowed free access to them. Most attractive of all the treasures in that study, in the boy's eyes, was a large map of Africa that hung on the wall over one of the bookcases near the window." While Mackay was at Aberdeen Grammar School " his letters home showed that he was spending his leisure time in watching the workmen in one of the shipbuilding yards, to which he had somehow gained right of entry." When the call to the mission-field came, the young man of twenty-four was holding a good position as draughtsman in a big engineering firm in Berlin, where he had excellent prospects. In an entry made in his diary in Berlin dated May 4, 1874, he wrote, " This day last year Livingstone died, a Scotsman and a Christian, loving God and his neighbour, in the heart of Africa. Go thou and do likewise." It was as an engineer missionary that Mackay went out to Africa, and his first task was to hack a way through jungle and desert, " making tracks wide enough to allow the largest bullock-wagons to pass each other at any point." He wrote to a friend, " This will certainly yet be a highway for the King Himself, and all that pass this way will come to know His Name."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PROFESSION OF ARMS

"HE had been a soldier, and military service had ennobled him," wrote Dumas of the Paris grocer, Planchet, a comrade of the Musketeers. Christian literature abounds in passages in which the life of the believer is compared to that of the soldier under arms. Henry Suso, one of the mystical writers of the fourteenth century, tells us in his autobiography that he was led on a certain day to contemplate "that true saying of the suffering Job, 'Militia est vita hominis super terram.' The life of man in this world is nothing else but a knight's life of warfare. As he meditated on these words, his senses became abstracted, and it seemed to him that there came in a comely youth, of very manly form, who brought him a pair of knight's shoes, of excellent quality, with other clothing such as knights are wont to wear. The youth went up to the Servitor,[1] and vested him in the Knight's attire, saying :—Hearken, Sir Knight. Hitherto thou hast been a squire : God wills thee now to be a Knight. The Servitor looked at himself in the knight's shoes, and marvelling greatly in his heart, exclaimed : Wonderful, O God ! What has happened to me ? What have I become ? Must I be a knight ? I had much rather lead a comfortable life than this. Then he said to the youth : Well, since God wills me to be a knight, if only I had been made one gloriously in a battle, I should have preferred it. The youth turned half aside, and, with a laugh, answered :—Be not anxious. You shall have fighting enough. He who resolves to bear himself undauntedly as God's knight in this spiritual warfare will meet with much harder conflicts than ever fell to the lot of the famed heroes of olden times, whose knightly prowess the world loves to recount in song and tale."

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[1] Suso's title for himself.

The story reads like a prelude to the arming of Christian by the ladies of the House Beautiful, and each has its source in St. Paul's instructions to his Ephesian converts.[1]

Great and honourable in every age has been that earthly calling from which so many spiritual analogies were drawn. It is linked with patriotism and with the highest civic virtues. Men like Henry Havelock, Stonewall Jackson, and Douglas Haig stand forth as types of Christian excellence. The Church has never accepted that suggestion which we find in the history of King David, that the leader in glorious wars is less fitted than the man of peace to build a temple to the Lord. And although it is true, as a German theologian said recently, that Christians have learned to see war in a new perspective as an evil which can and must be eliminated from the earth, still the soldier's profession will be needed till the coming of the Golden Year. As the old Ressaldar said to Kim's lama : " If evil men were not now and then slain it would not be a good world for weaponless dreamers."

Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) acknowledged that the chief happiness of his boyhood was bound up with his admiration for the Army. " He used to tell how he played truant at Stirling School to watch the Highland regiments drilling in the fields below the Castle, for his ancestors were either soldiers or farmers. Among his early recollections was one of pictures in the *Illustrated London News* giving some of the scenes in the Indian Mutiny. All Scotland rang with the exploits of the 78th Ross-shire Highlanders, who had followed Sir Colin Campbell to the relief of Lucknow. When that regiment returned home, it was ordered to Edinburgh, and was publicly reviewed in the Queen's Park. Watson's father thought that the boy ought to be taught patriotism, and that his memory should be stored with a recollection of mighty deeds. For weeks before this review he told his son the history of the Highland regiments, from the days after the rebellion of 1745 on to the Crimean War, and especially he aroused his enthusiasm with the description of the long marches and gallant deeds of the 78th as they went to save the women and children from death. The boy was taken to Edinburgh, and never forgot the scene. After the 78th had left the ground, they marched before the hotel in Princes Street where the Empress of the French was then staying, and she, who had seen many soldiers, declared that she had never looked upon a stronger or more martial body of men. As they passed that day in company, and as soon as the General had returned their salute, the people up and down the line burst into cheers, crying, 'Well done, 78th!' 'You saved the women and children!' 'The Highlanders for ever!' Then it was that the boy's heart—he was only eight—gave way and he wept. It was largely through his influence in after-life that the Liverpool Scottish Volunteers were incorporated, and as chaplain he was one of the keenest members. One only had to see him marching behind the battalion, mopping his brow but full of delight in everything, to realise that the divine, the novelist, the public speaker, were for the time gladly put in abeyance. . . . Patriotism with Watson was not a braggart jingoism. He steadfastly taught, with Regnault, that a true patriotism means a serious, pure and honourable life."[1]

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[1] Ephesians vi. 14–17.

Macaulay tells how young people in the later Stuart reigns conversed with veterans of the Civil War, and fired their imagination with the valiant doings of their ancestors. "In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles the First after the battle of Edgehill. Another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby. A third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, . . . gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the Parliament, had, from childhood, been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles."[2]

Sidonia, in Disraeli's novel "Coningsby," remarks on the youth of many warriors when they achieved victory. "The greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian Empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five, the greatest battle of modern time; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauretania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Everyone remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains: that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age." Montrose was under thirty-three when he won six victories for Charles I in Scotland.

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[1] "Ian Maclaren," by W. Robertson Nicoll.

[2] "History of England," ch. iii.

We shall illustrate this chapter from the careers of two soldiers who won military fame at an early age, and though each died young, left an inspiration which grows rather than diminishes as the ages pass on. One belongs to the seventeenth century—Gustavus Adolphus; the other to the eighteenth—James Wolfe of Quebec.

Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden

"Leo Arcturus," the "Lion of the North" was the name given to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden by his victorious armies. A biographer[1] compares him to the aurora borealis, "so great, so wondrous, so gleamingly bright, and yet so cold." The champion of the Protestant cause in the Thirty Years' War must assuredly be numbered with the elect souls of history. Dante might have placed such a King in the planet Mars, his heaven of soldiers, or in Jupiter, the heaven of just and righteous monarchs.

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[1] Gustav Droysen.

Gustavus was born in the Royal Palace of Stockholm on December 9, 1594. His father, King Charles IX, head of the House of Vasa, was himself a son of Gustavus I, founder of the dynasty, who had written on his deathbed this warning to his people, "Rather die a hundred times than abandon the Gospel." Christina of Schleswig-Holstein, wife of Charles IX, was a woman of strong, decided character. Gustavus Adolphus, their elder son, was the pride of both parents. "The boy was precocious in mind, superb in body, of a milk-white fairness, with large bright blue eyes, features grand and mild, hair like his grandfather's locks, that seemed of golden silk, early brushed into the favoured military tuft."[1]

His tutor, John Skytte, was a learned Swedish gentleman who had spent ten years in foreign travel, and was well fitted to instruct the prince in Reformation principles and the knowledge of the Bible, besides the usual curriculum of classics and mathematics. The military education of the Prince was entrusted to the Count de la Gardie, a Swedish noble of French origin. "The seed fell on good ground," says an English biographer. "Gustavus, when he arrived at man's estate, knew a good deal of seven languages, and could converse fluently in four besides his own. His letters, like those of many of his contemporaries, are the strangest mixture of Latin, German, French, and Swedish. . . . His knowledge of Greek . . . enabled him to read Xenophon in the original, and to pronounce him the greatest ancient writer on the military art. Even when in camp he always carried in his pocket a copy of Grotius's treatise 'De Jure Belli et Pacis.'"[1]

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[1] Marjorie Bowen, in "Sundry Great Gentlemen" (1928), p. 173.

"Before all things, fear God," wrote King Charles to his son, "honour thy father and mother, be tender to thy sisters, love those who have served me faithfully, reward them according to their deserts, be gracious to thy subjects, punish the evil, trust men fairly, but only entirely when thou hast learned to know them."

"At thirteen," says Marjorie Bowen, "he was receiving foreign envoys, at fifteen he was allowed to administer his own Duchy of Sudermania, and to address the States from his father's throne. He cast a lustre on all he undertook, and the most extravagant hopes were formed as to his future. . . . Gustavus Adolphus possessed natural charm; the sweetness and strength of his personality, his ingenuous gaiety and simple enthusiasm for honour and nobility, his tenderness and his lively animation, fascinated and dazzled all who approached him; his one fault was that most easily condoned—he was too fiery, too impetuous, in all directions his courage ran to daring extremes; he was impatient of prudence, and no one greatly censured so generous a failing in a young Prince."[2]

Gustavus "stole hours from his books and his sleep to listen to the tales of Prince Maurice and his exploits against the Spaniards, told by the immigrant officers who had made a campaign or two in the Low Countries. So early was his passion for soldiering developed, that he was profoundly hurt at being forbidden to serve in the Russian campaign of 1610, when he was between sixteen and seventeen." In April 1611, when King Charles had declared war on Sweden, the boy was solemnly knighted and sent to collect troops for the relief of Kalmar. He succeeded to his father's throne on October 30, 1611.

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[1] "Gustavus Adolphus," by C. R. L. Fletcher, pp. 21, 22.

[2] "Sundry Great Gentlemen," p. 175.

Dutch Ambassadors who visited Sweden soon after his accession described him as "slender of figure, well set-up, with rather a pale complexion, a long-shaped face, fair hair, and a pointed beard, which here and there runs into a tawny colour. According to all reports, he is a man of high courage, though not revengeful; keen of intellect, watchful, active; an excellent speaker, and courteous in his intercourse with all men; from a youth of such promise great things are to be expected."

Dashing and impetuous in all his ways, Gustavus wrote to his Chancellor, Axel Oxenstierna, "You are so cold in your proceedings that you act perpetually as a drag on my activity." The Chancellor replied, "If I did not perpetually throw cold water on you, you would catch fire and blaze up once for all."

The passion of Gustavus for the beautiful Ebba Brahe, daughter of one of the highest Swedish nobles, seemed to promise lasting domestic happiness. He had set his heart on making Ebba his wife, but Queen Christina opposed the match for reasons of State. Ebba married the Swedish General, Jacob de la Gardie. The bride chosen for Gustavus was Marie Eleonore, daughter of the Elector of Brandenburg. Only one moral lapse is recorded in the otherwise spotless character of the young King. A Cambridge historian remarks that he was guilty also of but one act of tyranny. "These rare stains, not surprising in a Vasa, enhance the glory of his habitual self-mastery." In later life Gustavus was renowned, not more for his military genius, than for the sincerity of his personal religion. He loved soft music, and composed simple airs to the flute. Like his father, he was fond of hymns. "He prays very diligently," wrote the Duchess Sophie of Pomerania.

"To him," says a biographer, "we owe the morning and evening prayers of the Army. He distributed a hymn-book among his troops, and took his chaplain with him to the field. The faithful Dr. Fabricius conducted a solemn service on the eve of battle." [1]

"Sir," says Dugald Dalgetty to Argyle's chaplain, recalling his service with the Swedish Army, "the drums beat to prayers morning and evening, as regularly as for parade." [2]

The Cambridge historian from whom we have already quoted says that "like all the members of his House who wore the Crown, Gustavus possessed versatile ability and the ambition to embody it in some great work. Though as loyal to fact as Gustavus I or Charles IX, he breathed an atmosphere of idealism, and therefore surpassed them in power over the hearts of men. The noble generosity of his temper made it easy for the sons of the victims of his father's judicial murders to rally round his throne. . . . Free from jealousy and suspicion, he could moreover avail himself of the sagacity and formulating power of Axel Oxenstierna, the Chancellor whom he found ready to his hand and in whom he recognised the perfect complement to himself." [3]

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[1] Gustav Droysen, "Gustav Adolf," vol. i, p. 60.

[2] "A Legend of Montrose," ch. xiv.

[3] "Cambridge Modern History," vol. iv, "The Thirty Years War," pp. 178, 179.

To the British people Gustavus, during his career of victory in the Thirty Years War, was an ideal hero. Cadets of noble houses were proud to serve under his banner. When he defeated the Roman Catholic forces under Tilly at Breitenfeld (September 7, 1631) the news was received in England with an outburst of enthusiasm. "His success at Breitenfeld," says S. R. Gardiner, "decided once for all that North Germany was to be essentially Protestant. . . . Sir Symonds d'Ewes, the plodding antiquary, raised his head from his plea-rolls and genealogies to record how 'the sole honour and glory of this victory, next under God—to whom the religious King of Sweden gave the only glory—redounded to the Swedes and Scots and other nations in the Evangelical Army.' . . . Eliot, from his prison in the Tower, awoke to new delight. 'If at once,' he wrote, 'the whole world be not deluded, fortune and hope are met.'"[1] "In Breitenfeld," as Gardiner says, "lay the promise of Marston Moor and Naseby."

The death of Gustavus on the field of Lützen (November 6, 1632) was felt as keenly in England, the historian tells us, as if he had been a national commander. Victory had again been won by the Swedish Army; but "the soul of that Army expired on the field in the death of its heroic King."

"Never," wrote D'Ewes, "did one person's death in Christendom bring so much sorrow to all true Protestant hearts—not our godly Edward's, the Sixth of that name, nor our late heroic and inestimable Prince Henry—as did the King of Sweden's at this present."[2]

[1] "History of England," vol. vii, p. 188–190.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 207.

"Out of the noisy centuries
The foolish and the fearful fade ;
Yet burn unquenched these warrior eyes,
Time hath not dimmed, nor death dismayed." [1]

Gustavus had been led by strange paths to the fulfilment of his father's promise, "*He* will do it." He had not quite completed his thirty-eighth year when his great lifework ended.

WOLFE OF QUEBEC

James Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, who died in the hour of triumph at the age of thirty-two, spent more than half of his life in the uniform of a British Army officer. He was born at Westerham, Kent, in 1727, of a family which had been settled in Ireland since the sixteenth century, though the stock was originally Welsh. "Several generations of military tradition and training," says a recent biographer, "had given the Wolfe men their respect for and unswerving support to the religion established by law." [2] James Wolfe's father served with Marlborough in Flanders, and took part in suppressing the Highland rebellion of 1715. He is pictured as "an unobtrusive but capable soldier, tactful and well-disposed to everyone ; not, it would appear, a man of much personality or driving force. In after years his more ambitious son impatiently hints at the physical and mental inertia of his father." The elder Wolfe took great pride in his son's career, and on various occasions supplemented the young officer's meagre pay with gifts or loans of money. Mrs. Wolfe is described as " a doting but exacting mother, eager at all times to advance the interests of her husband and son in their profession, though fearful of the results. . . . She looked on both her men as children to be nursed when ill and reproved when naughty. Her husband was over forty when she was married to him, and he needed to be watched constantly, so far as his health was concerned. Both her sons were delicate lads, and the one who survived to manhood was a frail and consumptive man all the days of his life." [1]

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[1] Walter de la Mare, "Portrait of a Warrior."

[2] J. T. Findlay, "Wolfe in Scotland" (1928), p. 15. Mr. Findlay had spent many years in the study of Wolfe's career and died before the publication of this important book.

While still conning their primers, James and his brother Edward were playing at soldiers, " living and acting the brave old days of Marlborough's campaigns in the Low Countries, in which they knew that their father had fought. But Colonel Wolfe was a taciturn man, not given to speaking much of his experiences in war, and it is singular how little James really knew of his father's share in the campaigns of the reign of Queen Anne and the First George." The boy was only twelve when war was declared against Spain in October 1739. " A soldier's son he was and a soldier he himself was fully determined to be. . . . When he finally went off to the wars in 1742 as a very youthful ensign of just over fifteen years of age, he was even then a man in stature. He eventually attained a height of 6 feet 3 inches, and his ' own thin person ' (as he humorously describes himself) made him appear exceptionally tall." Awkward in carriage, homely in features, he had personal attractions none the less which can be recognised in the fine portrait by Gainsborough. " His blue eyes were bright and animated, and his smile was charming—the smile that lights up the face of a man of high temperamental force. His features might not bear examination, but the personality behind them at once arrested attention. His height and his soldierly bearing tended further to disarm criticism."

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[1] J. T. Findlay, " Wolfe in Scotland " (1928), p. 18.

Wolfe and his brother Edward, young lads of sixteen and fifteen, received their baptism of fire at the battle of Dettingen (1743), and each sent home an account of his experiences. This battle, in which the French under the Duc de Grammont were defeated, was the last in which an English King personally assumed command. Through the whole of the fighting, James Wolfe "kept his critical senses wide awake and performed his duty with unflinching courage and efficiency. While reading his account of the battle, we cannot fail to be impressed by his coolness in the face of danger, by his instinct for the things that matter in the shock of conflict." His horse was shot under him, and in his own words, "I was obliged to do the duty of an adjutant all that and the next day on foot, in a pair of heavy boots."

Wolfe received his commission as lieutenant a few months after the battle. Among his superiors he was from the first remarked for his strenuous devotion to duty. "Being of the profession of arms," he wrote to his friend Rickson, "I would seek all occasions to serve." He desired to set an example of faithful diligence and unswerving virtue. We find him at the age of twenty-three as acting lieutenant-colonel of the 20th Foot, when the regiment was stationed at Glasgow. "You can't conceive," he wrote to his mother, "how difficult a thing it is to keep the passions within bounds, when authority and immaturity go together; to endeavour at a character that has every opposition from within, and that the very condition of the blood is a sufficient obstacle to." Two months later he wrote to her, speaking of certain fellow-officers, " I dread their habits and behaviour, and am forced to an eternal watch upon myself, that I may avoid the very manner which I most condemn in them. Young men should have some object constantly in their aim, some shining character to direct them. 'Tis a disadvantage to be first at an imperfect age; either we become enamoured with ourselves, seeing nothing superior, or fall into the degree of our associates." Captain Macrae, one of Wolfe's officers, wrote from Glasgow about this time, " Our acting commander here is a paragon . . . we make him our pattern."[1] " The Soldier's Friend," as Wolfe was called, was regarded by all ranks as a perfect commanding officer.

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[1] J. T. Findlay, " Wolfe in Scotland " (1928), p. 159.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CALL OF THE SEA

"ALL our fathers were under the cloud and all passed through the sea." St. Paul's words to his Corinthian converts might have been written for the Island Race, and its children on the American continent. Two thousand years before Lord Byron's day British seafarers may have thought, as they launched their fragile boats into the deep:

> "For I was as it were a child of thee,
> And trusted to thy billows far and near,
> And laid my hand upon thy mane,—as I do here."

Men who were destined to win fame in other spheres have fixed their youthful ambitions on a career of ocean adventure. One of these was Charles M. Doughty, the author of "Arabia Deserta." He inherited from his mother's family, the Hothams, the tradition of sea exploits. As a child he longed to enter the naval service. He was placed for a time at a naval school, Beach House, Southsea, but failed to pass the medical test, owing to a slight impediment of speech. "Throughout life," says his biographer, "he was to remember that disappointment. The service which his brother had entered and from which he had been so early debarred, could, he thought, have satisfied his patriotic soul. 'I was brought up for the Navy in the tradition of my mother's family (Hothams),' he wrote when his contemporary and cousin, Charles Hotham, was nearing flag rank. 'My career was to have been in the Navy, had I not been regarded at the Medical Examination as not sufficiently robust for the service. My object in life since, as a private person, has been to serve my country so far as my opportunities might enable me.' So he wrote in 1922, after wistfully regarding even a war-time title of Temporary Commander as 'enviable.'"[1]

From his Cambridge days and earlier "Doughty lived an absorbed, aloof, self-contained life. Serious in mind and grave in demeanour, he had determined to devote himself to his country and his race. A letter written to him . . . by the Rev. Henry Hardinge, Rector of Theberton, alludes to 'researches and noble ambition as regards this earth,' and approves his aspiration to 'soar above the vanities of this world and take a place among the worthies who have lived for its adornment and for the glory of God."[2]

From American literature we choose an example of youthful ambition to which the prophet's words might be applied, "Mutabunt fortitudinem" ("They shall change their strength").[3] Nathaniel Hawthorne was descended from a line of sea-captains. "From father to son for above a hundred years," says a recent biographer, "they followed the sea; a gray-headed shipmaster, in each generation, retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting

[1] D. M. Hogarth, "The Life of Charles M. Doughty" (1928), p. 3.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 6.

[3] The Vulgate rendering of Isaiah xi. 31. Père Gratry uses the text in that sense in his "Life of Henri Perreyve."

the salt spray and the gale which had blustered against his sire and grandsire. The boy also, in due time, passed from the forecastle to the cabin, spent a tempestuous manhood, and returned from his world-wanderings to grow old, and die, and mingle his dust with the natal earth."[1]

As the young Nathaniel lay before the fire "the dull clamor from near-by wharves wove itself into his day-dreams. Or from an upper window he would see the harbour and a ship outward bound, and a puff of wind from the east filled his nostrils with the bitter, salty odour of the Atlantic. At such times, if his mother were present, he would murmur, 'I'm going away to sea some time, and I'll never come back again.'"[2]

After four years at Bowdouin College Nathaniel's ambitions turned to literature. He had sketched out the plan of a novel and begun the work of composition. He warned his sister that he could not hope to fulfil the family ambition for his future. "I have thought much upon the subject, and have finally come to the conclusion that I shall never make a distinguished figure in the world, and all I hope or wish is to plod along with the multitude. I do not say this for the purpose of drawing any flattery from you, but merely to set mother and the rest of you right upon a point where your partiality had led you astray."[3]

Professor G. M. Trevelyan has described in vivid colouring the boyhood of Garibaldi, who was destined to become one of the liberators of Italy. He was born in 1807 at Nice, where his father,

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[1] For details see Mr. Lloyd Morris's book, "The Rebellious Puritan: Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne" (1928), p. 27.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 29.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 42.

" an honest and simple merchant captain, owning the little vessel in which he traded, was typical of the best sort of native. Like Hans Luther, Domenico Garibaldi gave his son a better education than his slender means could well afford." But the boy showed little taste for lessons. The sea was always before his eyes, calling its child to its bosom.

Forty years later a playmate of Garibaldi described his recollections of these old days :

" Though Peppino (Giuseppe) was a bright, brave lad who planned all sorts of adventures, played truant when he could get the loan of a gun or coax one of the fishermen to take him in their boat, went oyster-trawling, never missed the tunny festival at Villafranca, or the sardine hauls at Limpia, he was often thoughtful and silent, and when he had a book that interested him would be under the olive trees for hours reading, and then it was no use to try to make him join any of our schemes for mischief. He had a beautiful voice, and knew all the songs of the sailors and peasants, and a good many French ones besides. Even as a boy we all looked up to him and chose him as our umpire, while the little ones regarded him as their natural protector. He was the strongest and most enduring swimmer I ever knew, and a very fish in water." [1]

Garibaldi's parents tried in vain to fix him down to a sedentary life. He ran off to sea with some of his companions, but was brought home " deeply humiliated." His father agreed soon afterwards to allow the adventurous boy to follow his own calling. " From the age of fifteen to twenty-five he worked his way up from cabin-boy to captain in the merchant craft of Nice. . . . And so the sea became the real school of Garibaldi; it was there that his body and mind were drilled to endure every hardship, and his qualities as a man of action trained as only the sailor's life can train them. . . . It was on his voyages in the Levant that he first came across men with the passion for liberty, and it was beyond the sea that he first met Italian patriots, exiles who instructed him that he had a country, and that she bled. He, too, like these Greeks, had a country for which to fight. What a thought! Nay, what a passion. It seized him in early youth, like first love—the revelation of life. Henceforth he was a man devoted, with an aim ahead that had in it nothing of self. Italy first, Italy last, and always Italy! Not till the day of his death did his zeal and love once waver. He believed in Italy as the saints believed in God."[1]

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[1] " Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic," ch. i.

Professor Trevelyan says of Garibaldi that "his mind was like a vast sea-cave, filled with the murmur of dark waters at flow and the stirring of Nature's greatest forces, lit here and there by streaks of glorious sunshine bursting in through crevices hewn at random in its rugged sides."[1]

Garibaldi, Hawthorne, and Charles Doughty were sailors by ancestry, whom Providence called eventually to other departments of world-service. As a contrast we may study the career of the naval hero of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, Admiral Robert Blake. He was led by slow and winding paths towards the profession which he honoured by sublime achievements. The son of a merchant of Bridgwater in Somerset, he was born, like Oliver Cromwell, in 1599, the eldest of a large family of sons and daughters. His birth-house in Blake Street has been modernised. A biographer describes it as " two stories high, built of blue lias stone, with walls of immense thickness, heavy stone stairs, oak wainscots, and decorated ceilings ; altogether a habitation of Tudor origin and of unmistakable importance in those times. The gardens, bounded by Durleigh brook, the river Parrett, and the highway, were about two acres in extent."[1]

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[1] *Ibid.*

Blake received his early education at the grammar school of his native town, and at the age of sixteen was sent to St. Alban Hall, Oxford. His life at the University lasted almost nine years, and there is no doubt he must often have contemplated as the goal of his ambition a career of studious quiet within these grey old walls. His father's friend, Nicholas Wadham, had founded Wadham College, and thither the lad removed for the latter part of his stay. The crucial incident in Blake's Oxford life was his rejection for a Fellowship at Merton. The Warden, Sir Henry Savile, liked to have about him tall men of distinguished appearance. " The young Somersetshire student, thick-set, fair-complexioned, and only five feet six, fell below his standard of manly beauty."[1] It has been suggested, though without authority, that the Puritan and even Republican views of Blake may have been proclaimed with fearless frankness at Oxford, and may have displeased the courtly Warden. At Wadham Robert may perhaps have lived inexpensively as a friend of the founder, and it was not until the age of twenty-five, when summoned home by the fatal illness of his father, that he was compelled to face the sterner duties of practical life. The elder Blake, who traded with Spain, had incurred heavy losses in his later years, and when his debts were paid the income remaining for the support of his widow and family was only £200.[1] Robert and his brother Humphrey carried on their father's business, and it is thought that the future Admiral may have made several voyages to distant seas of which history leaves no record. Biographers give him credit also for launching several of his brothers on successful careers in London. Professor Laughton notes that after a few years of successful trading he found himself in easy circumstances, and so continued for the rest of his life. There is a well-known story which testifies to the depth of his family affection. During the Civil War his younger brother, Captain Samuel Blake, rushed out alone to attack a Royalist officer who was levying men near Bridgwater for the King. The array captain was attended by an armed party, and Samuel Blake was cut down. When Robert heard the news, "he made the laconic and superficially heartless comment, 'Sam had no business there,' and went stoically about his duty. When the work was done he returned to his quarters, and then the natural man let his grief have its way. When his door was shut his servant heard him break into weeping, exclaiming, 'Died Abner as a fool dieth?' "[2]

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[1] Hepworth Dixon, " Robert Blake."

Blake was past forty when the outbreak of war summoned him to the service of his country. He was Governor of Taunton in 1643. "When the King's Army, after its success at Lostwithiel, swept in triumph over the West, Taunton alone amongst the inland towns refused to acknowledge defeat. There was a stout Puritan spirit within its walls, and its Governor was the lion-hearted Blake, who had contributed so powerfully to the defence of Lyme."[1]

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[1] This would of course represent a considerably larger income to-day.

[2] David Hannay, "Admiral Blake," p. 15.

His career as "Sea-general," his exploits against the Dutch and Spaniards, belong to the proudest pages of English naval history. After his victory of Vera Cruz, Parliament voted him a jewel worth £500. The Lord Protector wrote to him, "I have received yours of the 20th of April last; and thereby the account of the good success it hath pleased God to give you at the Canaries, in your attempt upon the King of Spain's ships in the Bay of Santa Cruz. The mercy therein, to us and the Commonwealth, is very signal; both in the loss the enemy hath received, and also in the preservation of our own ships and men; which indeed was very wonderful; and according to the goodness and loving kindness of the Lord, wherewith His People hath been followed in all these late revolutions; and doth call on our part, that we should fear before Him, and still hope in His mercy."[2] "It is the last action," writes Carlyle, "of the brave Blake, who, worn out with toil and sickness and a cruise of three years, makes homeward shortly after, dies within sight of Plymouth."[3] The letter and jewel may have been delivered to him in Cadiz Bay.

Admiral Blake was a naval reformer as well as a warrior. "Of the miseries to which sailors were compelled to submit in the days of Charles I," writes Gardiner, "no trace remained (in the Commonwealth Fleet). Officers and crew co-operated heartily under a chief whom they trusted, and the loyalty which resulted showed itself in the efficiency which can never be produced by mechanical means."

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[1] S. R. Gardiner, "History of the Great Civil War," vol. ii, p. 94.

[2] Carlyle, "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," letter of June 10, 1657.

[3] On August 7, 1657.

Nelson confessed to feelings of despondency in his early career. After his return from India, in ill-health and dejection, he was impressed with an idea that he should never rise in his profession. "My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, hope kindled within me, and presented my King and country as my patron. 'Well, then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero! And, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger.'"

There is a story told by Coleridge which breathes the true spirit of naval brotherhood. "In a large party at the Grand Master's Palace in Malta, I observed," says Coleridge, "a naval officer of distinguished merit listening to Sir A. Ball, whenever he joined in the conversation; with a mixed expression of awe and affection that gave a more than common interest to so manly a countenance. This officer afterwards told me that he considered himself indebted to Sir Alexander for that which was dearer to him than his life. 'When he was Lieutenant Ball,' said he, 'he was the officer I accompanied in my first boat expedition, being then a midshipman, and only in my fourteenth year. As we were rowing up to the vessel which we were to attack, amid a discharge of musketry, I was overpowered by fear, and seemed on the point of fainting away. Lieutenant Ball, who saw the condition I was in, placed himself close beside me, and still keeping his countenance directed towards the enemy, pressed my hand in the most friendly manner, and said in a low voice, " Courage, my dear boy; you will recover in a minute or so. I was just the same when I first went out in this way." " Sir," added the officer to me, " it was just as if an angel had put a new soul into me." ' "

LORD FISHER OF KILVERSTONE

Lord Fisher of Kilverstone was fortunate in youth in serving under Captain Shadwell, who was affectionately known as " the Angel in Epaulettes." This gallant sailor recognised the boy's talents, and when illness compelled him to return home, he recommended " Jack " to his friend Admiral Hope. Late in life Lord Fisher thus described the episode: " He handed me over on leaving China to his friend the Admiral, who was a magnificent man! The three ships he had commanded before he became an Admiral were the *Terrible*, *Firebrand*, and *Majestic*. That's what he was! He came to say good-bye to my late Captain, and asked him what favour he could do him. He pointed to me standing there trembling and said, ' Look after that boy! ' and the Admiral turned to me and said, ' Go down into my boat! ' and he made me a Lieutenant the day I was nineteen, and put me in command of a big steamer, and sent me on a piratical expedition. I pretty well wrecked the ship inside and out, but I did what he wanted, so he moved me into another command! He gave me a never-to-be-forgotten lecture before I started on my first cruise: ' Hesitate at nothing to gain your object.' " [1]

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[1] " Lord Fisher of Kilverstone," by Admiral Sir R. H. Bacon (1929), vol. i, p. 18.

Lord Fisher's simple and sincere piety is manifest in a group of letters written about the age of thirty. His biographer, Admiral Bacon, quotes the following passage : " I love to think that God regulates even the most trifling actions of our lives. I don't think it is at all wise to bother oneself with plans about the future. A sentence in the seventh chapter of Corinthians has just caught my eye : 'But I would have you without carefulness.' I seem to be continually coming across passages in the Bible which almost seem to be sent to one. Now yesterday I was worrying myself about my plans for the future and imagining all kinds of disagreeables when I happened to open my Church Service and the first words my eyes lighted on were : '*Man's goings are of the Lord, how can a man then understand his own way?*' "[1]

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[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 45, 46.

CHAPTER XX

THE GATEWAY OF SCIENCE

"RARE, extravagant spirits come by us at intervals," says Emerson, "and disclose to us new facts in nature." The coming and going of such spirits has been little noted by the masses, who are immersed in their ordinary concerns. Few outstanding, universally-known biographies have been consecrated to men of science, as compared with the memorials of warriors, preachers and men of letters. Science still awaits a Boswell and a Lockhart. Professor A. N. Whitehead remarks, indeed, on the quietness with which modern science overspread the world, and he contrasts this peaceful development with the popular uprising of the Reformation, which for a century and a half drenched Europe in blood.

"In a generation which saw the Thirty Years War and remembered Alva in the Netherlands, the worst that happened to men of science was that Galileo suffered an honourable detention and a mild reproof, before dying peacefully in his bed. The way in which the persecution of Galileo has been remembered is a tribute to the quiet commencement of the most intimate change in outlook which the human race had yet encountered. Since a babe was born in a manger, it may be doubted whether so great a thing has happened with so little stir."[1]

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[1] "Science and the Modern World," p. 2.

The life of Galileo illustrates very clearly the saying of *The Times* that: "In some lives the course of events looks singularly like design," and that "some men are, in plain truth, chosen and dedicated to the doing of certain work." The hindering element in his youth was the determination of his father that he should engage in some lucrative occupation, and thus rebuild the decaying fortunes of his family. Galileo was born in Pisa in 1564, the year that saw the deaths of Michelangelo and Calvin. His father, Vincenzio, was a man of unusually wide culture, skilled in music and mathematics, and with a good knowledge of Greek and Latin literature. He sent his boy to the monks of Vallombrosa for education, but withdrew him from the monastery when it became evident that he might wish to join the Order. His own proposal was that the youth should become in time a wealthy cloth-dealer, like the father of St. Francis of Assisi. The trade was one of the highest respectability, in which the son of a noble Florentine house might engage without losing social prestige. Galileo did not, however, display the qualities that were expected from a stolid tradesman. His early years, Sir David Brewster notes, were spent, like those of almost all great experimental philosophers, in the construction of instruments and pieces of machinery, which were calculated chiefly to amuse himself and his schoolfellows. "Music, drawing, and painting were the occupations of his leisure hours; and such was his proficiency in these accomplishments that he was reckoned a skilful performer on several musical instruments, especially the lute; while his knowledge of pictures was held in great esteem by some of the best artists of the day." He used to tell his friends in later life that if circumstances had permitted him to choose his own career, he would have elected to become a painter. Like Leonardo da Vinci, he showed, indeed, an astonishing all-round capacity. Changing his purpose accordingly, Vincenzio decided to make the boy a doctor, and sent him to the University of Pisa to study medicine. His eagerness in disputation gained for him the title of "the Wrangler," and he made numerous enemies among old-fashioned formalists. It was in Padua, not in his native city, that he was destined to find the chief opportunities of his life. At Pisa he studied geometry under Ostilio Ricci. His father watched his progress with the utmost jealousy, and resolved that it should not interfere with his medical studies. "The demonstrations, however, of the Greek mathematician had too many charms for the ardent mind of Galileo. His whole attention was engrossed with the new truths which burst upon his understanding, and after many fruitless attempts to check his ardour and direct his thoughts to professional objects, his father was obliged to surrender his parental control, and allow the fullest scope to the genius of his son."[1]

A Modern Scientist—Louis Pasteur

The name of Louis Pasteur stands pre-eminent among French scientists of the nineteenth century. Sir William Osler wrote of him: "At the middle of the last century we did not know much more of the scourges of the race, the plagues, the fevers, and the pestilences than did the Greeks. Here comes in Pasteur's great work. Behind him Egyptian darkness ; with his advent a light that brightens more and more as the years give us ever fuller knowledge."

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[1] Sir David Brewster, "Martyrs of Science," pp. 4–5.

The life of Pasteur illustrates the saying of Emerson : " Care is taken that the greatly-destined shall slip up into life in the shade, with no thousand-eyed Athens to watch and blazon every new thought, every blushing emotion of young genius." The future chemist was born in 1822 at Dole, in Eastern France. Most of his boyhood was spent at Arbois, a vine-growing town on the Cuisance, among hanging woods and golden glens. His father, who had been a sergeant-major in Napoleon's Army, carried on business as a tanner. Both parents " considered their children's education almost as essential as their daily bread." Louis was a sensitive, tender-hearted, home-loving boy. Like Dr. Schweitzer in our own generation, he had a horror of every kind of sport that involved cruelty. He refused to take part in bird-trapping ; the sight of a wounded lark was more than he could bear. As in the case of Galileo, his favourite occupation was drawing and painting. He was sent with a companion to study at the Lycée St. Louis in Paris, where he suffered so much from home-sickness that his father had to bring him away. " If I could only get a whiff of the tannery yard," he said to a friend, " I feel I should be cured." At Besançon, after some months of rest, he resumed his studies.

Professor J. S. Haldane reminds us that at an early stage of his career Pasteur imagined that he could do more important work as a Senator than as a scientist, and that he was only held back from a political career through his rejection by the electors. " Other instances occur to me," adds the professor, " where born scientific leaders have actually turned away to politics or business work, with results which were certainly not in the public interest." [1]

MICHAEL FARADAY

In Michael Faraday we have an example of scientific genius combined with saintly character. He was born of poor parents in London, and spent his boyhood in Marylebone. His father and mother belonged to the Sandemanian or Glasite sect, and worshipped in a small meeting-house. Through life, as Professor Tyndall has shown us, Faraday remained loyal to the faith of youth. When he offered thanks at the beginning of a meal, it was as if a child spoke in loving confidence to a Father able and willing to supply all his needs. In his whole character there was something rare and delicate.

Michael Faraday, in his earliest years, had known privation and even hunger. During the distress of 1801, the family received public relief. To Michael, who was nine years old, one loaf was given weekly, and it had to last him for that time. " My education," he wrote, " was of the most ordinary description, consisting of little more than the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic at a common day-school. My hours out of school were passed at home and in the streets." At a bookseller's shop, kept by Mr. George Riebau at No. 2, Blandford Street, Michael was employed as an errand boy, and he used to carry round the newspapers. In after-life, we are told, he never saw a newspaper boy without making some kind remark about him. " I always feel a tenderness for these boys," he said, " because I once carried newspapers myself."

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[1] **" The Sciences and Philosophy " (1929), p. 317.**

Faraday's indentures as an apprentice are dated October 7, 1805: and these words throw light on his character, " In consideration of his faithful service no premium is given." In Mr. Riebau's shop the boy had an opportunity of reading the scientific books which came under his hands. He delighted in Marcel's " Conversations in Chemistry," and the electrical treatises in the " Encyclopædia Britannica." He made simple experiments, and constructed electrical apparatus. To a friend he said that Watts's " On the Mind " first made him think, and that his attention was turned to science by the article " Electricity " in an encyclopædia he was employed to bind.[1] He also attended, with his master's approval, evening lectures on natural philosophy given by Dr. Tatum at his house near Fleet Street. His brother Robert gave him money for the admission fee of one shilling. " It was at these lectures," wrote the scientist in after years, " that I first became acquainted with Magrath, Newton, Nicol, and others." More important in his development were the visits to the Royal Institution, where at the age of twenty-one he heard a series of lectures by Sir Humphry Davy. To that great man he ventured to write, sending, as the proof of his earnestness, the notes he had taken of the last four lectures. " The reply was immediate, kind, and favourable. After this I continued to work as a bookbinder, with the exception of some days during which I was writing as an amanuensis for Sir H. Davy, at the time when the latter was wounded in the eye from an explosion of the chloride of nitrogen."

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[1] " Life and Letters of Michael Faraday," by Dr. Bence Jones, vol. i, pp. 9–11.

The letter which Sir Humphry Davy wrote to the young unknown working-man deserves to be quoted as a model of its kind:

"SIR,—I am far from displeased with the proof you have given me of your confidence, which displays great zeal, power of memory, and attention. I am obliged to go out of town, and shall not be settled in town till the end of January; I will then see you at any time you wish. It would gratify me to be of any service to you; I wish it may be in my power.

"I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"H. DAVY."

Very wisely, at their first interview, Sir Humphry advised the lad to keep in business as a bookbinder; and he promised to find him work, when the time came, at the Royal Institution.

"One night, while undressing in Weymouth Street, Faraday was startled by a loud knock at the door; and on looking out he saw a carriage from which the footman had alighted and left a note for him. This was a request from Sir H. Davy that he would call on him the next morning. The scientist then referred to their former interview, and inquired whether he was still in the same mind, telling him that if so he would give him the place of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution. . . . The salary was to be twenty-five shillings a week, with two rooms at the top of the house."[1]

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[1] "Life and Letters of Michael Faraday," by Dr. Bence Jones, vol. i, p. 56.

Michael's feet were thus securely on the lowest rungs of the ladder which led to fame. From bookseller and binder he was " turned philosopher." His friend and patron chose the youth of twenty-two to accompany him, " as philosophical assistant," on a long course of Continental travel. Though in later years Sir Humphry, to whom the world owes the invention of the miners' safety-lamp, showed a regrettable jealousy of Faraday, the younger scientist never forgot what he owed to the powerful patronage and kindly consideration of that good man. In both their lives the guiding hand is surely evident.

Dr. George Wilson

The name of Dr. George Wilson, Regius Professor of Technology, was remembered with honour in Edinburgh long after his death at the age of forty-one. His biography, written by his sister and published in 1860, was once a favourite prize-book. In George Wilson's case the tastes of the observer and collector began to unfold themselves from early boyhood. He was discovered one day making a list of precious stones from Brown's " Dictionary of the Bible." Along with his brother Daniel and a small group of friends, most of whom attended the High School of Edinburgh, he formed a " Juvenile Society for the Advancement of Knowledge." " The Society met weekly," Daniel wrote, " at our father's house, where already we had a room of our own, with our books and natural history specimens, out of which was formed the museum of the society. . . . A weekly journal was also established, of which I was constituted editor. . . . John Alexander Smith and myself, who have each since filled the office of Secretary to the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland, were already embryo numismatists, and knew a Roman denarius from a bodle as well as Edie Ochiltree himself. Our museum accordingly had its little collection of coins, penny-tokens, Chinese cash, a shilling of Edward I, and two or three dearly prized of Roman brass."

These studies prepared George Wilson for his future work as Director of the Industrial Museum of Scotland. There is a characteristic letter of his written at the age of twelve to Daniel, which is worth quoting in full, as it shows how the aptitude for a scientific career may declare itself in childhood.

Tuesday, 24th August, 1830.

"Dear Daniel,

"I was very happy to hear you had begun Botany. I forgot to mention in the letter I sent you that I got the present of Bingley's Introduction to Botany, with coloured engravings of trees, shrubs, flowers, leaves, roots, stems, and all the other component parts of flowers. From it I learn the parts of plants. On Thursday, Philip Robert Maclagan and I went out to Duddingston. We saw some beautiful dragonflies. We went on to Craigmillar, where we saw some pretty young foals in a park. We returned home by Liberton, with our boxes filled with plants. On Friday, we set off for Corstorphine; but falling in with some empty carts at the three-mile stone, we got in and rode past Corstorphine to a place called 'Four Mile Hill' (though it was six miles from Edinburgh).

"Returning, we found a great many small frogs, some half-an-inch long, others less; we took them to a neighbouring ditch. They swam very nimbly.

"I remain, your affectionate brother,
"GEORGE WILSON."

The young Wilsons owed much to their wise mother, who fostered their scientific tastes and encouraged free discussion. She took part in all their pursuits and became young again for their sakes.

The British Association held its first meeting in Edinburgh in 1834, when George was sixteen. He and his brother attended the evening meeting in the Assembly Rooms, at which Dr. Buckland lectured on geology. "I well remember," wrote Daniel, "the delight with which we both returned from listening to the humorous and attractive lecture, and seeing for ourselves, amid the gaily dressed evening assembly, some of the scientific and literary notabilities already becoming objects of the liveliest interest. George frequently alluded in after-life to the influence this meeting had on him."

SIR JAMES PAGET

Sir James Paget, one of the leading physicians of the Victorian age, resembled George Wilson in his youthful enthusiasm as a collector, and especially in his love of botany. A native of Yarmouth, he made himself acquainted with the flora of the district. Along with his brother Charles he published at the age of twenty the "Natural History of Great Yarmouth."

"I think it impossible," he wrote in after years, "to estimate too highly the influence of the study of botany on the course of my life. It introduced me into the society of studious and observant men ; it gave me an ambition for success." Looking back, he recognised that of the mere knowledge gained in the study, none had in after-life what is called practical utility. " The knowledge was useless ; the discipline of acquiring it was beyond all price." " My early associations with scientific men ; my readiness to work patiently in museums, and arrange, and make catalogues ; the unfelt power of observing and of recording facts ; these and many more helps towards happiness and success may justly be ascribed to the pursuit of botany."[1]

LORD KELVIN

William Thomson, afterwards Lord Kelvin, joined a reading-party at Cromer during his Cambridge days. It is recorded that he spent a good deal of his time spinning humming-tops, flinging skipping stones, and rolling hoops.

" It sounds sweetly childish, but problems were involved, some of which occupied him through his whole long life. In a letter dated 10 July (1844) he wrote : 'I have been investigating, as far as I have been able in the time I have been able to spare, the theory of spinning tops and rolling hoops, which is very curious and difficult. Blackburn and I have been making a great many experiments on the subject, and have collected quite a cabinet of ellipsoids of various proportions, which we find on the beach, besides having got a teetotum, humming-top, and peery. Some of the results we have obtained are very curious.' "[2]

A taste for natural history is soon discovered by a schoolmaster like Ian Maclaren's "Domsie," who watches for "lads o' pairts." "When the son of Hillocks's foreman made a collection of the insects of Drumtochty, there was a council at the manse. 'Bumbee Willie,' as he had been pleasantly called by his companions, was rescued from ridicule and encouraged to fulfil his bent. Once a year a long letter came to Mr. Patrick Jamieson, M.A., Schoolmaster, Drumtochty, N.B., and the address within was the British Museum. When Domsie read this letter to the school, he was always careful to explain that 'Dr. Graham is the greatest living authority on beetles.'"

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[1] " Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget," edited by Stephen Paget, p. 27.

[2] " Kelvin the Man," by Agnes Gardner King, p. 14.

Bishop Welldon has told us of a master at Harrow who received a letter from a German professor asking for information about an entomologist living in Harrow whose scientific papers had excited the professor's interest. It turned out that the entomologist was a boy in the master's own boarding house.[1]

An Example from Fiction

An American writer of genius, Cornelia Cannon, tells in her novel "Red Rust" how the young Swedish farmer, Matts Swenson, who was living as a drudge in his father's Minnesota homestead, found his vocation through the chance reading of a passage from Darwin. Matts had always been a quick-witted, observant lad, and he had noticed a stalk of beardless wheat when mowing the grain in one of the fields. It was bigger and heavier than any wheat he had seen before. He cut off the head and put it safely away. Late at night, by the red gleam of the lamp, when the rest of the household were abed, his eye fell on a brief item in the *American Farmer's Journal.* It was entitled "Variation and Selection," and was quoted from the same Darwin whom Matts already knew as a student of earthworms. Matts learned from the paragraph that the great gift of variability in nature might be used by man to fill the earth with the best of living things. He looked again at his guarded wheat-ear. "The narrow walls of the little cabin seemed to part and let Matts's eye of imagination look out upon endless miles of prairie growing only such rich-bearing wheat, and upon grain elevators filled to overflowing with golden kernels to feed a world of hungry men. . . . Matts thought of the thin wheat his neighbours grew, and compared it with the single heavy head he had chanced upon. Why might it not be possible for every stalk to be as superbly weighted as that ?"

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[1] Dr. Welldon, who was Headmaster of Harrow from 1885 to 1898, told this story in a *Daily Mail* article (January 28, 1929).

The young scientist had found his vocation, and in after years he conquered the menace of the red rust, which had blighted so many harvests of the Minnesota pioneers. An official of the State Agricultural School visited New Sweden after the death of Matts, and brought back an enthusiastic report to headquarters.

"'This Swenson did your fighting for you in Redskin country, but he never got rich,' said Noyes fervently. 'Didn't care about getting on, I imagine. Too full of other ideas. . . . Why, chief, it's the greatest thing that's ever happened to wheat in this country. What do you think that fellow had been doing for years ? An ignorant farmer, who went to school about ten months in his whole life, has been experimenting in raising wheat seed, and he's beaten you and me, with all the education that's been thrown away upon us besides ! '"

CHAPTER XXI

SERVANTS OF THE STATE

"EACH man," wrote Emerson, "has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea." Ancient and modern history is full of encouragement for men and women who believe that their talent calls them to national service. The precocity of William Pitt has a parallel in the case of Themistocles, who began as a child in Athens to take an interest in important affairs and questions of politics. "During his holidays and times of leisure," says Plutarch, "he did not play and trifle as other children do, but was always found arranging some speech by himself and thinking it over. The speech was always an attack on, or a defence of, some one of his playfellows. His schoolmaster was wont to say, 'You will be nothing petty, my boy; you will either be a very good or a very bad man.'"

DEMOSTHENES

Demosthenes, the eloquent opponent of Philip of Macedon, is the classic example of patience in overcoming difficulties. His favourite author was Thucydides, whose "History" he is said to have copied eight times with his own hand. He knew it so well that it was believed he could have reproduced the whole work from memory. Splendid as was his intellectual endowment, he did not possess the natural graces of the orator. "His thoughts required to be put together by careful preparation; his voice was bad and even lisping—his breath short—his gesticulation ungraceful; moreover, he was overawed and embarrassed by the manifestations of the multitude. . . . But repeated humiliation and repulse only spurred him on to fresh solitary efforts for self-improvement. He corrected his defective elocution by speaking with pebbles in his mouth; he prepared himself to overcome the noise of the assembly by declaiming in stormy weather on the sea-shore in Phalerum; he opened his lungs by running and extended his power of holding breath by pronouncing sentences in marching uphill; he sometimes passed two or three months without interruption in a subterranean chamber, practising night and day either in composition or declamation, and shaving one half of his head in order to disqualify himself for going abroad. . . . In his unremitting private practice, he devoted himself especially to acquiring a graceful diction, keeping watch on all his movements while declaiming before a tall looking-glass. After pertinacious efforts for several years, he was rewarded at length with complete success. . . . So great was the importance he attached to external means of effect that he is said to have pronounced 'Action' to be the first, second and third requisite for an orator."[1]

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[1] Grote's "History of Greece," vol. ix, pp. 263–265.

JULIUS CÆSAR

It was by courage, both physical and moral, that the young Julius Cæsar first attracted the gaze of friend and foe during the dictatorship of Sulla. We may quote on this point the testimony of Mommsen: "The courageous refusal of the youth who had scarce outgrown the age of boyhood to send a divorce to his young wife Cornelia at the bidding of the dictator, as Pompeius had in the like case done; his bold persistence in the priesthood conferred on him by Marius, but revoked by Sulla; his wanderings during the proscription with which he was threatened, and which was with difficulty averted by the intercession of his relatives; his bravery in the conflicts before Mytilene and in Cilicia, a bravery which no one had expected from the tenderly reared and almost effeminately foppish boy; even the warnings of Sulla regarding 'the boy in the petticoat' in whom more than a Marius lay concealed—all these were precisely so many recommendations in the eyes of the democratic party."[1]

JOSEPH MAZZINI

Among Italian statesmen of the Risorgimento, no name has greater lustre than that of Mazzini. A doctor's son of Genoa, he was delicate in childhood. When he was about six years old he was taken for his first walk. For the first time he saw a beggar, a venerable old man. He stood transfixed, then broke from his mother, threw his arms round the beggar's neck, and kissed him, crying, "Give him something, mother, give him something." "Love him well, lady," said the aged man; "he is one who will love the people."

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[1] "History of Rome," vol. iv, p. 279.

F. W. H. Myers, who tells this story in his essay on Mazzini, says that in men who have risen to world-reaching power we generally observe an early preponderance of one of two instincts: the instinct of rule and order, or the instinct of sympathy.

As a youth the Governor of Genoa complained to Mazzini's father that the young man who was afterwards to become one of the heroes of Italian independence "walked by himself at night, absorbed in thought." The official added, "We don't like young people thinking without knowing the subjects of their thoughts." It is not the least of Mazzini's titles to honour that he was the inspirer of Garibaldi. At a meeting of his English admirers in 1864, when Garibaldi was at the height of his popularity, he recognised Mazzini, "a neglected figure," among his audience. He seized the opportunity to confess his debt to an old friend.

"When I was a youth," he said, "and had only aspirations towards good, I sought for one able to act as the guide and counsellor of my youthful years. I sought such a guide as one who is athirst seeks the water-spring. I found this man. He alone watched when all around slept, he alone kept and fed the sacred flame. . . . This man is Joseph Mazzini; he is my friend and teacher."[1]

GRANVILLE SHARP

Granville Sharp, who played so influential a part in the second half of the eighteenth century as a liberator of the slaves, began his career, like the young George Williams, as a draper's apprentice. His father, Archdeacon Sharp, found the education of his elder sons a heavy drain on his fortune, and he sent little Greeny, as Granville was called, to the shop of a Quaker tradesman, Mr. Halsey, on Great Tower Hill. It was in 1750 at the age of fifteen that the boy removed from the quiet rectory of Rothbury in Northumberland, where he had read Shakespeare from a perch in an apple-tree in the garden, to the bustling life of London. The Archdeacon sent him this letter of affectionate advice: "I beg of you, my Dear Boy, mind what I told you about saying your prayers Morning and Night, and about going to Church on Sundays twice a day, and spending your Sunday innocently, and about your diligence in your Master's business, your respectful behaviour towards him and your Mistress and obliging carriage towards all in the family. This will make you beloved and respected by them, and tend to make your apprenticeship more easy and agreeable to yourself."[1]

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[1] Quoted by Prof. G. M. Trevelyan in his book entitled, "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic."

Granville never took a serious interest in his trade. In spare hours he studied Greek that he might refute a Socinian fellow-apprentice, and Hebrew that he might convince a Jew of the truths of Christianity. His mind was early occupied with prophetic speculations, and especially with the apocalyptic writings. "But Greek and Hebrew did not occupy the whole of his leisure. He discovered that one of his successive masters, Mr. Henry Willoughby, had a claim to the barony of Willoughby de Parham. Only the most quixotic of apprentices would have volunteered, as a return for his master's good treatment, to make the claim and carry it through to recognition; but Granville undertook it as unconcernedly as he had begun Greek and Hebrew, and, incredible as it may seem, the apprentice sent his master to sit in the House of Lords."[1]

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[1] "Granville Sharp and the Freedom of Slaves in England," by E. C. P. Lascelles (1928), p. 4.

It was the union of quixotic altruism with indomitable energy and the purest love of humanity which enabled Granville Sharp to overcome tremendous legal and social obstacles in his anti-slavery campaign.

Mr. Gladstone

W. E. Gladstone was twenty-one when he wrote from Oxford a long letter to his father, expressing the earnest desire to enter the service of the Church. He knew that his parent would have preferred him to study law as a preparation for a Parliamentary career. On August 11, 1830, he wrote in his diary, "Uncomfortable again and much distracted with doubts as to my future line of conduct. God direct me. I am utterly blind. Wrote a very long letter to my dear father on the subject of my future profession, wishing if possible to bring the subject to an immediate and final settlement."[2] As Lord Morley says, "The letter is exorbitant in length, it is vague, it is obscure; but the appeal contained in it is as earnest as any appeal from son to parent on such a subject ever was. . . . The missionary impulse, the yearning for some apostolic destination, the glow of self-devotion to a supreme external will, is a well-known element in the youth of ardent natures of either sex. In a thousand forms, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil, such a mood has played its part in history. In this case, as in many another, the impulse in its first shape did not endure, but in essence it never faded."

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[1] "Granville Sharp and the Freedom of Slaves in England," by E. C. P. Lascelles (1928), p. 6.

[2] The letter and Mr. John Gladstone's reply are printed in full at the close of vol. i of Morley's "Life of Gladstone."

John Gladstone sent a cautious reply, recommending delay in the final choice. Let the young man complete his studies at Oxford, and gain experience from foreign travel. Before the year ended, the future statesman had renounced his early dream. Again he wrote to his best counsellor, "My desires for future life are exactly coincident with yours, in so far as I am acquainted with them; believing them to be a profession of the law, with a view substantially to studying the constitutional branch of it, and a subsequent experiment as time and circumstances might offer, in what is termed public life."

Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament at the age of twenty-three, as member for Newark. He was at Milan when the proposal for his candidature reached him in a message from the Duke of Newcastle. To his father he wrote of "this stunning and overwhelming proposal." "To a nature like his," says Lord Morley, "of such eager strength of equipment; conscious of life as a battle and not a parade; apt for all external action yet with a burning glow of light and fire in the internal spirit; resolute from the first in small things and in great against aimless drift and eddy—to such a one the moment of fixing alike the goal and the track may well have been grave."

HENRY FAWCETT

Henry Fawcett, like Demosthenes, prepared himself with diligence in youth for the public career on which his ambition was set. In his schooldays he took lessons in elocution. " He learned long passages by heart, and would wander in the fields repeating them aloud. In an old chalk-pit, which was a favourite green room, he would gesticulate as he recited, till passing labourers had doubts as to his sanity. Even at this time, when the boys talked of their future lives, he always declared that he meant to be a member of Parliament,—an avowal then received with 'roars of laughter.' "[1]

" I started life as a boy," he wrote to a friend in 1856, " with the ambition some day to enter the House of Commons. Every effort, every endeavour, which I have ever put forth has had this object in view. . . . I feel that I ought to make any sacrifice, to endure any amount of labour, to obtain this position, because every day I become more deeply impressed with the powerful conviction that this is the position in which I could be of the greatest use to my fellow-men, and that I could in the House of Commons exert an influence in removing the social evils of our country, and especially the paramount one—the mental degradation of millions."[2]

It was characteristic of this great Englishman that he rose above the calamity of blindness, which fell upon him as the result of an accident when he was out shooting with his father. " Though crippled (at the age of twenty-five), he would not fall out of the ranks; rather he would keep step with the stoutest. . . . What was wonderful . . . was the indomitable resolution with which he immediately encountered his misfortune. He determined not that he would in some way evade, but that he would conquer his fate, not that he would find a new path by which the new difficulty might be turned, but that he would persevere in the old; not only this, indeed, but that he would go all the straighter to the mark, and take by storm the position which he was to have assailed by the usual approaches."[1]

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[1] Sir Leslie Stephen's " Life of Henry Fawcett," p. 14.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 38, 39.

Henry Fawcett rose to be Postmaster-General in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1880. He was one of the most efficient administrators of that high office, and one of the most trusted of Liberal statesmen.

Louis Botha

The career of General Louis Botha, the soldier-statesman of South Africa, illustrates the saying in St. John's Gospel, "He leadeth them out." It was through the frustration of his early purposes that he acquired the independence which fitted him to be the leader of his nation in the hour of trial, and the creator of its destinies. His father owned a stock-farm in the Orange Free State, and after his death in 1883 thirteen sons and daughters came together for the distribution of the estate. They lived in different parts of that extensive country, and some of them were almost strangers to each other. Louis Botha, the seventh child, who was at that time under twenty-one years old, proposed that the estate should be left undivided and entrusted to his own management. During his father's declining years he had practically managed the farm, and he thought it would pay all concerned to keep the property intact. The family council hesitated to trust so young a man with the conduct of affairs, and resolved upon division. Louis was hurt by their want of faith in him. " Touched in his pride as a capable cattle-rancher, disappointed by the business decisions of his relatives (of which he disapproved), Louis Botha gave orders to inspan the waggon that formed part of his inheritance. A brief adieu, and off he went to Natal, accompanied by a younger brother. He was able to bear the knowledge that others under-estimated his ability with undiminished pride ; confidence in his own powers and enterprise were his in full measure. . . . As to South Africa, it had occasion to be grateful to the domestic event that decided the fate of one of its greatest sons."[1]

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[1] *Ibid.*, p. 52.

A fellow-statesman who knew him most intimately, General Smuts, says of Botha that " he had his roots deep in the invisible." His trust was in that Divine Providence which guides the fortunes of men. " Great as soldier, greater as statesman, he was greatest as friend by right of his sheer humanity and sympathy."

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[1] " General Louis Botha," by Dr. F. V. Engelenburg (1929), pp. 21, 22.

CHAPTER XXII

THREE MEN OF LETTERS

(1) A PHILOSOPHIC THINKER : JOHN LOCKE

IN the career of John Locke, author of the "Essay Concerning Human Understanding," we have an example of one who was guided towards his main achievement by a series of events which to himself and others may have seemed mere fortunate accidents. The seventy-two years of his life, as Dr. Campbell Fraser has shown, "coincide at first with some of the stormiest and most momentous in the history of England, and then with the compromise and peaceful settlement in which he bore an influential part." Locke himself wrote in the Restoration year: "I had no sooner perceived myself in the world but I found myself in a storm, which has lasted almost hitherto."

He was born in 1632 at Wrington, under the shadow of the Mendip Hills. His father, whose sympathies were so strongly with the Puritan cause that he served as an officer in the Parliament Army, owned the small property of Beluton, six miles from Bristol. This estate, though much diminished by the expenses of the war-years, enabled Locke, as his father's heir, to occupy his time in later life with independent study. For six years he was a pupil at Westminster School, and for fifteen his home was at Oxford. Though he had gained a scholarship at Christ Church, he was regarded in his undergraduate days as "a man of turbulent spirit, clamorous and discontented." He was awakened to intellectual life by the writings of Descartes. His friend Lady Masham quoted his own testimony that "the first books which gave him a relish to philosophical things" were those of the French writer.

An accident brought him from the retirement of Christ Church into the political world of London. This came about through a meeting with Lord Ashley, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, who had visited Oxford in order to consult Dr. Thomas, a noted physician of the time. Dr. Thomas chanced to be absent one day, and entrusted the care of his patient to young Locke, who was occupied with medical studies. "The intercourse thus brought about between the versatile statesman and the Christ Church student, with his many-sided interests, ripened into friendship. 'Soon after, my lord, returning to London, desired Mr. Locke that from that time he would look upon his house as his own house, and that he would let him see him there in London as soon as he could.'" Oxford was exchanged for Exeter House in the Strand, and "Locke became factotum of the most striking political personage in the reign of Charles the Second."[1]

If an accident brought the university scholar, aged thirty-five, into the society of the great and powerful, a chance incident of a different kind led to the writing of his "Essay." The idea of the work had its origin in a meeting of friends, probably in the winter of 1670. "Were it fit," says Locke, "to trouble thee with the history of this 'Essay,' I should tell thee that five or six friends meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand, by the difficulties that arose on every side. After we had a while puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer to a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts that we took a wrong course; and that before we set ourselves upon inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were or were not fitted to deal with."

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[1] From the introduction to Dr. Campbell Fraser's edition of Locke's "Essay."

Locke was nearly forty when he engaged in the intellectual enterprise which was to bring him a world-wide reputation in philosophy, and he was occupied at intervals with his task till his fifty-eighth year. One of the party of friends, James Tyrrell, left a manuscript note on his copy of the "Essay" (now in the British Museum) in which he says that the difficulties to which Locke refers arose in the course of a discussion about "the principles of morality and revealed religion."

"The subject," as Professor Fraser adds, "is indeed not far removed from the theory of human knowledge, which inevitably mixes itself up with all profound ethical and religious thought; and Locke's undertaking was thus associated from the first with the mysteries of existence of which religion promised a practical solution."

(2) PATRICK FRASER TYTLER

Patrick Fraser Tytler, who wrote in nine volumes a standard history of Scotland, gave little promise as a boy of an interest in literary pursuits. He was popular with his schoolfellows because of his generous disposition and his spirited and manly character. His father, Lord Woodhouselee, early remarked the ability which lay under his apparent carelessness and inattention. "You do not understand the boy," he would say. "I tell you he is a wonderful boy. Look at the eager expression of his countenance far above his years; he is drinking in every word. You tell me he never opens an improving book; that it must always be an amusing story for him. I am much mistaken if he does not read grave enough books by and by."

Patrick was nineteen years old when he wrote, in a letter to his brother Alexander, that the passion for history had been aroused in him at Chobham House School, where he studied under an excellent master, the Rev. Charles Jerram. After speaking of his progress in the classics, he said, "But I acquired a high relish for another noble branch of literature, which I am at present pursuing with the greatest pleasure. I mean *history*. I there read Robertson's admirable 'History of Charles V,' and wrote short notes upon it. Since that I have been reading Machiavel's 'History of Florence,' Watson's 'Philip II,' Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' Clarendon's noble work on the Rebellion, Sully's 'Memoirs,' Clarendon's 'Life,' Voltaire's 'Charles XII,' 'Papa's Elements,' Chevalier Ramsay's 'Life of Turenne,' Junius's 'Letters,' the 'Life of Lord Chatham'; and I am now engaged with Hume and Rapin's 'Acta Regia.' What do you think of history, my dear Sandie? To me it seems the noblest of all studies. To say that it is entertaining is the least praise. It is the school of statesmen and warriors; and the pleasure, next to living in the times, and being a witness to the actions of these, is that of reading their lives and actions."

(3) J. R. Green

John Richard Green, the historian of the English people, was the son of an Oxford tailor, who is described by Leslie Stephen as a man of great tenderness and simplicity. John was constantly asking him questions to which the ordinary reply was, " I do not know, but I will try to find out." Though not prosperous, he was determined to do everything in his power to secure a good education for his children.

" Our home was not a happy one," the historian confessed in after years. " The only gleam of light in it was my father's love for and pride in me. He was always very gentle and considerate; he brought me up by love and not by fear, and always hated to hear of punishment and blows. I was fourteen when he died, but I recall little of him save this vague tenderness; a walk when he encouraged me to question him 'about everything'; his love of my voice—a clear, weak, musical child's voice—and of my musical ear and faculty for catching tunes; and his pride in my quickness and the mass of odd things which I knew. Looking back on the traits of his character which I recall, I see that he was a weak rather than a strong man, save in the strength of his love; but I can never honour him too much, for his whole thought was of his children, and above all of me. We were poor, but he was resolved that I should have a good education; and if I have done anything in the world since, it is to that resolve of his that I owe it. I recall not a single harsh word or look—his temper indeed was sweet and sunny save when it was overcast by the troubles of his life; but I recall dimly instance after instance when he encouraged me in my love of books or shielded me from the harsh rebukes of people who could not understand my absent, shy, unboyish ways."

Like Patrick Fraser Tytler in a different social circle, the boy acquired a passion for reading in general and especially for history. "I can recall now," he says, "my first discovery of Quixote, and the delight with which I hoarded a stray volume of Hume which wandered into the children's room, and contained his character of Elizabeth. When I was writing my own character of her the other day I wondered whether in the days to come some shy, absent boy would find in it the delight I found in Hume's."

The Magdalen Grammar School, which he entered about the age of eight, was "like a new world." "The two years from eight to ten are as distinct as all before them is dim, and in recalling them there is to me, at least, the pleasure of one who at last discovers *himself*."[1]

J. R. Green's enthusiasm for historical study, which had dwindled during his first two years as an undergraduate at Jesus College, was revived by a course of lectures he heard from Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster. Writing in 1863 to congratulate Dr. Stanley on his engagement to Lady Augusta Bruce, the future historian thus acknowledged his debt: "I was utterly miserable when I wandered into your lecture-room, and my recollection of what followed is not so much of any definite words as of a great unburthening. Then and after I heard you speak of work not as a thing and classes and fellowships, but as something worthy for its own sake, worthy because it made us like the great worker. That sermon on work was like a revelation to me. ‘If you cannot or will not work at the work which Oxford gives you, at any rate work at something.’ I took up my old boy-dream—history—I think I have been a steady worker ever since. And so in religion, it was not so much a creed you taught me as fairness. . . . Of course there were other influences—Carlyle helped me to work; above all, Montaigne helped me to fairness. But the personal impression of a living man must always be greater and more vivid than those of books.”[1]

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[1] "Letters of J. R. Green," edited by Leslie Stephen, pp. 5–7.

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[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 18, 19.

CHAPTER XXIII

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

ONE main factor in the upward trend of animal life, says Professor Whitehead, has been the power of wandering. " Mankind has wandered from the trees to the plains, from the plains to the sea coast, from climate to climate, from continent to continent, and from habit of life to habit of life. When man ceases to wander, he will cease to ascend in the scale of being."[1]

Carlyle attaches importance to the journeys which Mahomet made in youth. He accompanied his uncle on trading expeditions, and of these the most distant was to the fairs of Syria. " The young man here first came in contact with a quite foreign world—with one foreign element of endless moment to him : the Christian religion. I know not what to make of that ' Sergius, the Nestorian Monk,' whom Abu Thaleb and he are said to have lodged with ; or how much any monk could have taught one still so young. Probably enough it is greatly exaggerated, this of the Nestorian Monk. Mahomet was only fourteen ; had no language but his own : much in Syria must have been a strange unintelligible whirlpool to him. But the eyes of the lad were open ; glimpses of many things would doubtless be taken in and lie very enigmatic as yet, which were to ripen in a strange way into views, into beliefs and insights one day. These journeys to Syria were probably the beginning of much to Mahomet."[1]

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[1] " Science and the Modern World," p. 258.

On the advantages of travel for young men of quality, various opinions were held in the age of the Puritans. Hall, Bishop of Exeter, wrote strongly against the practice, but Sir John Eliot took a different view. As a prisoner in the Tower, Sir John was anxious to provide occupation for his two sons, who were rather unsteady. He decided that one should serve a campaign in the Low Countries, and that the other should travel in France. John Hampden wrote a letter on the subject to his friend Eliot which proves, as Macaulay says, that his Puritanism was perfectly compatible with the sentiments and the tastes of an accomplished gentleman.

The letter runs thus[2]: "I am so perfectly acquainted with your clear insight into the dispositions of men, and ability to fit them with courses suitable, that, had you bestowed sons of mine as you have done your own, my judgment durst hardly have called it into question, especially when, in laying the design, you have prevented the objections to be made against it. For if Mr. Richard Eliot will, in the intermissions of action, add study to practice, and adorn that lively spirit with flowers of contemplation, he will raise our expectations of another Sir Edward Vere, that had this character—all summer in the field, all winter in his study—in whose fall fame makes this kingdom a great loser; and having taken this resolution from council with the highest wisdom, as I doubt not you have, I hope and pray that the same power will crown it with a blessing answerable to our wish. The way you take with my other friend shows you to be none of the Bishop of Exeter's converts; of whose mind neither am I superstitiously. But had my opinion been asked, I should, as vulgar conceits use to do, have showed my power rather to raise objections than to answer them. A temper between France and Oxford, might have taken away his scruples, with more advantage to his years. . . . For although he be one of those that, if his age were looked for in no other book than that of the mind, would be found no ward if you should die tomorrow, yet it is a great hazard, methinks, to see so sweet a disposition guarded with no more, amongst a people whereof many make it their religion to be superstitious in impiety, and their behaviour to be affected in ill manners. But God, who only knoweth the periods of life and opportunities to come, hath designed him, I hope, for his own service betime, and stirred up your providence to husband him so early for great affairs. Then shall he be sure to find Him in France that Abraham did in Sechem and Joseph in Egypt, under whose wing alone is perfect safety."

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[1] "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

[2] Quoted by Macaulay in his "Essay on Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden."

Tennyson in "Locksley Hall" describes the longing in a boy's mind to spend his energies amid the life of a city:

"Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

"And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

"And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:

> "Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new :
> That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

The young Joseph Conrad, at the age of nine, put his finger on the unexplored centre in a map of Africa and said to himself, "When I grow up I shall go *there*."

For a more detailed study of the adventure-vocation, we choose examples from the lives of Joseph Thomson and George Leigh Mallory.

JOSEPH THOMSON

The African discoverer was a son of Nithsdale. The biography written by his brother James belongs to the precious annals of Scottish heroism. We see Joseph from early boyhood as "giving a lead to others," exercising an unconscious ascendancy among his playfellows. He had continually a troop of his comrades about him, and "although some of these were bigger and older than himself, he was always the unquestioned leader in their pranks and plays."

He attended the public school of Thornhill, under Mr. Hewison, "a fine specimen of the now almost extinct type of parish 'dominie.'" "My earliest recollections (wrote Mr. Hewison) of the African explorer is that of a rubicund, open-countenanced boy appearing in the playground on a fine May morning of 1869 as 'the new scholar.' From the day he entered till the day he left some years afterwards, he was indubitably the favourite of the school. . . . He rode to school on a pony, and it was a common occurrence to see him draw 'Donald' close up to a gate to enable one little fellow to get on before him and another behind him, for a cantering lift homewards." There were two things which he set himself steadily to combat. The first was the bullying of the girls, the other profanity and indecent talk. "For the rest, he was one of the most companionable of boys, . . . ever ready to lead off in any piece of genuine fun, or to indulge in a daring frolic." Passionately fond of reading, he used to lie for hours with a favourite author under the shady chestnut trees in the playground, or would climb into the schoolhouse by a window in the early morning that he might read in quiet till the classes assembled. The novels of Scott and the stories of R. M. Ballantyne were read and re-read. In Shakespeare he delighted, and the "Ingoldsby Legends" he could repeat almost by heart. His imagination became fired, his brother tells us, with the marvellous feats of horsemanship which form part of the stock material of backwoods adventure stories. Being himself full of the spirit of adventure, he would try to reproduce some of those feats. Many an extraordinary performance he and Donald had on the quiet.

"It was when he was about eleven years of age that the bent of mind which was practically to determine the drift of his life became discernible to himself." A book of travel was put in his hands, and he demanded others. "With the lives of Mungo Park, Bruce, Moffat, and others, he was soon perfectly familiar. Then the works of Livingstone fell into his hands. He greedily devoured them, and they seem to have awakened new thoughts within him. The mystery and pathos of Africa's darkness here came near to him and laid hold of his imagination." When the news arrived that an expedition was to be sent out to search for Livingstone, Joseph Thomson begged his parents to allow him to join it. On hearing that Stanley had found Livingstone, he rushed to tell his father the great tidings. Already his resolution was taken. He would be an African explorer. "There never was a more notable case," says his brother, "of a boy instinctively discovering his vocation and resolving to prepare himself for it." He "hardened" himself by sleeping on the floor or among the heather and bracken. Indefatigable as a pedestrian, there was hardly a hill or glen from the Enterkin Pass to the Solway which he had not explored. "The shepherd in lonely unfrequented spots, or the curious gamekeeper suspicious of poachers, would anxiously watch the solitary lad as, hammer in hand, he clambered over rocks or peered into forbidden places. Professor Archibald Geikie found him exploring the mysteries of Crichope Linn, and a firm friendship began between the distinguished geologist and the youthful worker, which continued after Thomson had entered Edinburgh University. Sir Archibald Geikie recommended Thomson, who at the time was only twenty, as geologist and naturalist on the Keith-Johnston expedition to East Central Africa in 1878. The death of Johnston threw the command of the enterprise on the inexperienced lad of twenty-one. Though himself suffering from illness he pressed forward, and on November 3, 1879, the party reached the southernmost point of Lake Tanganyika. He led his men over some three thousand miles, more than half of which lay through regions unknown to the geographer. He had tactfully and with unstained hands dealt with hostile and troublesome tribes so as to make it easier for other men to follow him, and he had returned with his caravan unbroken and loyal. He had, as yet, hardly passed the threshold of manhood, but he had already established for himself the right to be considered a worthy successor of Park and Livingstone."[1] This was the first and in some respects the most notable of his exploring journeys.

Sir James Barrie has said of Thomson's success in dealing with the natives of Africa, " His patience there stands only second to his humanity; he seems to have been tolerant and conciliatory beyond almost all who have headed caravans, and to have left a sweet name behind him among all the tribes with whom he had sojourned."

Joseph Thomson died at thirty-seven, worn out by the toils and sufferings of his strenuous career. " It is such as he," wrote the *Pall Mall Gazette*, " who have built up and maintained our Empire." And these words of the President of the Geographical Society may be added, " Joseph Thomson had the high and glorious distinction of never having caused the death of a single native."

Mallory of Everest

George Leigh Mallory was from infancy noted for his daring and self-reliance. " Walls, roofs and trees seemed to be his natural playground. It is recorded that at the age of seven he was banished from the nursery at tea-time for unruly behaviour, and sent to his own room, but was presently discovered climbing about on the church roof. " I did go to my room," he protested, " to fetch my cap." In 1900 he won a scholarship at Winchester. He used to speak of the enjoyment and the self-reliance he derived from football. " Evidently while at school it occupied his mind a good deal, and again, during the war, the standard he had then set himself was invoked as a measure of conduct in sterner surroundings. ' In turning over and weighing my own personal courage,' he wrote in 1916, ' I have found myself repeating words from one of the little volumes of Artillery Training . . . " such a complete absence of self-interest, that he will do his duty in the hour of danger *coolly* and *accurately* " '—and he goes on to reflect that he is taken back, for reassurance, to football days at Winchester."[1]

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[1] " Joseph Thomson, African Explorer," by his brother (Rev. J. B. Thomson, Greenock).

That Mallory should so early have made a mark in the climbing world was due largely to his good fortune in going to Winchester. " Few men have the chance of serious climbing before they leave school, but at Winchester Mallory met Mr. R. L. G. Irving, and was introduced by him at the age of eighteen to guideless climbing in the Alps. He was already a fine gymnast, and from the first his perfect balance and adventurous agility carried him on from one triumph to another."

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[1] " George Leigh Mallory," by David Pye, pp. 7, 8.

Part Four

PREPARATION FOR SPIRITUAL LEADERSHIP

FOREWORD

THERE are princes in the Kingdom of the Twice-born, to whom has been entrusted the guidance of the human race in its quest for God. Their origin is sometimes as obscure as that of the Swiss mountaineers who led adventurous travellers, seventy years ago, to the conquest of Alpine peaks. They came and went like those friars of whom the barber Nello in " Romola " remarked carelessly to his companions : " One of the Frati Predicatori ; you don't expect me to know the private history of the crows." Some have lived in forest-huts, like Ruysbroeck l'Admirable, of whom Maurice Maeterlinck has written : " He was alone and poor ; and yet, in the depths of this obscure forest of Brabant, his mind, ignorant and simple as it was, received, all unconsciously, dazzling sunbeams from all the lonely, mysterious peaks of human thought." Modern scholarship has counted time and riches well-spent, if only new facts could be discovered about the men and women who in their own age were distinguished by sanctity, and whose footsteps yet remaining testify, as Thomas à Kempis puts it, that they were indeed holy and perfect disciples of their Lord.

Professor Martin Rade[1] has lately sought to identify the word *ecclesia* with the word *élite*, building on the text, " Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people." Certain it is that within the Church itself there has been an elect society. By their lives, and often by their writings, these men and women have added to the most sacred possessions of the human spirit. Of such T. H. Green was thinking when he wrote that the enthusiasm of the great Puritans was not puritanic or English only. "It belonged to the universal spiritual force which as ecstasy, mysticism, quietism, philosophy, is in permanent collision with the carnal interests of the world, and which, if it conquers them for a moment, yet again sinks under them, that it may transmute them more thoroughly to its service."[1]

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[1] Editor of " Die Christliche Welt."

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[1] "Works," vol. iii, p. 364.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CALL RECEIVED IN CHILDHOOD

THERE are indications, alike in Holy Scripture and in secular history, that the Divine plan for rare and consecrated personalities often begins to unfold itself in youth.

J. H. Newman, in his sermon " The Early Years of David," draws a parallel between David and Joseph in the trials of their boyhood, so nobly met. " Both distinguished for piety in youth, the youngest and the despised of their respective brethren, they are raised, after a long trial, to a high station, as ministers of God's Providence." Of David he adds, " He inherits the prompt faith and magnanimity of Abraham; he is simple as Isaac; he is humble as Jacob; he has the youthful wisdom and self-possession, the tenderness, the affectionateness, and the firmness of Joseph. And, as his own especial gift, he has an overflowing thankfulness, an ever-burning devotion, a zealous fidelity for his God, a high unshaken loyalty towards his King, an heroic bearing in all circumstances, such as the multitudes of men see to be great, but cannot understand."[1]

No passage in St. Teresa's life has taken a firmer hold on literature than her brief account of the plan she formed in early childhood to travel with a brother to the country of the Moors, in the hope that they might both win the martyr's crown. George Eliot chose that scene as a prelude to " Middlemarch." " Who that cares much to know the history of man," she writes, " and how the mysterious mixture behaves under the varying experiments of Time, has not dwelt, at least briefly, on the life of Saint Teresa, has not smiled with some gentleness at the thought of the little girl walking forth one morning hand-in-hand with her still smaller brother, to go and seek martyrdom in the country of the Moors ? Out they toddled from rugged Avila, wide-eyed and helpless-looking as two fawns, but with human hearts, already beating to a national idea ; until domestic reality met them in the shape of uncles, and turned them back from their great resolve. That child-pilgrimage was a fit beginning. Teresa's passionate, ideal nature demanded an epic life : what were many-volumed romances of chivalry and the social conquests of a brilliant girl to her ? Her flame quickly burned up that light fuel ; and fed from within, soared after some illimitable satisfaction, some object which would never justify weariness, which would reconcile self-despair with the rapturous consciousness of life beyond self. She found her epos in the reform of a religious order."

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[1] " Parochial and Plain Sermons," vol. iii, p. 58.

Père Gratry, in his " Life " of the young French saint Henri Perreyve, quotes these words from his friend's will, " God, to whom I had the blessing of dedicating myself at the age of twelve." Perreyve wrote also in his " Discours sur l'Histoire de France " : " Do you remember the time when you were twelve ? To many that is the most important moment of life ; a time of angelic purity. The mind is no longer dormant ; it is able to see and understand ; it sees that God is good, and that to serve Him is to reign with Him. Yes, at that age men believe in heaven; they are alive to the beauty of heavenly things; they know how to kneel down."

Jacques Bénigne Bossuet, the most eloquent of French preachers in the age of Louis XIV, is said to have made, in his fifteenth year, a discovery of the Bible. "The studious boy is shown to us approaching a volume that lay open in his uncle's library at Dijon, pausing before it because to him all printed pages held promise of enjoyment, giving a curious glance at one line or another until the spell of Isaiah's solemn poetry fell on him and he became absorbed. Thenceforward all his learning was focussed on his study of the Scriptures."[1]

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[1] "Jacques Bénigne Bossuet," by M. K. Sanders (1921), p. 8.

CHAPTER XXV

"THE VOICE OBEYED AT PRIME"

BROTHER LAWRENCE, author of "The Practice of the Presence of God," remembered with thankfulness that he was converted at the age of eighteen. He told that in the winter, "seeing a tree stripped of its leaves, and considering that within a little time the leaves would be renewed, and after that the flowers and fruit appear, he received a high view of the Providence and power of God, which was never afterwards effaced from his soul. This view had set him perfectly loose from the world, and kindled in him such a love for God, that he could not tell whether it had increased in above forty years that he lived since."

Christian biography proves that men and women who were destined to exercise an enduring and far-extended spiritual influence have in many cases received their call between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. Examples from the Middle Ages will be found in the lives of two contemporary mystics, Richard Rolle and Henry Suso, who drew around them many disciples.

Richard Rolle of Hampole

Evelyn Underhill has said of St. Francis of Assisi, and of the Yorkshire hermit, Richard Rolle: "They ran away to God as other lads have run away to sea, sure that their only happiness lay in total self-giving to the one great adventure of life." The lovely village of Thornton Dale, near Pickering, was the birthplace of Richard. He must have played as a child by the swiftly-flowing clear beck which runs beside the street. In that far-off age of Edward II toy bridges of wood and stone must have led, as they do to-day, from cottage doors across the stream to the highway. Near the bridgehead, on a mound, stands the parish church, the modern successor of an old Norman building within which Richard may have preached in his hermit's frock. The records of his career are scanty, but his birth-year is usually given as 1300, and he died, probably of the Black Plague, in 1349. In later life he made his home at Hampole, near Doncaster, where a few mouldering stones, let into houses, mark the only survivals of a once flourishing religious house. His friends were sure that he deserved canonisation, and they prepared for him an Office from which the few authentic facts of his career must now be gleaned. Owing to the unsettled state of the country and the Church, the final steps for his canonisation were never taken.

He had been sent to Oxford about the age of fourteen by the Archdeacon of Durham, and in his nineteenth year he left the University in obedience to a mysterious summons. He returned to his father's home at Thornton Dale, fashioned for himself in haste a hermit's dress, and fled across the moors in search of a den or cave where he might live in solitary contemplation. In the words of Professor Rufus Jones, " He kept himself free from the ecclesiastical system of his age, he owned no head but Christ, and he had no creed but love." Richard Rolle was not an enclosed anchorite like

Julian of Norwich, or his own disciple, Margaret Kirkby. As a hermit in the reign of Edward II he had a recognised position. He was free to move from one cell to another, and he must at least have had at his disposal abundant supplies of ink and paper. His literary output was astonishing, and he is recognised as the chief founder in England of the cult of the Holy Name of Jesus. He was a precursor of the Lollards, and may have met Wyclif. Richard was still in the early twenties when he wrote his meditations on the opening verses of Canticles. The text, " Thy name is as ointment poured forth " was the motto verse of those who offered their prayers in the Holy Name.

It was after four years of solitude and contemplation that the youthful hermit attained for the first time to mystical ecstasy. His one aim was " to study perfection, and how he could advance in the contemplative life, and burn in divine love." His experiences are related most distinctly in the "Incendium Amoris," one of the classics of English mystical literature.

HENRY SUSO

The Blessed Henry Suso, whose fatherland was Swabia, experienced a change of heart in his eighteenth year. In his autobiography he writes of himself under the name of " the Servitor." He must have been introduced to the monastic life soon after the age of twelve, for he says that though the Servitor had worn the religious habit for five years before his perfect conversion to God, " his soul was still dissipated within him. . . . He felt at all times a gnawing reproach within, and yet he could not help himself, until the kind God set him free from it, by turning him. His companions marvelled at the speedy change, wondering how it had come over him ; and one said this and another that, but as to how it was, no one either guessed or came near to guessing it ; for it was a secret illumination and drawing sent by God, and it wrought in him with speed a turning away from creatures."

Dean Inge compares the " Life " of Suso, as told by himself, with the " Revelations " of Dame Julian of Norwich, and the " Imitation of Christ." " There is much in common," he remarks, " among these writers. A certain charming *naïveté*, unstudied grace and dignity, and a limpid clearness of expression, are to be found in them all. . . . In the case of Suso, as in those of St. Augustine, Luther, George Fox, and several others, the call came through a verse of Holy Scripture. ' Forsake all ' were the words that sounded like the voice of a trumpet in the ears of Suso."

He was very young when he devoted himself to the service of the Eternal Wisdom. He loved to hear the Book of Proverbs and other wisdom literature read at table in his monastery, and thoughts would come to him like these : " Truly thou shouldst make trial of thy fortune, whether perchance this high mistress, of whom thou hast heard tell such marvels, will become thy love ; for in truth thy wild young heart cannot remain long without a love." Too soon for his earthly happiness he learned that " by ancient right, love and suffering go together. There is no wooer but he is a sufferer ; no lover but he is a martyr." He accepted that thought so literally that among the saints of the fourteenth century he was most ruthless in self-mortification. It was not till the age of forty that he received a command to discontinue his extreme austerities. His nature was gentle, courageous, lovable, and his mind was filled, like that of St. Francis of Assisi, with tender poetic imagery. In the chapter entitled " Sursum Corda " he tells that when these words were intoned in Divine worship he called before his inward eyes all living things. " I gather round me all the creatures which God ever created in heaven, or earth, and in all the elements, each one severally with its name, whether birds of the air, beasts of the forest, fishes of the water, leaves and grass of the earth, or the innumerable sand of the sea; and to these I add all the little specks of dust which glance in the sunbeams, with all the little drops of water which ever fell or are falling from dew, snow, or rain; and I wish that each of these had a sweetly-sounding stringed instrument, fashioned from my heart's inmost blood, striking on which they might send up to our dear and gentle God a new and lofty strain of praise for ever and ever. And then the loving arms of my soul stretch out and extend themselves towards the innumerable multitude of all creatures, and my intention is, just as a free and blithesome leader of a choir stirs up the singers of his company, even so to turn them all to good account by inciting them to sing joyously, and to offer up their hearts to God. *Sursum corda.*"

COUNT ZINZENDORF

Count Zinzendorf, founder of the Moravian Church, was in his nineteenth year when, on his way to Holland, he arrived at Düsseldorf and visited the picture gallery. One picture in especial riveted his attention. "It was," says he, "an *Ecce Homo* with an admirable expression, above which are found these words :

> 'I suffered this for thee :
> What hast thou done for Me ?'

I felt that I had done very little ; and begged my Saviour to compel me to suffer with Him if I did not do so voluntarily." He was only nineteen when as a student at Utrecht he adopted as his device the word *Eternitati*.[1]

J. H. Newman

J. H. Newman was brought up from childhood to take delight in reading the Bible. About the age of fifteen he experienced "a great change of thought." "I fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured. Above and beyond the conversations and sermons of the excellent man, long dead, the Rev. Walter Mayers, of Pembroke College, Oxford, who was the human means of this beginning of divine faith in me, was the effect of the books which he put into my hands, all of the school of Calvin. One of the first books I read was a work of Romaine's ; I neither recollect the title nor the contents, except one doctrine, which of course I do not include among those which I believe to have come from a divine source, viz. the doctrine of final perseverance. I received it at once, and believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious (and of which I still am more certain than that I have hands and feet) would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory. I have no consciousness that this belief had any tendency whatever to lead me to be careless about pleasing God. I retained it till the age of twenty-one, when it gradually faded away; but I believe that it had some influence on my opinions in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two and two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator; for while I considered myself predestined to salvation, my mind did not dwell upon others, as fancying them simply passed over, not predestined to eternal death. I only thought of the mercy to myself."

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[1] From the English translation of Felix Bovet's "Life of Zinzendorf," p. 44.

Newman speaks of his debt to "the writer who made a deeper impression on my mind than any other, and to whom (humanly speaking) I almost owe my soul—Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford. I so admired and delighted in his writings that, when I was an Undergraduate, I thought of making a visit to his Parsonage, in order to see a man whom I so deeply revered. I hardly think I could have given up the idea of this expedition even after I had taken my degree; for the news of his death in 1821 came upon me as a disappointment as well as a sorrow. I hung upon the lips of Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, as in two sermons at St. John's Chapel he gave the history of Scott's life and death. I had been possessed of his 'Force of Truth' and 'Essays' from a boy; his 'Commentary' I bought when I was an Undergraduate."

William Law's "Serious Call" impressed young Newman as it had impressed Dr. Johnson.

We may further illustrate the subject of this chapter from two of the most remarkable of Anglican biographies, the "Lives" of Canon Temple Gairdner of Cairo, and Bishop Chavasse of Liverpool.

CANON GAIRDNER OF CAIRO

The name of Temple Gairdner of Cairo deserves to be honoured, among Christian messengers to Islam, like that of Ramon Lull in the Middle Ages. He was a son of Sir William Gairdner, Professor of Medicine in the University of Glasgow, and was born at Ardrossan in 1873. A child of brilliant promise and with every social advantage, he seemed likely to gratify his parents' ambition by adopting some public career. But "a blow fell which for ever settled the direction" of his life. The brother next to him, his crony and boon companion Hugh, fell ill and died. To his mother Temple wrote after this great shock and sorrow: "The nothingness of 'successful life,' 'popularity,' 'influence,' and of many things I had before prized, was very plain to me when I knelt over him on Monday evening. I felt then that unless I could get to a greater extent the one thing needful—search for it and get it—then I would live in vain: that these were indeed nothing, the others indeed immortal." And again, "I can see a first term at Oxford wholly given to self . . . then when I knelt by Hugh's bed, I first felt the necessity of putting Christ first and the rest nowhere. It was the absorbing sense that we were not entrusting him to a shadowy future life, but indeed into the very arms of Jesus.

. . . And then I knew that henceforth there could be but one duty for me, to follow where I heard Him calling."[1]

The decision was confirmed in his later career at Oxford, where he became a leader of the " Oiccu " (Oxford Inter-Collegiate Christian Union), a band of hot-hearted evangelical undergraduates, who had been influenced to some extent by the Keswick movement for higher holiness. They used to march arm-in-arm along the High Street singing hymns, they held meetings for prayer and Bible study, and gave open-air addresses at the Martyrs' Memorial.

A Congress of Christian Unions was held in the city, and of this Gairdner wrote : " I attended the conference—a perfectly new experience for me at that time. I remember that the result of the meetings on me was to focus all the desires and emotions of months into a passionate desire for *service*. Then came the Sunday. . . . I don't believe the addresses were up to much. . . . But the last of the speakers, the President of the O.I.C.C.U., a man named Alvarez, now a missionary in West Africa, rose and spoke. What he *said* wasn't much (he told me afterwards he thought he had made an absolute mess of it), but a *spirit* was in him, and in face, tone, and words, which was prepared for me, and I for it. A living Spirit —Christ. I was deeply moved, but not ' emoted ' —rather taken possession of. And immediately on the breaking up of the meeting I went up to him and asked if I might speak to him. It was in Hertford Hall, and he took me to a room on a staircase to the left of the quad as you enter. He didn't in the least understand what was passing in me, and as I didn't understand either, I couldn't possibly tell him. But he solved it by our kneeling together. I can't remember anything of his prayer except the first sentence: 'O Lord Jesus, we thank Thee that Thou dost indeed make us lie down in green pastures, and lead us in the still waters.' . . . There was a silence, and then, to my own amazement, I found myself forced to the utterance of my first audible prayer. It was something like this, 'O God, Thou knowest that I do not want anything else but to serve Thee and men, always, all my life. Amen."[1]

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[1] " Temple Gairdner of Cairo," by C. E. Padwick, pp. 22, 23.

In that prayer lay the self-dedication of a knightly soul, and he was prepared already for the "compelling call" which came to him in 1893, at the age of twenty.

He was attending a students' camp meeting at Keswick, and his prayer was for bravery. "The campers were challenged at their first meeting to choose out one uncomely characteristic and claim in Jesus' Name 'to have it forth.' Temple Gairdner's choice would have surprised his friends: 'I chose cowardice, physical and moral. That night my heart was full; my prayers were inarticulate. Bravery . . . my deepest petition.' Next day he wrote: 'Resolved at eleven that there was nothing now between me and S.V.M.U.[2] Oh for bravery!'

"On the morning of the third day a silent transaction took place. He went out by the lake with his friend J. H. Oldham, his prayer for bravery still burdening his spirit. Suddenly he burst out, 'Look here! If we are not right, let's get right!' They knelt there in the fields. 'We did not rise,' says Gairdner, ' till we had claimed light through Christ and received it. 'Twas God's instruction. I had prayed for Bravery and suddenly I felt that I would not mind being beaten for Christ. Then I knew that I was right with God, my prayer was answered.' "

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[1] *Ibid.*, pp. 24, 25.

[2] Students' Volunteer Missionary Union.

The " Life " of Temple Gairdner, written by his fellow-worker, Constance Padwick, belongs to the most authentic records of modern missionary heroism. He died at the age of fifty-five, having laboured with slight recognition and amid many disappointments.

Bishop Chavasse of Liverpool

Speaking in the House of Commons in June 1928, the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, referred to the comprehensiveness of the Church of England as including men of various types. " I will only mention two names," he said, " though there are many more, two saints if ever there were saints, Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln, and Francis James Chavasse, Bishop of Liverpool, representing the two streams, and I want those streams to go on."

Bishop Chavasse was the son of devout parents, for whom he had the sincerest reverence. His biographer, Canon Lancelot, tells that after his appointment to the See of Liverpool, one of his first acts was to make a pilgrimage to his old home near Birmingham, and to Warmley Church, where his parents lie buried. " He called his elder children with him into one of the ugliest interiors imaginable, and sat down in his old seat in what had been the family pew. ' Will you pray with me ? ' he asked them, and then burst into tears." As a boy at

Chesterfield Grammar School he joined the Army Class, for it was his intention to become a soldier. "He was at this time full of life and energy, not to say of mischief, and if anything, above the average height for his age. When his own sons afterwards were winning prizes at their school sports, he would say to them rather wistfully, 'You boys ought to be able to run well, for no boy could beat me when I was fourteen.'"[1]

As a result of illness at school, the boy developed curvature of the spine. From that time he never grew an inch, and so became known first as "the little man" at Oxford, and then as "the little Bishop" at Liverpool. It was only a splendid heart, with an unexpected toughness of constitution, which enabled him to struggle through this period of depression. He did a great lifework, became one of the founders of Liverpool Cathedral, and died at eighty-two. Enforced leisure in youth enabled him to acquire a wide knowledge of English literature. It is not every boy of sixteen who can say, "I have carefully read Milton's immortal work," or who would choose Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" for his personal enjoyment. From a diary which he kept at this time we learn also that he had thought of following the family tradition and entering the medical profession, but finally told his father that he had changed his mind and would like to enter the Church. He made the decision a few weeks after his confirmation in 1864. At nineteen he went to Oxford. Already, writes Canon Lancelot, "the prevailing interest of his mind is personal religion." The man who made the most lasting impression on his mind was

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[1] "Francis James Chavasse, Bishop of Liverpool," by J. B. Lancelot, p. 7.

T. H. Green, who seemed to have " more of the prophet about him " than any other teacher of that day. Bishop Knox, who met Chavasse during his second year at Corpus, remembered his modesty and humility. " He had been disciplined in the school of prolonged illness. His character was already marked with attributes which time deepened but never changed. I left his room after that first visit conscious that I had been in the presence of a man of God, whose judgment could be trusted, whose willingness to serve was unbounded."[1]

He was subject at times to melancholy moods, and these are reflected in such fragments of diary as the following: " Alas, I am at times assailed with discontented thoughts. . . . My uncouth, ungainly, diminutive form actually troubles me. O Lord, is not Thy name Love ? Hast Thou not made all things well ? Give, oh, give me, a contented submissive spirit. Despicable though I may be to the eyes of men, grant that my sole object may be to seek to glorify Thee."

In Preston, Holloway, Oxford, and Liverpool this man, whose purposes had been so sternly broken off in youth, carried out a memorable ministry.

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[1] " Francis James Chavasse, Bishop of Liverpool," by J. B. Lancelot, p. 29.

CHAPTER XXVI

VISIONS AND REVELATIONS OF THE LORD

THERE have been men and women in all ages who believed, with the Apostle, that a personal Divine message, and sometimes even a Divine vision, had been granted to them. To that hour of revelation they looked back through after years with adoring wonder. One of the most striking examples in the Middle Ages is that of Ramon Lull, the Mallorcan missionary and martyr. Born at Palma about the year 1232, he was trained for a position in the household of the Aragonese King James I, and is said to have been domesticated with that monarch's two young sons.

We learn from Ramon's own confession that his youth was conspicuously disordered. " Nothing less than Divine intervention was to reclaim him. ' It was Thy Passion, O Lord,' he says, ' that aroused and awakened Thy servant, when he was . . . dead in mortal sins.' The Passion of Christ was in fact ' the beginning and the cause ' of his conversion, an event which came about ' in the fulness of his youth,' or, as nearly as can be determined, when he was about thirty years of age. He was sitting in his chamber, humming an air, to which he was engaged in fitting some amorous verses in the vulgar tongue, addressed to whatever lady may have been temporarily mistress of his heart. Suddenly, ' when his whole understanding was engaged and occupied in the composition of this vain song,' he chanced to look up, still absorbed by his thoughts, and there, on his right side, was the figure of 'our Lord God Jesus Christ hanging upon the Cross.' So great was the shock of the vision that his pen fell from his hand. . . . His brain reeled; his powers of reasoning were numbed and dead. To return to his writing was impossible. He left the papers as they were, scattered about him, and betook him straightway to his couch."[1]

When morning broke he decided that the vision must have been an hallucination, but it returned a week later, when he was sitting in the same place and writing another part of his song. "This time he was still more alarmed. Without staying for a moment's thought, he flung himself upon his bed and buried his face in the bedclothes so that he might not see the terrible and persistent vision. . . . The loose-living seneschal was in no way prepared for a heavenly vision, as the neophyte Francis had been when his Master spoke to him from the crucifix of St. Damian. Three times more did he take up his pen and assay to complete his song. And three times there appeared that Figure upon the Cross in agony mute but insistent in its appeal. These appearances are among the best authenticated events of Lull's whole life, for not only does the contemporary biography relate them in great detail, but Ramon himself records them in one of his poems:

> 'But Jesus Christ, of His great clemency
> Five times upon the Cross appear'd to me,
> That I might think upon Him lovingly
> And cause His Name proclaim'd abroad to be
> Through all the world.' "[2]

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[1] "Ramon Lull," by E. Allison Peers (1929), p. 20.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 21.

The call that came to him was that of foreign missions. He determined to seek the conversion of the Moslems, and he had from the first a yearning towards martyrdom. "Thy servant and subject, O Lord," he wrote, "has very great fear of dying a natural death, . . . for he would fain have his death the noblest that is, namely, death for Thy love." His desire was granted. After many years of heroic labour, "the aged lover of Christ" was stoned to death at Bugia on the North African shore. His relics lie in the church of San Francisco at Palma.

Illustrations are also found in modern biography. The "revelations" of which we are writing have often been granted to men of strongly practical character and normal intellect, who were admired for their soundness of judgment and exact performance of the ordinary duties of life. Take, for instance, the case of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, the friend of Carlyle, and in his day one of the most charming hosts in Edinburgh society. In old age this Scottish saint spoke to his friend Principal Shairp of St. Andrews on the *silence* of God, "how it sometimes became oppressive, and the heart longed to hear, in answer to its cry, some audible voice. Then he quoted that word, 'Be not silent to me, O Lord; lest if Thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit'; and added, 'But it has not always been silence to me. I have had one revelation; it is now, I am sorry to say, a matter of memory with me. It was not a revelation of anything that was new to me. After it, I did not know anything which I did not know before. But it was a joy for which one might bear any sorrow. "Joie, joie, pleurs de joie," as was the title of a tract I used to read at Geneva.[1] I felt the power of love, that God is love, that He loved me, that He had spoken to me,'—and then, after a long pause—'that He had broken silence to me.' As he spoke he touched me lightly on the arm, as if to indicate the direct impact from on high of which he had been aware. As he walked away, leaning on my arm, round the west side of the house, towards the door he added, 'I know many persons in the other world, and I would like to see them again.'"

Alexander Duff, the Apostle of India, had a mysterious dream in youth. He thought, as he lay musing on the burnside near his Perthshire home, that there shone in the distance a brightness surpassing that of the sun. "By and by from the great light there seemed to approach him a magnificent chariot of gold studded with gems, drawn by fiery horses. The glory overawed him. At last the heavenly chariot reached his side, and from its open window the Almighty God looked out and addressed to him, in the mildest tones, the words, 'Come up hither, I have work for thee to do.' In the effort to rise he awoke with astonishment, and told the dream in all its details to his parents. Not long before his death, he repeated it in this form to his grandson, so deep and lasting had been the impression."[2]

Dr. Eugene Stock, the historian of the Church Missionary Society, says in his volume entitled, "My Recollections," "I ought not to omit altogether a reference to my boyish religion. Till I was thirteen, I just learned my verses, read my chapter, said my prayers, like any other ordinary 'good boy'; but the first feeling of a personal responsibility to God came then in a curious way. I had two extremely vivid dreams on (I think) successive nights, both of them of the End of the World and the Last Judgment. I fancy that I had been seeing some picture which put the subject into my mind—perhaps one of Haydon's which was at that time at the Pantheon Bazaar in Oxford Street (now Gilbey's); but anyway I have never been able to doubt that I was an illustration of the view that it does sometimes please God, even now, to give men His messages through the medium of dreams. Just at that time, a lady who was giving me drawing-lessons gave me also a book—Jacob Abbott's 'Young Christian.' What I owe to that book I can never adequately say. In after years I almost knew it by heart. I then began, in a simple boyish way, not merely to 'say my prayers,' but to *pray*. It was shortly after this that occurred my time of residence at Brighton. . . . When I hear men say that spiritual religion of a definite kind cannot be looked for in boys, I cannot help smiling, as I remember the books I valued, the hymns I was wont to repeat to myself as I walked, and generally the *appetite* I had for all teaching of a distinctly spiritual character. But I must add that all this only lasted two or three years. After that I completely fell away, for about five years, from this condition of personal religion. I certainly ceased even to say my prayers."

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[1] The title of that tract was from words by Pascal.

[2] "Life of Dr. Duff," by Dr. George Smith, ch. i.

Recalling this period, Dr. Stock's biographer has written, " There was a deep and gradual recall. At twenty-one Christian life was resumed, though with little joy of assurance and a shrinking from a return to the Holy Communion. ‘But on Sunday, January 15, 1859,’ writes the old man, looking backward, ‘while I was on my knees in church during the Litany, it was suddenly borne in upon me that *it was all true*, that is, the redemption wrought out by the Lord Jesus Christ. Of course I knew it was true before, but now it was a real thing to me. That very day I went humbly to the Table of the Lord.’ ”

Until the age of thirty-seven Eugene Stock was at work in a London merchant’s office, and had risen to the post of chief clerk when the firm collapsed in 1873. His leisure had been largely occupied in Sunday-school work for the Church in Islington, and out of this arose his long connection with the Church Missionary Society. “No abler man, take him all in all, was ever called to its service, except perhaps that great missionary statesman, Henry Venn.”

Dr. Joseph Estlin Carpenter, the Unitarian divine, tells of a remarkable experience that came to him about the age of twenty, while he was a student at Manchester College, Oxford. “There is a valley in Wales,” he wrote to his wife, not long after their marriage, “which has associations with my religious thoughts and feelings of an altogether peculiar kind. It was there that my real religious life began, with the unveiling of the Father’s presence which brought to me infinite happiness and security. Such times have sometimes come to me since in a less degree, but the memory of that hour has been an ever-present comfort, and has helped me to wait until fresh communion was opened to me again.”

A fuller account of this experience was given by Dr. Carpenter, twenty years after it occurred, in a letter to a friend, an ex-student of the College, who had expressed contempt for a religion based on feeling. " I was in a condition of religious apathy," wrote Carpenter, " for a long time when I was at M.N.C. I had no intellectual doubts; I do not think I am able to enter into them; that means perhaps that I had not widely departed from the philosophy in which I was trained. But though I had no doubts, I had no religion. I had no sense of personal relationship to God. I thought that I ought to leave the college, for services were weariness to me. I never wished particularly to pray. I hoped that if I went for a time to work in some way among the poor and the ignorant, my religion might in some way be renewed in me. It was brought about not in that way. Dr. Martineau persuaded me to wait in the College, and one summer I went to stay with Wicksteed at his father's house in North Wales. Shall I tell you what happened to me? Well, I shall not see you smile, and I have no secrets from you. You know how to respect confidences. I went out one afternoon for a walk alone. I was in the empty unthinking state in which one saunters along country lanes, simply yielding oneself to the casual sights around which give a town-bred lad with country yearnings such intense delight. Suddenly I became conscious of the presence of someone else. I cannot describe it, but I felt that I had as direct a perception of the being of God all round about me as I have of you when we are together. It was no longer a matter of inference, it was an immediate act of spiritual (or whatever adjective you like to employ) apprehension. It came unsought, absolutely unexpectedly. I remember the wonderful transfiguration of the far-off woods and hills as they seemed to blend in the infinite being with which I was thus brought into relation. This experience did not last long. But it sufficed to change all my feeling. I had not found God because I had never looked for him. But he had found me; he had, I could not but believe, made himself personally known to me. I had not gone in search of a satisfying emotion, I did not work myself up into this state by any artificial means. But I felt that God had come to me. I could now not only believe in him with my mind, but love him with my heart. I cannot tell you how often this has come back to me both with thankfulness and with humiliation. . . . This event has never happened to me again. It was not necessary. The sense of a direct relation to God then generated in my soul has become a part of my habitual thought and feeling."[1]

The Indian sage Rabindranath Tagore dates the time of his birth as a poet from a morning in Free School Lane, Calcutta. "I was watching the sunrise from Free School Lane. A veil was suddenly withdrawn and everything became luminous. The whole scene was one perfect music—one marvellous rhythm. The houses in the street, the men moving below, the little children playing, all seemed parts of one luminous whole—inexpressibly glorious. The vision went on for seven or eight days. Everyone, even those who bored me, seemed to lose their outer barrier of personality; and I was full of gladness, full of love, for every person and every tiniest thing. Then I went to the Himalayas, and looked for it there, and I lost it. . . . That morning in Free School Lane was one of the first things which gave me the inner vision, and I have tried to explain it in my poems. I have felt, ever since, that this was my goal : to express the fullness of life, in its beauty, as perfection if only the veil were withdrawn."[1]

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[1] "Joseph Estlin Carpenter: a Memorial Volume," edited by C. H. Herford (1929), pp. 9, 10.

On that visit to the mountains the poet wrote elsewhere, " My brothers had made up their minds to go to Darjeeling, and I accompanied them. I thought I might have a fuller vision of what I had witnessed in the crowded parts of the Sadar Street, if once I reached the heights of the Himalayas.

"But when I reached the Himalayas the vision all departed. That was my mistake. I thought I could get at truth from the outside. But however lofty and imposing the Himalayas might be, they could not put anything real into my hands. But God, the Great Giver, Himself can open the whole Universe to our gaze in the narrow space of a single lane."[2]

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[1] " Letters to a Friend " (1929), p. 24.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 25–26.

Part Five

EARTHLY FAILURE AND LASTING RENOWN

FOREWORD

MARCUS AURELIUS declared sorrowfully that fame after life is no better than oblivion. A different idea prevailed in the ranks of Christian chivalry, and the opposing views are well expressed in the conversation between Rebecca and Ivanhoe in the Castle of Torquilstone. The wounded knight is impatient to join the fray which is raging outside. He learns of the prowess of the Black Knight and longs to stand beside the hero " whose axe hath rent heart of oak and bars of iron."

" 'The love of battle,' he cries, 'is the food upon which we live—the dust of the mêlée is the breath of our nostrils. We live not—we wish not to live—longer than while we are victorious and renowned.' "

The Jewish maiden reminds him of the shortness of life and the transiency of human endeavour. " ' What remains to you,' she asks, ' as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured, of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse ? '

" ' What remains ? ' cried Ivanhoe. ' Glory, maiden, glory, which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name.'

" ' Glory ? ' continued Rebecca. ' Alas ! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb,—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards . . . ?' "

These two brave spirits understood each other better than their words might indicate, for each was capable of the devotion "which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour." Ivanhoe would have exulted in death in battle; Rebecca showed the martyr's pure and lofty courage in prospect of the stake. Minds like theirs would have accepted St. Paul's *scio cui credidi*; "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that Day." It might be the will of Providence that their sacrifice should be hidden from the world; that their names should be forgotten and their destiny obscure. Even the mouldering hatchment and the broken letters on the tomb might be denied them. Their deeds were to pass unrecognised into the great treasure-store of chivalry, "the nurse of pure and high affection; the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant." By the grave of the Unknown Warrior we recall the words of the American preacher, "Every man's life a plan of God."

There are men of whom we may say with all reverence that they could not have entered into their glory unless they had suffered. Their hopes were frustrated, their purposes were broken off. Death came while they were scarcely middle-aged, or even on the threshold of their career. But a voice which is surely not of earth has said of them, "Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away." Posterity has recognised in them a nobility of character and a forgetfulness of self which shone brightest in the hour of suffering. Of such men John Keats was thinking when he wrote in a letter of 1819, " There is an electric fire in human nature tending to purify—so that among these human creatures there is continually some birth of new heroism. The pity is that we must wonder at it as we should at finding a pearl in rubbish. I have no doubt that thousands of people never heard of have had hearts completely disinterested. I can remember but two—Socrates and Jesus; their histories evince it."[1]

We have chosen three names to illustrate this closing part of our subject: the great Marquis of Montrose, Captain Robert Falcon Scott, and Ernest Psichari, the grandson of Renan.

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[1] Quoted by Dr. A. C. Bradley in " A Miscellany," p. 198.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

THOMAS CARLYLE wrote in 1841 to Lockhart, who had sent him one of Mark Napier's earlier works on Montrose: "I find the great Montrose not unintelligible; a right brave man, with his haughty shut mouth, with his broad mournful brow; a man of genius—a hero and hero-worshipper, with nothing but a poor Charles First to worship: one of the most tragical conditions. Ah me!"[1]

In "Heroes and Hero-Worship" Carlyle placed Montrose among Kings of the Scottish race. Recalling the Royalist victories in the campaign of 1644–1645—that "torrent of victories" of which Bishop Burnet wrote—he remarks that the Covenanters at this time had no leader, "and the scattered Cavalier party in that country had one: Montrose; an accomplished, gallant-hearted, splendid man; what one may call the Hero-Cavalier. Well, look at it; on the one hand, subjects without a King; on the other, a King without subjects! The subjects without King can do nothing; the subjectless King can do something. This Montrose, with a handful of Irish or Highland savages, few of them so much as guns in their hands, dashes at the drilled Puritan armies like a wild whirlwind; sweeps them time after time, some six times over, from the field before him. He was at one time, for a short while, master of all Scotland. One man; but he was a man; a million zealous men, but *without* the one; they against him were powerless."

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[1] Andrew Lang's "Life of Lockhart," vol. ii, p. 231. S. R. Gardiner would not have agreed with Carlyle on this point. His view was that Montrose "fought neither for King nor Covenant, but for that ideal of his own which he followed as Covenanter or Royalist."

Bishop Burnet, the friend of the Hamiltons, wrote more than once in criticism of the Royalist leader. But here is his testimony on the last days in Edinburgh: "His behaviour under all that barbarous usage was as great and firm to the last, looking on all that was done to him with a noble scorn, as the fury of his enemies was black and universally detested. This raised a horror in all sober people against those who could insult over such a man in misfortune. The triumph that the preachers made on this occasion rendered them odious and made Lord Montrose to be much pitied and lamented." Burnet and Clarendon would have accepted the words of John Drinkwater, that the sacrifice offered by Montrose as the champion of monarchy belongs to "the splendours of history."

"Posterity," says a modern author, "has done more justice to Montrose than it has done to Maitland, for his character was cast in far simpler and in far bolder lines; and he at least is now enthroned, beyond the clouds of controversy, among the tutelary divinities of the Scottish race, embodying not, indeed, its religious intensity, . . . but its sunless depth of feeling, its intellectual eagerness, tempered by its glowing imagination and its devotion to the past."[1]

In seeking to estimate the character of Montrose we may find help from two passages, neither of which is quoted by his biographers. The first was written by a contemporary, Patrick Gordon of Ruthven, to whom he was well known. The time was the latter part of August 1644, when he had ridden from Carlisle in the disguise of a groom in attendance on two companions, and was now lurking among the Perthshire hills. Letters had been sent to various gentlemen of the midlands, whom he hoped to bring into the service of the King. " But their answers was so generall and cold, as he fand (found) but small hopes that way, and so was forced to keep the woods and mountains, suffering diverse great and hard necessities that would seem unsupportable to one so noble born, and who had been ever bred in plenty, delicacy and delight; while he thus lived like an outlaw, his invincible spirit growing stronger the more it was tread upon or pressed down, his generous fortitude mounting still higher, with a matchless resolution to overcome all difficulties, although he saw nothing whereon his hopes could take hold, yet constantly relying on the justness of his cause, the integrity of his own intentions, and the all-ruling providence of the Almighty."[1]

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[1] W. L. Mathieson, "Politics and Religion: A Study in Scottish History from the Reformation to the Revolution," vol. ii, p. 119.

The other passage was written by S. R. Gardiner in his *Edinburgh Review* article entitled, "The Last Campaign of Montrose."[2] The hero had been defeated at Carbisdale, delivered to his enemies by Macleod of Assynt, conveyed from the far northern Highlands to Edinburgh. On May 21,

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[1] "Britane's Distemper." As Dr. Mathieson has pointed out in another connection, Patrick Gordon's references to Montrose are all the more valuable because he wrote on purpose to defend his own chieftain, the Marquis of Huntly, against unfriendly comments made by Wishart in his narrative of Montrose's Scottish campaign.

[2] January 1894.

1650, he was hanged at the Market Cross on a gallows thirty feet high. After his body had hung for three hours, it was cut down, beheaded, and dismembered. The head was fixed on the Tolbooth prison, the limbs were sent to be exposed in four of the chief towns of Scotland.

"In narrating the close of Montrose's great career," says Gardiner, "no detail can be superfluous. In his last days no word, no gesture of his, has been recorded which his most sensitive admirer would wish to have been other than it was. . . . He never could have been a statesman, because he had no eye for the complexity of life. The simplicity of his conceptions did not fit him for the guidance of his nation in the sore straits into which it had fallen. It did something better than anything that the statesman can achieve. It gave to those who are immersed in the struggles of the world an example of one who kept his heart pure and his eye clear for the reception of every truth which he was capable of admitting. Great in life, Montrose was even greater in his death.

"For Montrose himself no moment could have been more opportune for death. He did not live to see the bearer of the crown which he had idealised veiling his honour before the Covenanting crew, and outwitted by those whom he had vainly hoped to outwit. Still happier was he that he did not live to witness the baseness of the Restoration Government and the harlotries of Whitehall. His own life had been passed in the agony of a struggle in which even victory could have given no triumph which one so pure as he could have appreciated."

Father Macbreck, who acted as chaplain to some of the Irish troops under Alastair Macdonald, described Montrose as "a man of great kindness of heart, much more earnestly desirous of the safety than the destruction of friend or foe." Though himself a Presbyterian, he got on well with the Roman Catholics. "He found them particularly ready to obey orders, and firm in their fidelity and allegiance. Eventually he attached many of them to his staff and household."[1]

By the admission of his enemies themselves, Montrose met his fate with soaring courage. Sir James Balfour has described the scene in the Edinburgh Parliament House when the prisoner received his sentence. "He behaved himself all this time in the House with a great deal of courage and modesty, unmoved and undaunted, as appeared; only he sighed two several times, and rolled his eyes alongst all the corners of the House; and at the reading of the sentence, he lifted up his face, without any word speaking."

Mr. Robert Trail, one of the Covenanting ministers who attended the Marquis on the scaffold, records that "he did not at all desire to be released from excommunication in the name of the Kirk; yea, did not look towards that place on the scaffold where we stood; only, he drew apart some of the magistrates, and spake a while with them; and then went up the ladder, in his red scarlet cassock, in a very stately manner, and never spoke a word; but when the executioner was putting the cord about his neck, he looked down to the people upon the scaffold, and asked, 'How long shall I hang here?'"

In the years between the battle of Dunbar and the Restoration, his fame was partly obliterated. Early in 1661 Charles II gave command that the remains of his brave servant should be assembled from the four towns and from the malefactors' graveyard on the Boroughmuir of Edinburgh; and laid with all reverence in his grandfather's tomb in St. Giles's Cathedral. The " true funeral " was conducted, as Robert Baillie thought, with a greater solemnity than had marked the obsequies of any of Scotland's Kings. A contemporary description preserves every detail of the splendid ceremony. But as Mowbray Morris has said, " To those who allowed themselves to reflect, nothing could have been wanting to add to its irony. The route (from Holyrood to St. Giles) was the same as that by which the living man had been dragged before the eyes of many now present amid brutal insults to an ignominious doom."

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[1] "Memoirs of Scottish Catholics during the 17th and 18th Centuries," by William Forbes Leith, S.J., vol. 1, p. 327.

In the dark period of the Killing Time the name of Montrose was forgotten. As the modern editors of Wishart have remarked : " The triumph of the Royalists at the Restoration was too short-lived to establish Montrose in tradition as a hero whose deeds, genius, and character should have been his country's pride." The wickedness committed in Scotland under the reigns of Charles II and James II diverted national sympathy entirely to the persecuted Covenanters. In the last century a kinsman of the house of Graham, Mark Napier, devoted the best years of his life to a search among private and public archives for authentic unpublished material relating to the prince of Cavaliers. Napier was quarryman as well as architect, and the many volumes he produced were " fashioned out of the living rock of historical documents." Unjust and mistaken as he often was in his estimate of the Covenanters, his work remains as the original source on which later biographers must ever depend. He created a new reputation for Montrose. The stately memorial of the hero in St. Giles's Cathedral owes its origin, not, as has often been suggested, to a passing remark of Queen Victoria, but to the work of Napier and Gardiner, transmuted into stone and marble by the genius of Sir Rowland Anderson.

" In the little aisle that now bears his name a lofty window, blazoned with the royal arms of Scotland and the shields of the families and clans that shared his triumphs and his fall, looks down upon the plain stone slab that for more than two hundred years alone marked the grave of Montrose. Over against the grave rises a stately shrine. Beneath an arched and fretted roof, supported on gilded pillars, lies carved in white marble the figure of the Great Marquis, bareheaded, in full armour, with his sword upon his breast."[1]

Lines which he wrote in the immediate expectation of a shameful death are engraved upon the tomb :

" Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air ;—
Lord, since Thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just."

The earthly hope was fulfilled in the reverent assembling of the fragments of his body for burial in St. Giles's Cathedral. " *Quod perierat requiram, et quod abjectum erat reducam* " (" I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away ").[2]

In the words of Gardiner, Montrose left behind him an inspiration and a name which have outlasted the ruin of his hopes.

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[1] Mowbray Morris's " Montrose," p. 228.

[2] Ezekiel xxxiv. 16.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CAPTAIN SCOTT AND THE EPIC OF THE SOUTH POLE

OUR age has recognised in Captain Scott, the Antarctic explorer, a hero who deserves comparison with the most daring seamen of the past. " His supreme achievement," writes Stephen Gwynn, " is that he touched the imagination of his country as no other man has done during the course of this century ; that he impressed on the public mind an example of heroic constancy exhibited in scenes where he was first only among his peers, yet always the directing mind and will." From the outset of his career, it seems as if some higher Power were shaping his ends and smoothing away his difficulties. He was serving as a naval cadet in the West Indies when he first met Sir Clements Markham, the geographer and historian, who had come on board ship as the guest of his cousin, Sir Albert Markham. As President of the Geographical Society, Sir Clements was already planning an expedition to the Southern seas, and his keen glance discerned in the lad of eighteen the very qualities that would most be needed for such an enterprise. " My experience taught me," he says, " that it would be years before an expedition would be ready, and I believed that Scott was the destined man to command it. At Vigo we were thrown together again, when my young friend was torpedo lieutenant of the *Empress of India*, and I was more than ever impressed by his evident vocation for such a command." The decisive meeting with the President came unplanned and unsought when Scott was thirty-one. In his preface to "The Voyage of the *Discovery*" he gives the facts as follows: "Chancing one day to walk down Buckingham Palace Road, I espied Sir Clements Markham on the opposite pavement, and naturally crossed, and as naturally turned and accompanied him to his house. That afternoon I learned for the first time that there was such a thing as a prospective Antarctic expedition; two days later I wrote applying to command it." All the world has read of that first voyage of exploration, and of the enthusiasm with which Captain Scott was welcomed on his return to England in 1904. He was the guest of King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Balmoral; "in short he was lionised to the full." The next five years saw him happily married and the father of a son to whom he gave the names "Peter Markham." But the prospect of a further naval career did not satisfy his ambition. He complained of lack of opportunity. "I seem to be marking time," he wrote in 1909, "grudging the flying moments, yet impotent to command circumstances. I seem to hold in reserve something that makes for success, and yet to see no working-field, and so there's the consciousness of wasting and truly deep unrest."[1]

His second Antarctic expedition (1911–1912) ended, as we know, in tragedy. Amundsen forestalled the British explorers and planted the Norwegian flag at the South Pole. Captain Scott, with four companions, had pressed forward on the final march. He wrote on January 15, "Only twenty-seven miles from the Pole. We *ought* to do it now." The next day they saw a flag left by the Norwegians and the trail of dogs and men. "This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. Many thoughts come and much discussion have we had. To-morrow we must march on to the Pole, and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the day-dreams must go; it will be a wearisome return."[1]

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[1] "Captain Scott," by Stephen Gwynn (1929), p. 150.

Of the five men in the party Evans was the first to fail. A disabling injury which he received on the glacier was followed after ten days by a mercifully quick death. "When Oates in his turn failed . . . the fate of all was sealed." Scott wrote to Admiral Bridgeman, "We could have come through had we neglected the sick." A fearful blizzard raged for many days, and the three survivors—Scott, Bowers, and Wilson—perished within eleven miles of the depot where food awaited them. For eight months their bodies lay in their tent, and in November, the Antarctic spring, searchers found them "sleeping in their bags."

"In Scott's case, defeat in a certain sense was patent; yet his failure, in so far as there was failure, only set the final seal on his fame. He taught the world how little in comparison with other values success matters; he made England feel that heroic deeds were none the less heroic because the heroes brought back no spoils of victory. With his dying message he challenged whatever was finest in the English temper and he had his response."[2]

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[1] *Ibid.*, p. 209.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 2.

CHAPTER XXIX

ERNEST PSICHARI, THE GRANDSON OF RENAN

(1883–1914)

ABOVE the tidal river Jaudy rises the ancient Breton town of Tréguier, with a cathedral consecrated to St. Yves. The present writer, who visited this corner of France in 1906, recalls the great white Calvary which had been built close to the water's edge, as if the fellow-citizens of Ernest Renan had wished to make a positive affirmation of their faith, so that no traveller might mistake their attitude towards that son of Tréguier who departed so far from orthodox Christianity. At the foot of the cross were inscribed in Latin, French, and Breton the words, " Truly this was the Son of God." Near the top of the main street and close to the cathedral is the Renan statue. The author of the " Life of Jesus " is seated in an armchair, like a homely French bourgeois taking his rest after a long day's work. On his right stands a goddess, in Greek draperies, holding a branch of laurel. There is a singular incongruity between the monument and its immediate surroundings. Within the cathedral stands the shrine of St. Yves, to which in old days pilgrims came by land and sea. The pilgrim-spirit takes possession of the modern tourist, as he walks to Minihy, the birthplace of the saint, or follows in the footsteps of Pierre Loti to Paimpol, the fishing-town of " Pêcheur d'Islande."

Renan maintained to the last his association with Brittany, and Ernest Psichari spent his holidays in childhood in his grandfather's seaside home at Perros-Guirac, near Lannion. The old-world piety of the Breton people, and the " pardons " which are so vividly described in the pages of Anatole Le Braz, may have influenced the boy. Renan's daughter had married Jean Psichari, Professor of Byzantine Philology in Paris, a freethinker of uncompromising opinions. From his father's side of the family Ernest inherited traditions of Greek and Venetian culture. In his character, it has been said, there was combined the expansiveness of the South, the virility of the Latin stock, and the pensive melancholy of the Celt.

His grandmother belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church, and he was baptised according to the Greek rite, but there was no attempt to carry forward his education on the religious side. Madame Duclaux, who knew the family intimately, recalls a scene from his boyhood. He was about eleven years old when she found him one day " half-stupefied with grief, passionately sobbing, beside an open wardrobe, in which he had discovered the dressing-gown worn by his grandmother the year before, when she had nursed him through some childish illness,—and she had died in the spring. The child's heart, perceiving in one moment the irrevocable, and the impoverishment of life when some great tenderness goes out of it, nearly burst with the force of that enlarging pang." Madame Duclaux recalled him later as "a quiet young man, with charming, living eyes, and in his whole aspect something ardent, firm, grave."[1]

Ernest was very young when he enlisted as a volunteer in the Colonial Artillery. For some years he served as a non-commissioned officer in the Congo. A soldier by nature, he believed that "one can serve the country as well in the ranks; one is perhaps more useful there." On returning to Paris at the age of twenty-four, he yielded to the wish of relatives that he should study in the school for officers, and it was as a commissioned officer that he served for three years in Mauretania, "in the burning plains of Senegal and the sand of the Sahara." His African experiences are reflected in one of his best-known books, "Lands of Sun and of Sleep."[2]

Towards the close of this second term of service he passed through a profound religious experience which his French biographers describe simply as conversion. After three years of inward striving he heard a voice saying, "Rise up and follow Me." He had studied Pascal and Bossuet, and the thought must have come to him at some time that he would make reparation for the harm which his grandfather had done to many souls by his sceptical teaching.

"Transported in hope and joy, he left Africa on his return to France." He expected to find there what he could not obtain in the solitary meditations of the camp—the final proof of the truth of the Catholic faith. His small work, "Le Voyage du Centurion," which has become a religious classic, is a fragment of autobiography. He resolved to dedicate himself to the priesthood, and he hesitated long as to whether he should seek admission to the Dominican Order. Would it be right, he asked himself, to part so completely from his mother? Then again, a ten years' training would be required before he could be fully equipped as a Dominican preacher. His age in 1912 was twenty-eight, and he longed to be engaged in full and active service. But there were two words of the Gospels which found a deep echo in his heart. The first was the saying of our Lord, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." As the weeks passed, he resolved that he must bring a whole burnt-offering. During a retreat in Holland he was received into the third order of St. Dominic, and there is no doubt that if the Great War had not recalled him to the colours, he would have taken up the monastic career.

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[1] Article entitled "A Chaplet of Heroes" in the *Quarterly Review* of 1916.

[2] "Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil."

The other passage was the saying of the Risen Saviour to Peter, "Another shall gird thee." His friend Jacques Maritain has written: "When once he had become a Christian Ernest found a singular meaning in these words of the Saviour to the Apostle Peter, 'Another shall gird thee, and shall carry thee whither thou wouldest not.' They seemed to stir within his heart a strange deep echo, as if they held a secret for himself alone."

His example among the young men of his own age was "astonishingly powerful." "He was so sincere," one of them said, "that one longed to imitate him." With sincerity there went "an exquisite kindliness and a touching simplicity." He was still an officer in the Army, and his influence was felt in all ranks. He formed a prayer-circle among the men, and set a high standard of practical religion. He refused, for instance, to allow any work to be done for himself on Sundays, so that the men might not be hindered from church-going.

Though his plans were being made for a long career of self-sacrificing labour, Ernest Psichari was not without premonitions of his early death. In a letter of 1913 he wrote, "I ask from the good God this favour, that I may die for His Name if He wills to grant me this happiness."

In August 1914, at the outbreak of war, the 2nd Regiment of Colonial Artillery, to which he belonged, was mobilised at Cherbourg. Three weeks later, on August 22, these gallant troops were mowed down in a magnificent effort to cover the retreat of the Army. The fight took place on the Belgian frontier, between Breuvanne and Rossignol. Towards the close of the day, Ernest Psichari fell mortally wounded. Those who were present in his last hour describe him as "joyous, smiling, full of enthusiasm." In his early book, "L'Appel des Armes," he had offered the prayer of an ambitious young soldier : "Grant that I may be strong and that I may kill many foes. If it be Thy will, O Lord God, grant me this grace, that I may die in a great victory."

He died as one of the earliest victims of the war, in a desperate and doubtful conflict, while the future of the Army and of his beloved France still trembled in the balance. But his work was done and his holiest prayers were answered. He has left behind him in "Le Voyage du Centurion," a small book which is a precious treasure in the literature of mysticism. The Cross of the Legion of Honour was conferred on him after death, and the record tells that he died gloriously beside the gun which he had himself brought to the defence of the village.

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